

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TOLEDO.

"BEHOLD," said the owl to Prince Ahmed, "the ancient and renowned city of Toledo—a city famous for its antiquities. Behold those venerable domes and towers, hoary with time, and clothed with legendary grandeur, in which so many of my ancestors have meditated."

We had arrived at the foot of the rocky promontory on which stands imperial Toledo. The first sight of it is exceedingly impressive. Its aspect is grave and majestic, and the thousand grand memories that hover over it add to the fascination. It is the royal city, the capital of the Gothic kings. For four hundred years it was in possession of the Moors, and in the middle ages it was so renowned for its learning as to attract numerous students from foreign parts. It is, too, *par excellence*, the ecclesiastical city of Spain, and stands proudly on its seven hills like Rome. The long line of its bishops comprises many saints, as well as mighty prelates who not only held spiritual primacy over the land, but took a prominent part in the political affairs of

the nation. It looks just as a city of the middle ages, with a due sense of the fitness of things, ought to look—antique, picturesque, and romantic—surrounded by its ancient walls, from which rise, as if hewn out of the rock, the massive gray towers that still bear the impress of the Goth and the Moor. Around its base winds the golden Tagus over its rocky bed, foaming and wildly raving, in a grand, solemn kind of a way, as if sensible of its high functions and knowing the secrets of the magic caves that extend beneath its very bed—caves wrought out of the live rock by the cunning hand of Tubal, the grandson of Noe, and where Hercules the Mighty taught the dark mysteries of Egyptian art, handed down to posterity, and long after known as the *Arte Toledana*. For this ancient city claims as its founder Tubal, the son of Japhet, who, as the Spanish chroniclers say, with the memory of the Deluge still fresh in his mind, naturally built it on an eminence, and hewed out caverns as places of refuge from the watery

element. So remote an origin might reasonably be supposed enough to satisfy the most owlish of antiquarians; but some hoary old birds have gone so far as to whisper that Adam himself was the first king of Toledo; that the sun, at its creation, first shone over this the true centre of the world; and that its very name is derived from two Oriental words signifying the Mother of Cities. However this may be, it was Hercules, the Libyan, who, versed in the supernatural arts, achieved labours no mere human arm could have accomplished, who gave the finishing touches to the city, and set up the necromantic tower of legendary fame, in after-years so rashly entered by Roderick, the last of the Goths, letting out a flood of evils that spread over all the land. This was "one of those Egyptian or Chaldaic piles, storied with hidden wisdom and mystic prophecy, which were devised in past ages when man yet enjoyed intercourse with high and spiritual natures, and when human foresight partook of divination," and its mysterious fate was worthy of its origin.

But Toledo did not fully awake to its importance till the fifth century after Christ, when it fell into the hands of the Goths, who made it their capital and enlarged and embellished it, especially in the good old times of King Wamba, whose name is still popular in Castile, and corresponds to that of King Dagobert in France. It now became renowned for its splendor and wealth, and, when taken by the Moors at the end of the seventh century, they found here an immense booty, including the spoils of Alaric from Rome and Jerusalem, among which was the famous table of talismanic powers, wrought for King Solomon out of a single

emerald by the genii of the East, which had the power of revealing, as in a mirror, all future events, and from which that monarch acquired so much of his wisdom.

All these and many other things were flitting through our minds as we crossed the bridge of Alcantara, with its tower of defence and tutelary saint, and wound up the steep hillside into the city. We alighted in the court of the Fonda de Lino, where we learned once more that an old bird sometimes gets caught with mere chaff. It soon became alarmingly evident that, between the Goth and the Moor, but little had been left behind—at least, at the Fonda. But "Affliction is a divine diet," says Izaak Walton, and we took to it as kindly as possible. In this state of affairs, we gave ourselves unresistingly up to a *valet-de-place*, who lay in wait for his prey, and, for once in the world, did not regret it; for he proved quite indispensable in the maze of narrow, tortuous streets, and was tolerably versed in the archæology of the place. Few cities are more rich in historic, religious, and poetic memories, or have as many interesting monuments of the past. At every step we were surprised by something novel and curious. The streets themselves run zigzag, so that we were always dodging around a corner, like our old friend Mr. Chevy Slyme, and soon began to feel very mean and pitiful indeed. This must have been convenient in days when arrows were weapons, but to honest, straightforward folk in these pacific times they are peculiarly trying. One side of you always seems getting in advance of the other, and you soon begin to feel as if blind of one eye. It is to be hoped obliquity of the moral sense does not follow from

this necessity of going zigzag. The streets are extremely clean, but so narrow as to afford passage only to men and donkeys, or men *on* donkeys, sometimes looking, in their queer accoutrements, "like two beasts under one skin," as Dante says. These sombre, winding streets are lined with lofty houses that are gloomy and solid as citadels, with few windows, and these defended by strong iron grates. The portals are flanked with granite columns and surmounted by worn escutcheons carved in stone. They are frequently edged with the cannon-ball ornaments peculiar to Castile, like rows of great stone beads. The doors themselves are so thick and massive that they have withstood all ancient means of assault, and the resinous wood of which they are made seems to defy the very tooth of time itself. They are studded with enormous nails of forged iron, with diamond-shaped or convex heads, sometimes as large as half a coconut, and curiously wrought. Frequently they are not content with their primitive forms, but go straying off into long, artistic ramifications that cover the door like some ancient embroidery. The gabled ends of the houses often project over the streets with huge beams, carved and stained, that add to the gloom. These streets do not seem to have changed for ages. Every instant we saw some trace of the Goths or an Arabic inscription, or Moorish galleries and balconies. Once we entered an old archway, and found ourselves in a court with sculptured granite pillars that supported Oriental-like galleries, to which we ascended by stairs faced with colored *azulejos*, old and glittering, as the Moors alone knew how to make them. Once the city contained two hundred thousand in-

habitants; now there are not more than twenty thousand. The streets are deserted and silent, the houses empty. Everywhere are ruins and traces of past grandeur over which nothing of modern life is diffused. You seem to be wandering in a museum of antiquities. Above all, you feel it was once, and perhaps still is, a city of deep religious convictions, from the numerous monasteries and magnificent churches. Pious emblems are on the houses. Among others, we remember the cord of St. Francis, carved in stone, with its symbolic knots of the Passion. At the Ayuntamiento, built after the designs of El Greco, who, like several other eminent artists, was at once painter, architect, and sculptor, is an inscription on the side of the staircase by the poet Jorje Manrique worthy of a place over the entrance of every city-hall: "Ye noble, judicious lords who govern Toledo, on these steps leave all your passions—avarice, weakness, fear. For the public good forget your own private interests; and since God has made you the pillars of this august house, continue always to be firm and upright."

We were now near the cathedral—one of the grandest, and certainly the richest, in Spain. Its first foundation is lost in the obscurity of legendary times. The people, however, are not so indefinite in their opinions. With a true Oriental love of the marvellous, they not only attribute the foundation of Toledo to patriarchal times, but declare this church was built by the apostles, and that even the Blessed Virgin herself took a personal interest in its erection. It is at least certain that a church was consecrated here in the time of King Ricared the Goth, after the condemnation of the Arians by the Council of To-

ledo, and it was probably built on the site of a previous one. It was placed under the invocation of the Virgin, and her ancient statue, which has been preserved to this day, was regarded then, as now, with special veneration. The old Gothic kings were noted for their devotion to Mary, and hung up at her altar the beautiful crowns of pure beaten gold and precious stones discovered a few years ago near Toledo, and now at the Hôtel Cluny at Paris.*

The Moors, when they took Toledo, seized this church, so sacred to the Christians, razed it to the ground, and erected a mosque in its place; and when Alfonso VI. triumphantly entered the old capital of the Visigoths, May 25, 1085—the very day the great Hildebrand died at Salerno, exclaiming: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, and therefore I die an exile"—having left the Moors in possession of the building, he was forced to hear Mass in a little mosque of the tenth century, afterwards given to the Knights Templars and called the Christo de la Luz, where may still be seen the wooden shield hung up by King Alfonso, with its silver cross on a red ground.

The people, of course, were dissatisfied to see the infidel left to defile a spot where the Gospel had first been announced to their forefathers and the Christian mysteries first celebrated, and, as soon as the king left the city, determined to regain possession of it. Queen Constanza

herself, though a native of France, favored the movement, and had the doors of the mosque forced open in the night. The archbishop purified it with incense, aspersions, and prayer; an altar was hastily set up, and a bell hung in the tower, which, after a silence of four centuries, rang out as soon as daylight appeared, to call the people to a solemn service of thanksgiving.

Bernard de Sédillac was now Archbishop of Toledo. He belonged to a noble family of Aquitaine, and became early in life a Benedictine monk at St. Oren's Priory, Auch, of which he was soon made prior. This house was affiliated to the Abbey of Cluny, to which he was transferred by St. Hugo on account of his talents and eminent virtues, and when Alfonso VI. sent there for a monk capable of re-establishing monastic discipline in the convents of Castile, Dom Bernard had the honor of being appointed to the mission. He found not in the Spanish monasteries the austerity and silence of Cluny. The neighing of steeds, the baying of hounds, and the whistle of the falcon prevailed over the choral chants, and soft raiment had taken the place of haircloth and the scourge. The monks, however, were by no means depraved, and Bernard soon acquired such an ascendancy over them as to effect a radical change in their habits, especially at the great Abbey of San Facundo, of which he had been made abbot.

When Alfonso VI. took Toledo, desirous of restoring the see to its ancient grandeur and importance, he endowed it magnificently, and appointed Dom Bernard archbishop. The part this prelate took in the seizure of the mosque has been al-

* It was M. Hérouard, a French refugee, employed at the military academy at Toledo as professor of French, who, hunting one day, in 1858, among the hills of Guarrazar, found a fragment of a gold chain that was glittering in the sun, and, digging, discovered the crowns that have been so much admired at Paris and which are even more valuable for their historic interest than for the gold and precious stones. Later researches have brought others to light, but smaller in size, that are now in the Armería at Madrid.

luded to. Mariana, the Jesuit historian, considers his zeal on this occasion as too lively and impetuous. The Moors were naturally enraged at losing their chief place of worship, and for a time it was feared they would break out into open revolt. But they finally concluded to send a deputation to the king to make known the violation of the treaty and demand redress.

Alfonso was then in the kingdom of Leon, and, when he learned what had occurred, he was not only alarmed for the safety of his capital, but angry with those who had endangered it. He at once set out for Toledo, resolved to punish the queen and archbishop. When the Christians of Toledo learned that he was approaching the city in such a disposition the principal citizens clothed themselves in black, and the clergy put on their sacred robes, and went forth to meet him. In the midst was the fair Princess Urraca, pale and trembling, clothed in sackcloth, with ashes on her head, sent by the queen to appease the king's anger, knowing, if anything could turn him from his purpose, it would be the sight of his favorite daughter. But Alfonso hardened his heart when he saw them approach, and silently registered a vow not to be moved by the princess' entreaties. Urraca had the true tact of a woman, and, divining her father's thoughts, fell at his feet, conjuring him to grant her but one favor—to show no mercy on those who had set at naught his authority out of obedience to a higher will!

The king was taken aback by this pious stratagem, and, before he recovered from his embarrassment, a second embassy from the Moors appeared. The king, in anticipation of their renewed complaints,

exclaimed: "It is not to you the injury has been done, but to me; and my own interest and glory forbid me to allow my promises to be violated with impunity."

The messengers fell on their knees and replied: "The archbishop is the doctor of your law, and if we, however innocent, be the cause of his death, his followers will some day take vengeance on us. And should the queen perish, we shall become an object of hatred to her posterity, of which we shall feel the effects when you have ceased to reign. Therefore, O king! we release you from your promise, and beg you to pardon them. If you refuse our petition, allow us to seek in another country an asylum from the dangers that threaten us here."

The king, who had been weighed down with sadness, broke into transports of joy: "You have not only saved the archbishop, but the queen and princess. Never shall I forget so happy a day. Henceforth you may be assured of my special protection."

When the king entered the city a few hours after, he proceeded directly towards the mosque taken from the Moors. On the threshold stood Queen Constanza in garments of mourning, and Dom Bernard in pontifical vestments. The king kissed the archbishop's hand, embraced the queen, and entered the church to give thanks unto God for the happy ending of so threatening a drama. And so, adds Mariana, this day of tears and lamentations was changed into a day of joy. This was in the year of our Lord 1087.

The *Alfaqui*, or Moorish doctor, whose sagacious advice the Moors had followed on this occasion, was regarded with so much gratitude by the Christians that they set up his

statue in the Holy of Holies, where it is to be seen to this day among the kings of Spain and the dignitaries of the church.

The present cathedral was begun by St. Ferdinand in 1227. Eight portals give entrance to the edifice. The principal one is called the great Door of Pardon. Seven steps lead up to it, which the people often ascend on their knees. And to kneel is the attitude one instinctively takes on entering this magnificent church, which is like a great jewelled cross of marvellous workmanship. It is, in fact, a museum of sculpture and painting. The eye is absolutely dazzled by its richness, as it looks up the long aisles with their clustered columns, lit up by the finest stained-glass windows in Spain. The choir alone it would take hours to examine, so profuse are the beautiful carvings. On the lower stalls—those of the choristers—are carved jousts, tourneys, battles, and sieges, as if to figure the constant warfare of man here below. Even the very animals in the accessory carvings are represented contending. Forty-five of these stalls represent the siege of some city or fortress in the war with the Moors, and are curious for the costumes and arms of the time. The most interesting relate to the conquest of Granada, just after which they were executed. Nor is it surprising to find such things commemorated in so holy a place. The war with the Saracens was not merely a national enterprise, but a holy crusade on which depended, not only the safety of Spain, but of all Christendom, and Europe has never been sufficiently grateful to the Spaniards for saving it from the yoke of Islam. These carvings seem like a psalm of triumph for ever echoed in this choir: "The Lord hath triumphed

gloriously: the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Each panel, labelled with its victory, seems chanting, one after the other:

"To him which smote great kings :
For his mercy endureth for ever !—
Sihon, the King of the Amorites :
For his mercy endureth for ever !
And Og, the King of Bashan :
For his mercy endureth for ever !
—And hath redeemed us from our enemies :
For his mercy endureth for ever !"

On the upper stalls, where sit the canons of the church between red marble columns, are the holy mysteries of the faith, carved by Berruguete and Felipe de Borgoña, and above in alabaster is the genealogy of Christ. At the head of the choir is the archbishop's throne, like the stalls of carved walnut, but supported by bronze pillars. Among other carvings on it is the legend of St. Ildefonso and the sacred *Casulla*, so popular at Toledo, and which has inspired the pencil of Murillo, Rubens, and other eminent artists. St. Ildefonso was Archbishop of Toledo in the seventh century, and the author of a famous work entitled *De Virginitate Mariæ*. It is said that one night, entering the church at the head of his clergy to sing the midnight office, he found the altar illuminated, and the Blessed Virgin seated on his ivory throne surrounded by a throng of angels, holding in her hand the book he had written in defence of her virginity. She beckoned him towards her, and said, as she bestowed on him a beautiful white chasuble of celestial woof: "Inasmuch as with a firm faith and a clean heart, having thy loins girt about with purity, thou hast, by means of the divine grace shed on thy lips, diffused the glory of my virginity in the hearts of the faithful, I give thee this vestment, taken from the treas-

ury of my Son, that even in this life thou mayest be clothed with the garment of light." And the attendant angels came forward to fasten the sacred *Casulla* around him,

After the time of St. Ildefonso no one ever ventured to use this chasuble till the presumptuous Sisherto was made archbishop; but he experienced the fatal effects of his rashness and died a miserable death in exile. This precious garment was carefully preserved fifty-seven years at Toledo, and then carried to the Asturias to save it from the Moors—perhaps by Pelayus when he floated down the Tagus two hundred and fifty miles in a wooden chest, a second Moses destined to save his nation :

"The relics and the written works of saints
Toledo's treasure, prized beyond all wealth,
Their living and their dead remains,
These to the mountain fastnesses he bore."

When the church of San Salvador at Oviedo was completed, Alfonso el Casto had the Santa Casulla solemnly conveyed thither, and there it remains to this day.

St. Ildefonso and the holy Casulla are to be seen at every hand's turn at Toledo. Countless houses have a majolica medallion depicting them inserted in their front walls. They are sculptured over one of the doors of the cathedral, and several times within. And among the numerous paintings that adorn the edifice are two in which the Blessed Virgin is clothing St. Ildefonso with something of the grace and majesty of heaven.

But the vision of St. Ildefonso is specially commemorated on the spot where it occurred by a beautiful little temple of open Gothic work on one side of the nave. Here the whole legend is admirably told by Vigarny in a series of bas-reliefs in marble. In the outer wall is in-

serted the slab on which the Virgin's feet rested, protected by an iron grating. Both the grate and slab are worn by the fingers of the devout. No one passes without thrusting his hands through the grating to touch the stone, after which he kisses the tips of his fingers and makes the sign of the cross.

The *Capilla mayor* is of excessive richness. Jasper steps lead up to the high altar. The retable, covered with countless sculptures, rises almost to the arches, alive with scenes from the life of our Saviour amid innumerable pinnacles, and niches, and statues of most elaborate workmanship. Around are the tombs of the ancient kings of Spain, and among them that of the celebrated Cardinal Mendoza, the *tertius rex*, who took so prominent a part in the government in the time of Ferdinand and Isabella—a tomb in the Plateresco style, and worthy, not only of that great prelate, but of the marvellous chapel in which it stands. Near by is the effigy of the *Alfaqui*, who interposed in favor of Queen Constanza and Archbishop Bernard, and opposite is a statue of San Isidro, who led Alfonso VIII. to victory at Navas de Tolosa, as well as one of that king himself in a niche. There is certainly nothing grander in all Christendom than this chapel—nothing more in harmony with the imposing rites of the church, which are here celebrated with a majesty that is infinitely impressive.

The chapel of the Sagrario contains the celebrated statue of the Virgin so honored by the Goths, said to have been saved from the Moors by an Englishman. It is of wood, black with age, but entirely plated with silver, excepting the face and hands. This Madonna

stands in a blaze of light from the numerous lamps, and is absolutely sparkling with jewels. One of her mantles is of silver tissue embroidered with gold thread (that required three hundred ounces of gold to make) and thousands of pearls weighing nearly as much. There is scarcely room for the rubies, emeralds, and diamonds suspended on this mantle. That of the Child is similar in style, and took nine persons over a year to embroider.

Near by, in the chapel of Santa Marina, is a tombstone over the remains of Cardinal de Carrero, the king-maker of Philip the Fifth's time, with its *Ilic jacet pulvis, cinis, et nihil!*—sublime cry of Christian humility.

Every chapel in this cathedral is worthy of interest. One bears the curious name of the *Christo de las Cucharas*, or of Spoons, from the *armes parlantes* of Diego Lopez de Padilla emblazoned here—three *padillas*, or little paddles in the form of a spoon. It was a lady of this family who, in some civil contest, stripped the statues in the cathedral of their valuable ornaments as a means of defraying the expenses of the war, but first kneeling before them to beg the saints' pardon for the liberty she was about to take.

Then there is the beautiful chapel of *Los Reyes Nuevos*, lined with rich tombs in sculptured recesses, each with its recumbent effigy, among which is that of a daughter of John of Gaunt, "time-honored Lancaster," who married a Spanish prince.

The chapel of Santiago, in the flamboyant style, was built before the discovery of America, by Alvaro de Luna, grand-master of the Knights of Santiago. On every side are scallop-shells, emblem of the tutelar, and the crescent, cog-

nizance of the Luna family. The tomb of the founder is in the centre, with knights, cut in alabaster, keeping eternal watch and ward around their chief, who is lying on his tomb; while monks and nuns that have turned to stone seem to pray for ever around that of his wife.

The Mozarabic chapel, with its memories of Cardinal Ximenes, is very interesting. One side of it is entirely covered with a fresco of the battle of Oran, in which the cardinal took a leading part, full of animation and vigor. Here the Mozarabic rite which he re-established is still kept up.

What the primitive form of the Spanish liturgy was we have no certain knowledge, for it was superseded, or greatly modified, by the Goths. After the fourth Council of Toledo, presided over by St. Isidore of Seville, a uniform liturgy was established throughout the kingdom, to which was given the name of Mozarabic from that of the Christians who lived under the Moorish rule, and only had permission to maintain their own rites by the payment of an annual tribute. The Gregorian liturgy was introduced in the time of Alfonso VI. by the wish of the pope. The clergy and people were at first in consternation at the proposed change, but the archbishop, Bernard de Sédillac, was in favor of it, and he was sustained by the government. Six churches at Toledo were assigned to the Mozarabic rite, but by degrees the Gregorian acquired ascendancy. Mozarabic books became more and more rare, and the rite was nearly abandoned when Cardinal Ximenes, in order to preserve a vestige of it, founded this chapel in the year 1500, and had the ancient service

printed at Alcalá de Henares. One peculiarity of this rite is, the Host is divided into nine parts, which are placed on the paten in the form of a cross, in memory of the Incarnation, Nativity, Circumcision, Adoration of the Magi, Passion, Death, Resurrection, Ascension, and Eternal Reign.

The chapter-room of the cathedral is the richest in Spain. It is Moorish in style, and has a magnificent *artesonado* ceiling of gold and azure, rare carvings in oak, and a profusion of paintings, mostly portraits of the archbishops of Toledo, ninety-four in number, among which is that of Carranza, the confessor of Mary Tudor, and such a favorite of Charles V. that he summoned him to his death-bed at Yuste.

But the best paintings are in the sacristy. Here is the Santa Casulla on the ceiling, by Luca Giordano, the most productive painter that ever existed, and on the wall is El Greco's *chef d'œuvre*—the casting of lots for Christ's garment—in which the artist introduced his own portrait as one of the soldiers. There is also a beautiful Santa Leocadia rising from her tomb, by Orrente. St. Ildefonso is cutting off a portion of her veil, according to the legend, which says that while he was celebrating Mass at the tomb of this saint on her festival, Dec. 9, in presence of the king and a great crowd, the stone that covered the tomb, which it took thirty strong men to remove, was suddenly raised, to the amazement of the assembly, and St. Leocadia came forth shrouded in her veil. Going to St. Ildefonso, she took him by the hand and said: "Ildefonso, it is by thee the Queen we serve in heaven hath obtained victory over her enemies; by thee her memory

is kept alive in the hearts of the faithful." She then returned to her tomb, but before it closed on her for ever the archbishop had presence of mind enough to commend the king and nation to her prayers, and, taking a knife from the king, cut off a corner of her veil, which is still preserved in the Ochavo and solemnly exhibited on her festival.

The Ochavo is a fine octagonal room entirely lined with precious marbles. Here are the silver shrines of St. Eugenius and St. Leocadia, with silver statues and reliquaries, and countless articles of great value. The riches of this church are still extraordinary, though the French carried off more than a ton of silver objects in their day. A dignitary who officiated in a procession while we were there wore a magnificent collar, which we afterwards examined. It was absolutely covered with pearls, rubies, sapphires, emeralds, etc. A man followed him with a mace, as if to guard it. The silver custodia for the Host, the largest in the world, weighs four hundred pounds, and is composed of eighty thousand pieces. It is of the florid Gothic style, and contains two hundred and sixty-six statuettes. Cardinal Ximenes ordered it to be made in 1515, but it took nine years to complete it. There is another of pure gold, weighing thirty-two pounds, which Isabella the Catholic had made of the first ingots from the New World, as a tribute to the divine Host. After her death Cardinal Ximenes bought it and presented it to his cathedral.

The vestments in the sacristy are perhaps unrivalled. Many of them are hundreds of years old, of rare embroidery that looks like painting, done on cloth of gold. We remem-

ber one cope in particular, on which is the coronation of Mary, done by hands of fairy-like skill. All the crowns of the divine personages, as well as their garments, are edged with real pearls, and the whole scene, though wrought with silk, seemed to have caught something of the celestial beauty and calm rapture of Fra Angelico.

We have given only a faint idea of this magnificent cathedral, which must be seen to be fully appreciated. No wonder the proverb says: *Dives Toledana*. Leaving the church by the first door at hand, we saluted the huge San Christobalón, forty feet high, on the wall—saint of propitious omen, whom we always like to meet.

The cathedral cloister is charming with its laurels, orange-trees, and myrtles. The frescoed arcades are brilliant with the poetic legends of the church of Toledo, among which are St. Leocadia refusing to sacrifice to Jupiter, and Santa Casilda, a Moorish princess converted to the faith, visiting the Christians in her father's dungeons. Around the gate of the Niño Perdido is painted the legend from which it derives its name, similar to that of St. Hugh of Lincoln. This "lost child" was of Christian parentage, and kidnapped in 1490 by the Jews, who carried him to La Guardia. On Good Friday they took him to a neighboring cave and made him undergo all the tortures of the Passion, finally crucifying him at the ninth hour, at which time his blind mother, who was at a distance, is said to have suddenly recovered her sight. His heart was torn out and wrapped up with a consecrated Host, as if from some dim sense of the connection between the Sacred Heart and the Holy Eucharist, and sent by a renegade to the Jews of

Zamora. In passing through Avila he entered the cathedral, and, while pretending to pray, the people were surprised to see rays of light issue from his person. They thought he was a saintly pilgrim, and reported the occurrence to the holy office. He was questioned, and, his replies being unsatisfactory, was arrested and convicted of being accessory to the crime.

On the Plaza Zocodover once took place the bull-fights and other public spectacles of Toledo. It has always been a market-place, and, above the arcades, is the chapel of the Christo de la Sangre, where Mass used to be said for the benefit of the market-men, who could thus attend to their devotions without leaving their stalls.

It is on the Plaza Zocodover you may make the pleasant acquaintance of "a most sweet Spaniard, the comfit-maker of Toledo, who can teach sugar to slip down your throat a million of ways," and by none easier than what is called the *cel* of Toledo, which could not have been surpassed in Shakspeare's time—a most delicious compound of sweetmeats, fashioned like a huge eel, which is sold coiled up in a box. If the famous eels of Bolsena are to be compared with those of Toledo, it is not surprising that, as Dante implies, they even tempted Pope Martin the Fourth, particularly if he had been recently subjected, like us, to the "divine diet" of the *Fon-da de Lino*!

There are numerous charitable institutions at Toledo, due to the munificence of its great prelates, who, if they had immense revenues, knew how to spend them like princes of the church. Cardinal Mendoza spent enormous sums on the magnificent hospital of Santa Cruz, which is now converted into a mili-

tary academy. Here the cross, which the cardinal triumphantly placed on the captured Alhambra in 1492, and which forms the device on his arms, is everywhere glorified. This hospital is noted for its unrivalled sculptures of the Renaissance, particularly those of the grand portal, which is really a jewel of art. The discovery of the True Cross by St. Helena is appropriately the chief subject. The beautiful *patio* is surrounded by Moorish galleries which, as well as the staircases, are sculptured. On all sides are the Mendoza arms, with its motto composed by an angel: *Ave Maria, gratia plena*. The rooms have fine Moorish ceilings. The church is peculiar in shape, being in the form of a Mendoza cross, with four long arms of equal length. The right transept is now used for gymnastic exercises, and the left one as a school-room. On the wall still hangs the portrait of its great founder, expressive of lofty purpose. He was familiar with the din of camps, as well as with the peaceful duties of charity, and does not look out of his element in this military school. The building is a grand monument to his memory, and one of the wonders of Toledo.

The hospital of St. John the Baptist was built by Cardinal de Tavera in the sixteenth century, and in so magnificent a style as to make people reverse the murmuring of Judas and say: "To what purpose is this waste? And why hath all this money been given to the poor?" The tomb of the beneficent prelate, sculptured by Berruguete, is in the centre of the nave. It is in the *cinq-ue-cento* style. At the corners stand some of the virtues that adorned his life: Prudence, with a mirror and mask; Justice, with scales; Fortitude, with her tower;

and Temperance, pouring water from a vase. Over the tomb still hangs the cardinal's hat, after three hundred years.

In front of this hospital is a small promenade, ornamented with rude statues of the old Gothic kings. Keeping on, outside the city walls, we passed tower after tower of defence at the left, while at the right lay the Vega, where are still some remains of an old Roman amphitheatre. At length we came to the ruined palace of Roderick, the last of the Goths, built by good King Wamba of more pleasant memory. In a niche is a rough statue, purporting to be Don Roderick himself, looking where he has no business to look—down on the baths of Florinda. An immense convent beyond towers up over the walls, like a prison with its grated windows, that are dismal from without, but which command an admirable view over the valley of the Tagus, along whose banks rise steep cliffs like palisades, with here and there an old Moorish mill. Just below, the river is spanned by St. Martin's bridge with its ancient fortifications. On the rough hills beyond are numerous *cigarrales*, or country-seats. There is something wild and melancholy about the whole scene. The river itself rushes on in a fierce, ungovernable manner, as if it had never come under the influences of civilization. It comes from the palæontologic mountains of Albarracin, and flows on hundreds of miles, disdaining all commercial appliances, in lonely, lordly grandeur, till lost in the Atlantic. Its current is clear, green, and rapid, though poets sing it as the river of the golden waves. Don Quixote tells of four nymphs who come forth from its waters and seat themselves in the green meadow to broider

their rich silken tissues with gold and pearls, referring to Garcilasso de la Vega, the poet-warrior of Toledo, who says :

"De cuatro ninfas, que del Tajo ainado,
Salleron juntas, acantar me ofresco. . . ."

Farther up the river are a few Arab arches of the palace of Galiana, a heroine of ancient romance. She was the daughter of King Alfahri, who gave her this rural retreat, and embellished it in every possible way. The young princess was of marvellous beauty, and generally lived here to escape from her numerous suitors, among whom was Bradamante, a gigantic Moorish prince from Guadalajara. This redoubtable wooer endeavored, but in vain, to soften her heart. He only served to keep his rivals in check. At length a foreign prince, none other than the mighty Charlemagne himself, came to aid her father in the war against the King of Cordova. He was at once captivated by the beauty of Galiana, and, as she showed herself by no means insensible to his advances, he soon ventured to ask her hand in marriage. To dispose of Prince Bradamante, he challenged him to a private combat, and struck off his head, which he offered to the bride-elect. This obstacle removed, the wedding soon took place, and Galiana was triumphantly carried to France. Some pretend Charlemagne never crossed the Ebro, but we have unlimited faith in the legend, on which numberless songs and romances are based, and sold to this day by blind men on the public squares of Toledo.

One of the attractions of Toledo is Santa Maria la Blanca, an ancient Jewish synagogue in the style of the mosque of Cordova, which, after many vicissitudes, has become

a Catholic church. The name is derived from the ancient legend of Our Lady *ad nives*—of the snow—which led to the foundation of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, and is evidently popular in Spain from the number of churches bearing the name. That at Toledo is very striking from the horse-shoe arches, one above the other, supported by octagon pillars with curiously-wrought capitals. There are lace-like wheels along the frieze of the nave, and the roof is of cedar—a tree sacred to the Jews, and which they say only came to perfection in the Garden of Eden. In their epitaphs we often read : "He is gone down to the Garden of Eden, to those who are amongst the cedars."

The Transito is another old synagogue, which was erected in the days of Don Pedro the Cruel by Samuel Levi, his wealthy treasurer. The architects were probably Moors, for it is decorated in the style of the Alhambra. It consists only of one nave, but this is richly ornamented. Along the walls are Hebrew inscriptions, said to be in part from the Psalms, and partly in praise of Samuel Levi. His praises were not on the lips of the people, however. On the contrary, he was very obnoxious to them on account of his exorbitant taxes, and when put to the torture by Don Pedro, he was by no means regretted. The Jews were specially detested at Toledo. It is said they opened the city to the Moors, and subsequently to the Christians, and were faithful to neither party. When expelled in 1492, this building was given to the Knights of Calatrava.

The church of San Juan de los Reyes was built in 1476 by Ferdinand and Isabella in gratitude for a victory over the Portuguese. It is now a parish church, but was

first given to the Franciscans, whose long knotted cord is carved along the frieze. It is magnificently situated on a height overlooking the Tagus. An immense number of chains are suspended on the outer walls, taken from Christian captives in the dungeons of the Alhambra. These glorious trophies were brought from Granada in 1492, and cannot be regarded without emotion. It is said—but who can believe it?—that some of them were recently used by the authorities to enclose a public promenade, to save the expense of buying new ones—a most odious piece of economy, of which Samuel Levi himself would not have been guilty. The portal of this church is a beautiful example of the Plateresco style, exquisite as goldsmith's work, with its fretted niches and sculptured shields. The building, though only intended for a conventual church, is of grand proportions and richly ornamented. The emblems of Ferdinand and Isabella, with other heraldic devices, are sculptured amid delicate foliage around the royal gallery, and over the high altar Cardinal Mendoza is painted at the foot of the cross.

The cloisters adjoining, of the florid Gothic style, are exquisitely beautiful. They are built around a pleasant court, which has a fountain in the centre, and a profusion of orange-trees and myrtles. The niches of the arcades are peopled with saints, and the columns and arches covered with an endless variety of acanthus leaves, lilies, bell-flowers, ivy, holly, and even the humbler vegetables, carved with a skill that reminded us of Scott's well-known lines :

"Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand
Had framed a spell, when the work was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to stone."

The convent has been sequestered, and the Gothic refectory of the friars is now the public museum. Near by was the palace of Cardinal Ximenes, who was a member of the Franciscan Order.

To say nothing about the swords of Toledo would be almost like leaving the hero out of the play. Spanish weapons have been renowned from ancient times. Titus Livius and Martial mention them. Cicero alludes to the *pugunculus Hispaniensis*. Gratus Faliscus, a friend of Ovid's, speaks, in particular, of the *Cultrum Toledanum* which hunters wore at their belts :

"Ima Toledano præcingunt illa cultro."

Swords continued to be fabricated at Toledo in the time of the Gothic kings. Their broad, two-edged swords were probably the type of the *alfanjes* of the Moors, which we see in the paintings in the Alhambra. The kings of Castile accorded special privileges to the corporations of *espaderos*, such as exemption from taxes on the steel they used. This was brought from the Basque provinces, about a mile from Mondragon.

"Vencedora espada,
De Mondragon tu acero,
Y en Toledo templada "

—"Sword victorious, thy steel is from Mondragon, but tempered at Toledo."

The most ancient Toledan sword-maker known is a Moor called *Del Rey*, because Ferdinand the Catholic stood as godfather at his conversion. His mark was a *perrillo*, or little dog, which was so famous that Don Quixote speaks of it. But the swords of Spain were in general renowned all over Europe in the middle ages. Froissart speaks of the short Spanish dagger with a wide blade. We know by

Shakspeare how much this weapon was prized in England. It was a trusty Toledo blade Othello kept in his chamber.

The great blow to the sword manufactory of Toledo was the introduction of French costumes in the seventeenth century, in which swords were dispensed with. Carlos III. resolved to revive this industry, and erected the present fabric on the right shore of the Tagus, more than a mile from the city. The swords are inferior in quality and lack their former elegance of form. They participate

in the degeneracy of those who wield them. Spain, once noble, chivalrous, and of deep convictions, has lost its fine temper and keenness of thrust. The raw material out of which such wonders were wrought in the old days remains still, however, in the people as in the country. It only needs a return to old principles of faith and honor on the part of the ruling classes to prepare the way for a new Spanish history, more glorious and more advantageous to the world at large than even Spain has ever known.

AVILA.

Mira tu muro dichoso
Que te rodea y corona,
Puea de tantos victorioso !
Merece (en triumpho glorioso),
Cada almena su corona.

—*Avís grandezas de Avila.*

It was on the 31st of January, 1876, we left the Escorial to visit the *muy leal, muy magnífica, y muy noble* city of Avila—*Avila de los Caballeros*, once famed for its valiant knights, and their daring exploits against the Moors, but whose chief glory now is that it is the birthplace of St. Teresa, whom all Christendom admires for her genius and venerates for her sanctity.

Keeping along the southern base of the Guadarrama Mountains, whose snowy summits and gray, rock-strewn sides wore a wild, lonely aspect that was inexpressibly melancholy, we came at length to a lower plateau that advances like a promontory between two broad valleys opening to the north and south. On this eminence stands the picturesque city of Avila, the Pearl of Old Castile, very much as it was in the twelfth century. It is full of historic mansions and interesting old churches that have a solemn architectural grandeur. One is astonished to find so small a place inland, inactive, and with no apparent source of wealth, with so many imposing and interesting monuments. They are all massive and severe, because built in an heroic age that disdained all that was light and unsubstantial. It is a city of granite—not of the softer hues that take a polish like marble, but of cold blue granite, severe and

invincible as the steel-clad knights who built it. The granite houses are built with a solidity that would withstand many a hard assault; the granite churches, with their frowning battlements, have the aspect of fortresses; and the granite convents with their high granite walls look indeed like "citadels of prayer." Everything speaks of a bygone age, an age of conflict and chivalrous deeds, when the city must have been far more wealthy and powerful than now, to have erected such solid edifices. We are not in the least surprised to hear it was originally founded by Hercules himself, or one of the forty of that name to whom so many of the cities of Spain are attributed. Avila is worthy of being counted among his labors.

But whoever founded Avila, it afterwards became the seat of a Roman colony which is mentioned by Ptolemy. It has always been of strategic importance, being at the entrance to the Guadarrama Mountains and the Castiles. When Roderick, the last of the Goths, brought destruction on the land by his folly, Avila was one of the first places seized by the Moors. This was in 714. After being repeatedly taken and lost, Don Sancho of Castile finally took it in 992, and the Moors never regained possession of it. But there were not Christians

enough to repeople it, and it remained desolate eighty-nine years. St. Ferdinand found it uninhabited when he came from the conquest of Seville. Alonso VI. finally commissioned his son-in-law, Count Raymond of Burgundy, to rebuild and fortify it.

Alonso VI. had already taken the city of Toledo and made peace with the Moors, but the latter, intent on ruling over the whole of the Peninsula, soon became unmindful of the treaty. In this new crisis many foreign knights hastened to acquire fresh renown in this land of a perpetual crusade. Among the most renowned were Henry of Lorraine; Raymond de St. Gilles, Count of Toulouse; and Raymond, son of Guillaume Tête-Hardie of Burgundy, and brother of Pope Calixtus II. They contributed so much to the triumph of the cross that Alonso gave them his three daughters in marriage. Urraca (the name of a delicious pear in Spain) fell to the lot of Raymond of Burgundy, with Galicia for her portion, and to him was entrusted the task of rebuilding Avila, the more formidable because it required numerous outposts and a continual struggle with the Moors. The flower of Spanish knighthood came to his aid, and the king granted great privileges to all who would establish themselves in the city. Hewers of wood, stone-cutters, masons, and artificers of all kinds came from Biscay, Galicia, and Leon. The king sent the Moors taken in battle to aid in the work. The bishop in pontificals, accompanied by a long train of clergy, blessed the outlines traced for the walls, stopping to make special exorcisms at the spaces for the ten gates, that the great enemy of the human race might never obtain en-

trance into the city. The walls were built out of the ruins left successively behind by the Moors, the Goths, and the Romans, to say nothing of Hercules. As an old chronicler remarks, had they been obliged to hew out and bring hither all the materials, no king would have been able to build such walls. They are forty-two feet high and twelve feet thick. The so-called towers are rather solid circular buttresses that add to their strength. These walls were begun May 3, 1090. Eight hundred men were employed in the work, which was completed in nine years. They proved an effectual barrier against the Saracen; the crescent never floated from those towers. How proud the people are of them is shown by the lines at the head of this sketch:

"Behold the superb walls that surround and crown thee, victorious in so many assaults! Each battlement deserves a crown in reward for thy glorious triumphs!"

It was thus this daughter of Hercules rose from the grave where she had lain seemingly dead so many years. Houses sprang up as by enchantment, and were peopled so rapidly that in 1093 there were about thirty thousand inhabitants. The city thus rebuilt and defended by its incomparable knights merited the name often given it from that time by the old chroniclers, *Avila de los Caballeros*.

One of these cavaliers, Zurraquin Sancho, the honor and glory of knighthood, was captain of the country forces around Avila. One day, while riding over his estate with a single attendant to examine his herds, he spied a band of Moors returning from a foray into Christian lands, dragging several Spanish peasants after them in chains. As

soon as Zurraquin was perceived, the captives cried to him for deliverance. Whereupon, mindful of his knightly vows to relieve the distressed, he rode boldly up, though but slightly armed, and offered to ransom his countrymen. The Moors would not consent, and the knight prudently withdrew. But, as soon as he was out of sight, he alighted to tighten the girths of his steed, which he then remounted and spurred on by a different path. In a short time he came again upon the Moors, and crying "Santiago!" as with the voice of twenty men, he suddenly dashed into their midst, laying about him right and left so lustily that, taken unawares, they were thrown into confusion, and, supposing themselves attacked by a considerable force, fled for their lives, leaving two of their number wounded, and one dead on the field. Zurraquin unbound the captives, who had also been left behind, and sent them away with the injunction to be silent concerning his exploit.

A few days after, these peasants came to Avila in search of their benefactor, bringing with them twelve fat swine and a large flock of hens. Regardless of his parting admonition, they stopped on the Square of San Pedro, and related how he had delivered them single-handed against threescore infidels. The whole city soon resounded with so brave a deed, and Zurraquin was declared a peerless knight. The women also took up his praises and sang songs in his honor to the sound of the tambourine :

"Cantan de Oliveros, e cantan de Roldan,
E non de Zurraquin, ca fue buen barragan." *

A second band would take up the strain :

* "Some sing of Oliver, and some of Roldan :
We sing of Zurraquin, the brave partisan."

"Cantan de Roldan, e cantan de Olivero,
R non de Zurraquin, ca fue buen caballero." *

After rebuilding Avila Count Raymond of Burgundy retired to his province of Galicia, and, dying March 26, 1107, he was buried in the celebrated church of Santiago at Compostella. It was his son who became King of Castile under the name of Alonso VIII., and Avila, because of its loyalty to him and his successors, acquired a new name—*Avila del Rey*—among the chroniclers of the time.

But the city bears a title still more glorious than those already mentioned—that of *Avila de los Santos*. It was in the sixteenth century especially that it became worthy of this name, when there gathered about St. Teresa a constellation of holy souls, making the place a very Carmel, filled with the "sons of the prophets." *Avila cantos y santos*—Avila has as many saints as stones—says an old Spanish proverb, and that is saying not a little. The city has always been noted for dignity of character and its attachment to the church.

The piety of its ancient inhabitants is attested by the number and grave beauty of the churches, with their lamp-lit shrines of the saints and their dusky aisles filled with tombs of the old knights who fought under the banner of the cross. In St. Teresa's time it was honored with the presence of several saints who have been canonized: St. Thomas of Villanueva, St. Peter of Alcantara, St. John of the Cross, and that holy Spanish grandee, St. Francis Borgia, besides many other individuals noted for their sanctity. But St. Teresa is the best type of Avila. Her piety was as sweetly

* "Some sing of Roland, and others Oliver :
We sing of Zurraquin, the brave cavalier."

austere as the place, as broad and enlightened as the vast horizon that bounds it, and servid as its glowing sun.

"You mustn't say anything against St. Teresa at Avila," said the inevitable Englishmen we met an hour after our arrival.

"We are by no means disposed to, here or anywhere else," was our reply. On the contrary, we regarded her, with Mrs. Jameson, as "the most extraordinary woman of her age and country"; nay, "who would have been a remarkable woman in *any* age or country." We had seen her statue among the fathers of the church in the first Christian temple in the world, with the inscription: *Sancta Teresa, Mater spiritualis*. We had read her works, written in the pure Castilian for which Avila is noted, breathing the imagination of a poet and the austerity of a saint, till we were ready to exclaim with Crashaw:

"Oh! 'tis not Spanish, but 'tis Heaven she speaks!"

and we had come to Avila expressly to offer her the tribute of our admiration. Here she reigns, to quote Miss Martineau's words, "as true a queen on this mountain throne as any empress who ever wore a crown!"

At this very moment we were on our way to visit the places associated with her memory. A few turns more through the narrow, tortuous streets, and we came to the ponderous gateway of San Vicente on the north side of the city, so named from the venerable church just without the walls, beloved of archæologists. But for the moment it had no attraction for us; for below, in the broad, sunny valley, we could see the monastery of the Incarnation, a place of great interest to the Catholic heart. There it was

that St. Teresa, young and beautiful, took the veil and spent more than thirty years of her life. The first glimpse of it one can never forget; and, apart from the associations, the ancient towers of San Vicente on the edge of the hill, the fair valley below with its winding stream and the convent embosomed among trees, and the mountains that girt the horizon, made up a picture none the less lovely for being framed in that antique gateway. We went winding down to the convent, perhaps half a mile distant, by the *Calle de la Encarnacion*. No sweeter, quieter spot could be desired in which to end one's days. It is charmingly situated on the farther side of the Adaja, and commands a fine view of Avila, which, indeed, is picturesque in every direction. We could count thirty towers in the city walls as we turned at the convent gate to look back. St. Teresa stopped in this same archway, Nov. 2, 1533, to bid farewell to her brother Antonio, who, on leaving her, went to the Dominican convent, where he took the monastic habit. She was then only eighteen and a half years old. The inward agony she experienced on entering the convent she relates with great sincerity, but there was no faltering in her determination to embrace the higher life. The house had been founded only about twenty years before, and the first Mass was said in it the very day she was baptized. That was more than three centuries ago. Its stout walls may be somewhat grayer, and the alleys of its large garden more umbrageous, but its general aspect must be very much the same; for in that dry climate nature does not take so kindly to man's handiwork as in the misty north, where the old convents are all draped with moss

and the ivy green. It is less peopled also. In 1550 there were ninety nuns, but now there are not more than half that number.

There is a series of little parlors, low and dim, with unpainted beams, and queer old chairs, and two black grates with nearly a yard between, through which you can converse, as through a tunnel, with the nuns. They have not been changed since St. Teresa's time. In one of these our Lord reproved her for her conversations, which still savored too much of the world. Here, later in life, St. Francis Borgia came to see her on his way from the convent of Yuste, where he had been to visit his kinsman, Charles V. Here she saw St. Peter of Alcantara in ecstasy. In one of these parlors, now regarded as a sacred spot, she held her interviews with St. John of the Cross when he was director of the house. It is related that one day, while he was discoursing here on the mystery of the Holy Trinity, she was so impressed by his words that she fell on her knees to listen. In a short time he entered the ecstatic state, leaving St. Teresa lost in divine contemplation; and when one of the nuns came with a message, she found them both suspended in the air! For a moment they ceased to belong to earth, and its laws did not control them. A picture of this scene hangs on the wall. In a larger and more cheerful parlor some nuns of very pleasing manners of the true Spanish type showed us several objects that belonged to St. Teresa, and some of her embroidery of curious Spanish work, very nicely done, as we were glad to see; likewise, a Christ covered with bleeding wounds as he appeared to St. John of the Cross, and many other touching memorials of the past.

We next visited the church, which is large, with buttressed walls, low, square towers, and a gabled belfry. The interior is spacious and lofty, but severe in style. There is a nave, and two short transepts with a dome rising between them. It is paved with flag-stones, and plain wooden benches stand against the stone walls. The high altar, at which St. John of the Cross used to say Mass, has its gilt retablo, with colonnettes and niches filled with the saints of the order, among whom we remember the prophets who dwelt on Mt. Carmel, and St. Albert, patriarch of Jerusalem. The nuns' choir is at the opposite end of the church. We should say *choirs*; for they have two, one above the other, with double black grates, which are generally curtained. It was at the grate of the lower choir, dim and mystic as his *Obscure Night of the Soul*, that St. John of the Cross used to preach to the nuns. What sermons there must have been from him who wrote, as never man wrote, on the upward way from night to light!

The grating of this lower choir has two divisions, between which is a small square shutter, like the door of a tabernacle, on which is represented a chalice and Host. It was here St. Teresa received the Holy Communion for more than thirty years. Here one morning, after receiving it from the hand of St. John of the Cross, she was mysteriously affianced to the heavenly Bridegroom, who called her, in the language of the Canticles, by the sweet name of Spouse, and placed on her finger the nuptial ring. She was then fifty-seven years of age. A painting over the communion table represents this supernatural event.

This choir is also associated with the memory of Eleonora de Cepe-

da, a niece of St. Teresa's, who became a nun at the convent of the Incarnation. She was remarkable for her detachment from earth, and died young, an angel of purity and devotion. St. Teresa saw her body borne to the choir by angels. No Mass of requiem was sung over her. It was during the Octave of Corpus Christi. The church was adorned as for a festival. The Mass of the Blessed Sacrament was chanted to the sound of the organ, and the Alleluia repeatedly sung, as if to celebrate the entrance of her soul into glory. The dead nun, in the holy habit of Mt. Carmel, lay on her bier covered with lilies and roses, with a celestial smile on her pale face that seemed to reflect the beatitude of her soul. The procession of the Host was made around her, and all the nuns took a last look at their beautiful sister before she was lowered into the gloomy vault below. *

In the upper choir there is a statue of St. Teresa, dressed as a Carmelite, in the stall she occupied when prioress of the house. The nuns often go to kiss the hand as a mark of homage to her memory. The actual prioress occupies the next stall below.

It will be remembered that St. Teresa passed twenty-nine years in this convent before she left to found that of San José. She afterwards returned three years as prioress, when, at her request, St. John of the Cross (who was born in a small town near Avila) was appointed spiritual director. Under the direction of these two saints the house became a paradise filled with souls of such fervor that the heavenly spirits themselves came down to join in their holy psalmody, according to

the testimony of St. Teresa herself, who saw the stalls occupied by them.

"The air of Paradise did fan the house,
And angels office all."

One of St. Teresa's first acts, on taking charge of the house, was to place a large statue of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel in the upper choir, and present her with the keys of the monastery, to indicate that this womanly type of all that is sweet and heavenly was to be the true ruler of the house. This statue still retains its place in the choir, and in its hand are the keys presented by the saint.

The convent garden is surrounded by high walls. It wears the same smiling aspect as in the saint's time, but it is larger. The neighboring house occupied by St. John of the Cross, with the land around it, has been bought and added to the enclosure. The house has been converted into an octagon chapel, called the *Ermita de San Juan de la Cruz*. The unpainted wooden altar was made from a part of St. Teresa's cell. In this garden are the flowers and shrubbery she loved, the almond-trees she planted, the paths she trod. Here are the oratories where she prayed, the dark cypresses that witnessed her penitential tears, the limpid water she was never weary of contemplating—symbol of divine grace and regeneration. St. Teresa's love of nature is evident on every page of her writings. She said the sight of the fields and flowers raised her soul towards God, and was like a book in which she read his grandeur and benefits. And she often compared her soul to a garden which she prayed the divine Husbandman to fill with the sweet perfume of the lowly virtues.

* See *Life of St. Teresa*.

In the right wing of the convent is a little oratory, quiet and solitary, beloved of the saint, where an angel, all flame, appeared to the eyes of her soul with a golden arrow in his hand, which he thrust deep into her heart, leaving it for ever inflamed with seraphic love. This mystery is honored in the Carmelite Order by the annual festival of the Transverberation. Art likewise has immortalized it. We remember the group by Bernini in the church of Santa Maria della Vittoria at Rome, in which the divine transport of her soul is so clearly visible through the pale beauty of her rapt form, which trembles beneath the fire-tipped dart of the angel. What significance in this sacred seal set upon her virginal heart, from this time rent in twain by love and penitence! *Cor contritum et humiliatum, Deus, non despicies!* was the exclamation of St. Teresa when dying.

The sun was descending behind the proud walls of Avila when we regained the steep hillside, lighting up the grim towers and crowning them with splendor. We stopped on the brow, before the lofty portal of San Vicente, to look at its wreaths of stone and mutilated saints, and read the story of the rich man and Lazarus so beautifully told in the arch. Angels are bearing away the soul of the latter on a mantle to Abraham's bosom. On the south side of the church is a sunny portico with light, clustered pillars, filled with tombs, some in niches covered with emblazonry, others like plain chests of stone set against the wall. We went down the steps into the church, cold, and dim, and gray, all of granite and cave-like. The pavement is composed of granite tombstones covered with inscriptions and coats of

VOL. XXIV.—II

arms. There are granite founts for the holy water. Old statues, old paintings, and old inscriptions in Gothic text line the narrow aisles. The windows are high up in the arches, which were still light, though shadows were gathering around the tombs below. There was not a soul in the church. We looked through the *reja* that divides the nave at the beautiful Gothic shrine of San Vicente and his two sisters, Sabina and Chrysteta, standing on pillars under a richly-painted canopy, with curious old lamps burning within, and then went down a long, narrow, stone staircase into the crypt—of the third century—and kept along beneath the low, round arches till we came to a chapel where, by the light of a torch, we saw the bare rock on which the above-mentioned saints were martyred, and the *Bujo* out of which the legendary serpent came to defend their remains when thrown out for the beasts to devour. This *Bujo* was long used as a place of solemn adjuration, a kind of *Bocca de la Verità*, into which the perjurer shrank from thrusting his hand, but the custom has been discontinued.

The following morning we went to visit the place where St. Teresa was born. On the way we passed through the Plaza de San Juan like an immense cloister with its arcades, which takes its name from the church on one side, where St. Teresa was baptized. The very font is at the left on entering—a granite basin fluted diagonally, surrounded by an iron railing. Over it is her portrait and the following inscription:

Vigesimo octavo Martii
Teresa oborta,
Aprilis ante nona est
sacro hoc fonte
renata
MDKV.

A grim old church for so sweet a flower to first open to the dews of divine grace in; the baptismal font at one end, and the grave at the other, with cold, gray arches encircling both like the all-embracing arms of that great nursing-mother—Death. At each side of the high altar are low, sepulchral recesses, into which you look down through a grating at the coroneted tombs, before which lamps hang dimly burning. Over the altar the Good Shepherd is going in search of his lost lambs, and at the left is a great, pale Christ on the Cross, ghastly and terrible in the shadowy, torch-lit arch. The whole church is paved with tomb-stones, like most of the churches of Avila, as if the idea of death could never be separated from life. But then, which is death and which life? Is it not in the womb of the grave we awaken to the real life?

One of the most popular traditions of Avila is connected with the Square of San Juan: the defence of the city in 1109 by the heroic Ximena Blasquez, whose husband, father, and brothers were all valiant knights. The old governor of the city, Ximenes Blasquez, was dead, and Ximena's husband and sons were away fighting on the frontier. The people, left without rulers and means of defence, came together on the public square and proclaimed her governor of the place. She accepted the charge, and proved herself equal to the emergency. Spain at this time was overrun by the Moors who had come from Africa to the aid of their brethren. They pillaged and ravaged the country as they went. Learning the defenceless state of Avila, and supposing it to contain great riches and many Moorish captives, they resolved to lay siege to it. Ximena was

warned of the danger, and, instantly mounting her horse, she took two squires and rode forth to the country place of Sancho de Estrada to summon him to her aid. Sancho, though enfeebled by illness, was too gallant a knight to turn a deaf ear to the behest of ladye fair. He did not make his entrance into the city in a very knightly fashion, however. Instead of coming on his war-horse, all booted and spurred, and clad in bright armor, he was brought in a cart on two feather-beds, on the principle of Butler's couplet, which we vary to suit the occasion:

"And feather-bed 'twixt knight urbane
And heavy brunt of springless wain."

In descending at the door of his palace at Avila he unfortunately fell and was mortally injured, and the vassals he had brought with him basely fled when they found they had no chastisement to fear.

But the dauntless Ximena was not discouraged. Determined to save the city, she went from house to house, and street to street, to distribute provisions, count the men, furnish them with darts and arrows, and assign their posts. It is mentioned that she took all the flour she could find at the bishop's; and Tamara, the Jewess, made her a present of all the salt meat she had on hand.*

On the 3d of July Ximena, hearing the Moors were within two miles of the city, sent a knight with twenty squires to reconnoitre their camp and cut off some of the outposts, promising to keep open a postern gate to admit them at their return. Then she despatched several trumpeters in different directions to sound their trumpets, that

*The butchery, at the repopling of Avila, was given to Benjamin, the Jew, and his sister. There seem to have been a good many Jews in the streets now called St. Dominic and St. Scholastica.

the Moors might suppose armed forces were at hand for the defence of the city. This produced the effect she desired. The knight penetrated to the camp, killed several sentinels, and re-entered Avila by the postern. Ximena passed the whole night on her palfrey, making the round of the city, keeping watch on the guards, and encouraging the men. At dawn she returned to her palace, and, summoning her three daughters and two daughters-in-law to her presence, she put on a suit of armor, and, taking a lance in her hand, called upon them to imitate her, which they did, as well as all the women in the house. Thus accoutred, they proceeded to the Square of San Juan, where they found a great number of women weeping and lamenting. "My good fiends," said Ximena, "follow my example, and God will give you the victory." Whereupon they all hastened to their houses, put on all the armor they could find, and covered their long hair with sombreros. Ximena provided them with javelins, caltrops, and gabions full of stones, and with these troops she mounted the walls in order to attack the Moors when they should arrive beneath.

The Moorish captain, approaching the city, saw it apparently defended by armed men, and, deceived by the trumpets in the night, supposed the place had been reinforced. He therefore decided to retreat.

As soon as Ximena found the enemy really gone she descended from the walls with her daughters and daughters-in-law, distributed provisions to her troops on the Square of St. John, and, after the necessary repose, they all went in procession to the church of the glorious martyrs San Vicente and

his sisters, and, returning by the churches of St. Jago and San Salvador, led Ximena in triumph to the Alcazar. The fame of her bravery and presence of mind extended all over the land, and has become the subject of legend and song. A street near the church of San Juan still bears the name of Ximena Blasquez.

A convent for Carmelite friars was built in the seventeenth century on the site of St. Teresa's family mansion, in the western part of Avila. The church, in the style of the Renaissance, faces a large, sunny square, on one side of which is a fine old palace with sculptured doors and windows and emblazoned shields. Near by is the *Posada de Santa Teresa*. The whole convent is embalmed with her memory. Her statue is over the door of the church. All through the corridors you meet her image. The cloisters are covered with frescoes of her life and that of St. John of the Cross. Over the main altar of the church, framed in the columns of the gilt retable, is an alto-relievo of St. Teresa, supported by Joseph and Mary, gazing up with suppliant hands at our Saviour, who appears with his cross amid a multitude of angels. The church is not sumptuous, but there is an atmosphere of piety about it that is very touching. The eight side-chapels are like deep alcoves, each with some scene of the Passion or the life of the Virgin. The transept, on the gospel side, constitutes the chapel of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, from which you enter a little oratory hung with lamps and entirely covered with paintings, reliquaries, and gilding, as if art and piety had vied in adorning it. It was on this spot St. Teresa first saw the light in the year 1515, during the pontificate of

Leo X. A quieter, more secluded spot in which to pray could not be desired. But Avila is full of such dim, shadowy oratories, consecrated by some holy memory. Over the altar where Mass is daily offered is a statue of St. Teresa, sad as the Virgin of Many Sorrows, representing her as when she beheld the bleeding form of Christ, her face and one hand raised towards the divine Sufferer, the other hand on her arrow-pierced breast. She wears a broidered cope and golden rosary. Among the paintings on the wall are her Espousals, and Joseph and Mary bringing her the jewelled collar. Two little windows admit a feeble light into this cell-like solitude. The ceiling is panelled. Benches covered with blue cloth stand against the wall. And there are little mirrors under the paintings, in true modern Spanish taste, to increase the glitter and effect. The De Cepeda coat of arms and the family tree hang at one end, appropriate enough here. But in the church family distinctions are laid aside. There only the arms of the order of Mt. Carmel, St. Teresa's true family, are emblazoned.

In a little closet of the oratory we were shown some relics of the saint, among which were her sandals and a staff—the latter too long to walk with, and with a small crook at the end. It might have been the emblem of her monastic authority.

Beneath the church are brick vaults full of the bones of the old friars, into which we could have thrust our hands. Their cells above are less fortunate. They are tenantless, or without their rightful inmates; for since the suppression of the monasteries in Spain only the nuns in Avila have been left un-

molested. Here, at St. Teresa's, a part of the convent has been appropriated for a normal school. We went through one of the corridors still in possession of the church. *Ave Maria, sin peccado concebida* was on the door of every cell. We entered one to obtain some souvenir of the place, and found a studious young priest surrounded by his books and pictures, in a narrow room, quiet and monastic, with one small window to admit the light.

Then there is the garden full of roses and vines, also sequestered, where St. Teresa and her brother Rodriguez, in their childhood, built hermitages, and talked of heaven, and encouraged each other for martyrdom.

"Scarce has she learned to lip the name
Of martyr, yet she thinks it shame
Life should so long play with the breath
Which, spent, could buy so brave a death."

Avila was full of the traditions of the incomparable old knights who had delivered Spain from the Moor. The chains of the Christian captives they had freed were suspended on the walls of one of the most beautiful churches in the land, and those who had fallen victims to the hate of the infidel were regarded as martyrs. The precocious imagination of the young Teresa was fired with these tales of chivalry and Christian endurance. She was barely seven years of age when she and her brother escaped from home, and took the road to Salamanca to seek martyrdom among the Moors. We took the same path when we left the convent. Leaving the city walls, and descending into the valley, we came to the Adaja, which flows along a narrow defile at the foot of Avila, over a rocky bed bordered by old mills that have been here from time immemorial, this faubourg in the middle ages hav-

ing been inhabited by dyers, millers, tanners, etc. We crossed the river by the same massive stone bridge with five arches, and went on and up a sunny slope, along the same road the would-be martyrs took, through open fields strewn with huge boulders, till we came to a tall, round granite cross between four round pillars connected by stone cross-beams that once evidently supported a dome. This marks the spot where the children were overtaken by their uncle. The cross bends over, as if from the northern blasts, and is covered with great patches of bright green and yellow moss. The best view of Avila is to be had from this point, and we sat down at the foot of the cross, among the wild thyme, to look at the picturesque old town of the middle ages clearly traced out against the clear blue sky—its gray feudal turrets; its *palacios*, once filled with Spanish valor and beauty, but now lonely; the strong Alcazar, with its historic memories; and the numerous towers and bell-fries crowned by the embattled walls of the cathedral, that seems at once to protect and bless the city. St. Teresa's home is distinctly visible. The Adaja below goes winding leisurely through the broad, almost woodless landscape. Across the pale fields, in yonder peaceful valley, is the convent of the Incarnation, where Teresa's aspirations for martyrdom were realized in a mystical sense. Her brother Rodriguez was afterwards killed in battle in South America, and St. Teresa always regarded him as a martyr, because he fell in defending the cause of religion.

The next morning we were awakened at an early hour by the sound of drum and bugle, and the measured tramp of soldiers

over the pebbled streets. We hurried to the window. It was not a company of phantom knights fleeing away at the dawn, but the flesh-and-blood soldiers of Alfonso XII. going to early Mass at the cathedral of San Salvador on the opposite side of the small square. We hastened to follow their example.

San Salvador, half church, half fortress, seems expressly built to honor the God of Battles. Chained granite lions guard the entrance. Stone knights keep watch and ward at the sculptured doorway. Happily, on looking up we see the blessed saints in long lines above the yawning arch, and we enter. The church is of the early pointed style, though nearly every age has left its impress. All is gray, severe, and majestic. Its cold aisles are sombre and mysterious, with tombs of bishops and knights in niches along the wall, where they lie with folded hands and something of everlasting peace on their still faces. The heart that shuts its secrets from the glare of sunlight, in these shadowy aisles unfolds them one by one, as in some mystic Presence, with vague, dreamy thoughts of something higher, more satisfying, than the outer world has yet given, or can give. The distant murmur of the priests at the altars, the twinkling lights, the tinkling bells, the bowed forms grouped here and there, the holy sculptures on the walls, all speak to the heart. The painted windows of the nave are high up in the arches, which are now empurpled with the morning sun. Below, all dimness and groping for light; above, all clearness and the radiance of heaven! *Sursum corda!*

The *coro*, as in most Spanish cathedrals, is in the body of the church, and connected with the *Capilla Mayor* by a railed passage.

The stalls are beautifully carved. Old choral books stand on the lecterns ready for service. The outer wall of the choir is covered with sculptures of the Renaissance representing the great mysteries of religion, of which we never tire. Though told in every church in Christendom, they always seem told in a new light, and strike us with new force, as something too deep for mortal ever to fathom fully. They are the alphabet of the faith, which we repeat and combine in a thousand different ways in order to obtain some faint idea of God's manifestations to us who see here but darkly.

These mysteries are continued in the magnificent retable of the time of Ferdinand and Isabella in the *Capilla Mayor*, where they are richly painted on a gold ground by Berruguete and other famous artists of the day, and now glorious under the descending morning light. It is the same sweet Rosary of Love that seems to have caught new lights, more heavenly hues.

The interesting chapels around the apsis are lighted by small windows like mere loop-holes cut through walls of enormous thickness. In the ambulatory we come to the beautiful alabaster tomb of Alfonso de Madrigal, surnamed *El Tostado*, the tawny, from his complexion, and *El Abulense*, Abula being the Latin for Avila. He was a writer of such astonishing productiveness that he left behind him forty-eight volumes in folio, amounting to sixty thousand pages. It is to be feared we shall never get time to read them, at least in *this* world. He became so proverbial that Don Quixote mentions some book as large as all the works of *El Tostado* combined, as if human imagination could go no farther. Leigh Hunt

speaks of some Spanish bishop as probably writing his homilies in a room ninety feet long! He must have referred to *El Tostado*. He is represented on his tomb sitting in a chair, pen in hand, and eyes half closed, as if collecting his thoughts or listening to the divine inspiration. His jewelled cope, embroidered with scenes of the Passion, is beautifully carved. Below him are the Virtues in attendance, as in life, and above are scenes of Our Lord's infancy, which he loved. This tomb is one of the finest works of Berruguete.

Further along we opened a door at a venture, and found ourselves in the chapel of San Segundo, the first apostle of Avila, covered with frescoes of his life. His crystal-covered shrine is in the centre, with an altar on each of the four sides, behind open-work doors of wrought brass. The chapel was quiet and dim and solemn, with burning lamps and people at prayer. Then, by another happy turn, we came into a large cloister with chapels and tombs, where the altar-boys were at play in their red cassocks and short white tunics. The church bells now began to ring, and they hurried away, leaving us alone to enjoy the cloistral shades.

When we went into the church again the service had been commenced, the *Capilla Mayor* was hung with crimson and gold, candles were distributed to the canons, who, in their purple robes, made the round of the church, the wax dripping on the tombstones that paved the aisles, and the arches resonant with the dying strains of the aged Simeon: *Nunc dimittis servum tuum, Domine!* For it was Candlemas-day.

The cathedral of San Salvador was begun in 1091, on the site of a

former church. The pope, at the request of Alonso VI., granted indulgences to all who would contribute to its erection. Contributions were sent, not only from the different provinces of Spain, but from France and Italy. More than a thousand stone-cutters and carpenters were employed under the architect Garcia de Estella, of Navarre, and the building was completed in less than sixteen years.

After breakfast we left the city walls and came out on the Square of San Pedro, where women were filling their jars at the well in true Oriental fashion, the air vocal with their gossip and laughter. Groups of peasant women had come up from the plains for a holiday, and were sauntering around the square or along the arcades in their gay stuff dresses, the skirts of which were generally drawn over their heads, as if to show the bright facings of another color. Yellow skirts were faced with red peaked with green; red ones faced with green and trimmed with yellow. When let down, they stood out, in their fulness, like a farthingale, short enough to show their blue stockings. Their hair, in flat basket-braids, was looped up behind with gay pins. We saw several just such glossy black plaits among the votive offerings in the oratory of St. Teresa's Nativity.

We stopped awhile in the church of San Pedro, of the thirteenth century—like all of the churches of Avila, well worth visiting—and then kept on to the Dominican convent of St. Thomas, a mile distant, and quite in the country. This vast convent is still one of the finest monuments about Avila, though deserted, half ruined, and covered with the garment of sadness. It was here St. Teresa's

brother Antonio retired from the world and died while in the novitiate. We visited several grass-grown cloisters with fine, broad arches; the lonely cells once inhabited by the friars, commanding a fine view over the rock-strewn moor and the Guadarrama Mountains beyond; the infirmary, with a sunny gallery for invalids to walk in, and windows in the cells so arranged opposite each other that all the sick could from their beds attend Mass said in the oratory at the end; the refectory, with stone tables and seats, and defaced paintings on the walls; the royal apartments, looking into a cloister with sculptured arches, and everywhere the arrows and yoke, emblems of Ferdinand and Isabella; and the broad stone staircase leading to the church where lies their only son Juan in his beautifully-sculptured Florentine tomb of alabaster, now sadly mutilated. On one side of this fine church is a chapel with the confessional once used by St. Teresa. It was here, on Assumption day, 1561, while attending Mass, and secretly deploring the offences she had confessed here, she was ravished in spirit and received a supernatural assurance that her sins were forgiven her. She was herself clothed in a garment of dazzling whiteness, and, as a pledge of the divine favor, a necklace of gold, to which was attached a jewelled cross of unearthly brilliancy, was placed on her neck. There is a painting of this vision on one side of the chapel, as well as in several of the churches of Avila. Mary Most Pure, in all the freshness of youth, appears with St. Joseph, bearing the garment of purity and the collar of wrought gold—a sweet yoke of love she received just before she founded the convent of San José.

Pedro Ybafiez, a distinguished Dominican, who combined sanctity with great acquirements, and has left several valuable religious works, was a member of this house. He was one of St. Teresa's spiritual advisers, and the first to order her to write her life.

We were glad to learn that this convent has been purchased by the bishop of Avila, and is about to be restored to the Dominican Order.

The Jesuit college of San Ginès, likewise among the things of the past, has some interesting associations. It was founded by St. Francis Borgia, and in it lived for a time the saintly Balthazar Alvarez, the confessor *par excellence* of St. Teresa, who said her soul owed more to him than to any one else in the world. She saw him one day at the altar crowned with light, symbolic of the fervor of his devotion. He was a consummate master of the spiritual life, and the guide of several persons at Avila noted for their sanctity.

One day we walked entirely around the walls of Avila, and came about sunset to a terrace at the west, overlooking a vast plain towards Estramadura. The fertile Vega below, with the stream winding in long, silvery links; the purple mist on the mountains that stood against the golden sky; the snowy range farther to the left, rose-flushed in the sunset light, made the view truly enchanting. We could picture to ourselves this plain when it was filled with contending hosts—the Moslem with the floating crescent, the glittering ranks of Christian knights with the proudly streaming cross and the ensigns of Castile, the peal of bugle and clash of arms, and perchance the bishop descending with the clergy from his *palacio* just

above us to encourage and bless the defenders of the land.

Now only a few mules were slowly moving across the plain with the produce of peaceful labor, and the soft tinkle of the convent bells, calling one to another at the hour of prayer, the only sounds to break the melancholy silence.

Near by is the church of Santiago, where the *caballeros* of Avila used to make their *veillée des armes* before they were armed knights, and with what Christian sentiments may be seen from an address, as related by an old chronicle, made by Don Pelayo, Bishop of Oviedo, to two young candidates in this very church, after administering the Holy Eucharist. It must be remembered this was at the end of the eleventh or beginning of the twelfth century, being in the reign of Alonso VI., to whom the rebuilding of Avila was due :

"My young lords, who are this day to be armed knights, do you comprehend thoroughly what knighthood is? Knighthood means nobility, and he who is truly noble will not for anything in the world do the least thing that is low or vile. Wherefore you are about to promise, in order to fulfil your obligations unflinchingly, to love God above all things; for he has created you and redeemed you at the price of his Blood and Passion. In the second place, you promise to live and die subject to his holy law, without denying it, either now or in time to come; and, moreover, to serve in all loyalty Don Alonso, your liege lord, and all other kings who may legitimately succeed him; to receive no reward from rich or noble, Moor or Christian, without the license of Don Alonso, your rightful sovereign. You promise, likewise, in whatever battles or engagements you take part, to suffer death rather than flee; that on your tongue truth shall always be found, for the lying man is an abomination to the Lord; that you will always be ready to fly to the assistance of the poor man who implores your aid and seeks protection, even to encounter

those who may have done him injustice or outrage ; that you be ready to protect all matrons or maidens who claim your succor, even to do battle for them, should the cause be just, no matter against what power, till you obtain complete redress for the wrong they may have endured. You promise, moreover, not to show yourselves lofty in your conversation, but, on the contrary, humble and considerate with all ; to show reverence and honor to the aged ; to offer no defiance, without cause, to any one in the world ; finally, that you receive the Body of the Lord, having confessed your faults and transgressions, not only on the three Paschs of the year, but on the festivals of the glorious St. John the Baptist, St. James, St. Martin, and St. George."

Which the two young lords, who were the bishop's nephews, solemnly swore to perform. Whereupon they were dubbed knights by Count Raymond of Burgundy, after which they departed for Toledo to kiss the king's hand.

Not far from the church of Santiago is the convent of Nuestra Señora de la Gracia on the very edge of the hill, inhabited by Augustinian nuns. The church stands on the site of an ancient mosque. The entrance is shaded by a portico with granite pillars. Our guide rang the bell at the convent door, saying : "*Ave Maria Purissima!*" "*Sin pecado concebida,*" responded a mysterious voice within, as from an oracle. St. Teresa attended school here, and several memorials of her are shown by the nuns. St. Thomas of Villanueva, the Almsgiver, who is said to have made his vows as an Augustinian friar the very day Luther publicly threw off the habit of the order, was for a time the director of the house, and often preached in the church, which we visited. It consists of a single aisle, narrow and lofty, with the gilt retable over the altar, as in all the Spanish churches, and a tomb or

two of some Castilian noblemen at the side. The pulpit, in which saints have preached, is a mere circular rail against the wall, ascended by steps. When used it is hung with drapery. On the same side of the church is a picture of the young Teresa beside her teacher, Maria Briceño, a nun of fervent piety, to whom the saint said she was indebted for her first spiritual light. This nun, who, it appears, conversed admirably on religious subjects, told her pupil one day how in her youth she was so struck on reading the words of the Gospel, "Many are called, but few are chosen," that she resolved to embrace the monastic life ; and she dwelt on the rewards reserved for those who abandon all things for the love of Christ—a lesson not lost on the eager listener.

At the end of the church is a large grating, through which we looked into the choir of the nuns, quiet and prayerful, with its books and pictures and stalls. Two nuns, with sweet, contemplative faces, were at prayer, dressed in queer pointed hoods and white mantles over black habits. At the sides of the communion wicket stood the angel of the Annunciation and Raphael with his fish—gilded statues of symbolic import.

One of the most interesting places in Avila is the convent of San José, on the little Plaza de las Madres, the first house of the reform established by St. Teresa. The convent and high walls are all of granite and prison-like in their severity of aspect, but we were received with a kindness by the inmates that convinced us there was nothing severe in the spirit within. It is true we found the doors most inhospitably closed and locked, even those of the outer courts generally left open, and

we were obliged to hunt up the chaplain, who lived in the vicinity, to come to our aid. We thought he would prove equally unsuccessful in obtaining entrance, for he rang repeatedly (giving three strokes each time to the bell, we noticed), and it was a full quarter of an hour before any one concluded to answer so unwelcome a summons from the outer world. We began to suppose them all in the state of ecstasy, and the nun who at length made—her appearance, we were going to say—herself audible spoke to us from some inaccessible depth in a voice absolutely beatific, as if she had just descended from the clouds. We never heard anything so calm and sweet and well modulated. 'Thanks to her, we saw several relics of St. Teresa, whom she invariably spoke of as "Our holy Mother." She also gave us bags of almonds and filberts, and branches of laurel, from the trees planted in the garden by the holy hands of their seraphic foundress.

The church of this convent is said to be the first church ever erected in honor of St. Joseph. There were several chapels before, which bore his name, in different parts of Europe—for example, one at Santa Maria ad Martyres at Rome—but no distinct church. St. Teresa was the great propagator of the devotion to St. Joseph, now so popular throughout the world. Of the first eighteen monasteries of her reform, thirteen were placed under his invocation; and in all she inculcated this devotion, and had his statue placed over one of the doors. She left the devotion as a legacy to the order, which has never ceased to extend it. At the end of the eighteenth century there were one hundred and fifty churches of St. Joseph in the Carmelite Order

alone. His statue is over the door of the church at Avila, and beside him stands the Child Jesus with a saw in his hand. "For is not this the carpenter's son?"

The church consists of a nave with round arches and six side chapels, the severity of which is relieved by the paintings and inevitable gilt retables. A statue of St. Joseph stands over the altar. The grating of the nuns' choir is on the gospel side, opposite which is a painting of St. Teresa with pen in hand and the symbolic white dove at her ear. *Jesus, Maria, José* are successively carved on the keystones of the arches of the nave.

The first chapel next the epistle side of the altar contains the tomb of Lorenzo de Cepeda, St. Teresa's brother, who entered the army and went to South America about the year 1540, where he became chief treasurer of the province of Quito. Having lost his wife, a woman of rare merit (it is related she died in the habit of Nuestra Señora de la Merced), he returned to Spain with his children, after an absence of thirty four years, and established himself at a country-seat near Avila. He had a great veneration for his sister, and placed himself under her spiritual direction. Not to be separated from her, even in death, he founded this chapel at San José's, which he dedicated to his patron, San Lorenzo, as his burial-place. His tomb is at the left as you enter, with the following inscription: "On the 26th of June, in the year 1580, fell asleep in the Lord Lorenzo de Cepeda, brother of the holy foundress of this house and all the barefooted Carmelites. He reposes in this chapel, which he erected."

In the same tomb lies his daughter Teresita, who entered a novice

at St. Joseph's at the age of thirteen and died young, an angel of innocence and piety.

Another chapel was founded by Gaspar Daza, a holy priest of Avila, who gathered about him a circle of zealous clergymen devoted to works of charity and the salvation of souls. His reverence for St. Teresa induced him to build this chapel, which he dedicated to the Nativity of the Virgin, with a tomb in which he lies buried with his mother and sister. It was he who said the first Mass in the church, Aug. 24, 1562, and placed the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle, after which he gave the veil to four novices, among whom was Antonia de Hanao, a relative of St. Teresa's, who attained to eminent piety under the guidance of St. Peter of Alcantara, and died prioress of the Carmelites of Malaga, where her memory is still held in great veneration. At the close of this ceremony St. Peter of Alcantara, of the Order of St. Francis; Pedro Ybañez, the holy Dominican, and the celebrated Balthazar Alvarez, of the Society of Jesus, offered Masses of thanksgiving. What a reunion of saints! On that day—the birthday of the discolored Carmelites—St. Teresa laid aside her family name, and took that of Teresa de Jesús, by which she is now known throughout the Christian world.

Among the early novices at San José was a niece of St. Teresa's, Maria de Ocampo, beautiful in person and gifted in mind, who, from the age of seventeen, resolved to be the bride of none but Christ. She became one of the pillars of the order, and died prioress of the convent at Valladolid, so venerated for her sanctity that Philip III. went to see her on her death-bed,

and recommended himself and the kingdom of Spain to her prayers. Her remains are in a tomb over the grating of the choir in the Carmelite convent at Valladolid, suspended, as it were, in the air, among other holy virgins who sleep in the Lord.

Another niece of St. Teresa's,* who belonged to one of the noblest families of Avila, also entered the convent of San José. Her father, Alonso Alvarez, was himself regarded as a saint. Maria was of rare beauty, but, though left an orphan at an early age with a large fortune, she rejected all offers of marriage as beneath her, and finally chose the higher life. All the nobility of Avila came to see her take the veil. Here her noble soul found its true sphere. She rose to a high degree of piety, and succeeded St. Teresa as prioress of the house.

Another chapel at San José, that of St. Paul, at the right as you go in, was founded by Don Francisco de Salcedo, a gentleman of Avila, who was a great friend of St. Teresa's, as well as his wife, a devout servant of God and given to good works. St. Teresa says he lived a life of prayer, and in all the perfection of which his state admitted, for forty years. For twenty years he regularly attended the theological course at the convent of St. Thomas, then in great repute, and after his wife's death took holy orders. He greatly aided St. Teresa in her foundations, and accompanied her in her journeys. He lies buried in his chapel of St. Paul.

Not far from St. Joseph's is the church of St. Emilian, in the tribune of which Maria Diaz, also a friend of St. Teresa's, spent the last forty years of her life in perpetual

*See *Life of St. Teresa*.

adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, which she called her dear neighbor, never leaving her cell, excepting to go to confession and communion at St. Ginès; for she was under the direction of Balthazar Alvarez. She had distributed all her goods to the poor, and now lived on alms. The veil that covers the divine Presence in the Sacrament of the Altar was rent asunder for her, and, when she communed, her happiness was so great that she wondered if heaven itself had anything more to offer. St. Teresa saying one day how she longed to behold God, Maria, though eighty years of age, and bowed down by grievous infirmities, replied that she preferred to prolong her exile on earth, that she might continue to suffer. "As long as we remain in the world," she said, "we can give something to God by supporting our pains for his love; whereas in heaven nothing remains but to receive the reward for our sufferings." Dying in the odor of sanctity, she was so venerated by the people that she was buried in the choir of the church, at the foot of the very tabernacle to which her adoring eyes had been unceasingly turned for forty years.

We have mentioned, too briefly for our satisfaction, some of the persons, noted for their eminent piety, who made Avila, at least in the sixteenth century, a city *de los Santos*. It is a disappointment not to find here the tomb of her who is the crowning glory of the place. The expectations of Lorenzo de

Cepeda were not realized. He does not sleep in death beside his sainted sister. The remains of St. Teresa are at Alba de Tormes, where she died, in a shrine of jasper and silver given by Ferdinand VII. It stands over the high altar of the Carmelite church, thirty feet above the pavement, where it can be seen from the choir of the nuns, and approached by means of an oratory behind, where they go to pray. Her heart, pierced by the angel, is in a reliquary below.

We left Avila with regret. Few places take such hold on the heart. For those to whom life has nothing left to offer but long sufferance it seems the very place to live in. The last thing we did was to go to the brow of the hill by San Vicente, and take a farewell look at the convent of the Incarnation, where still so many

"Willing hearts wear quite away their earthly stains"

in one of the fairest, happiest of valleys. How long we might have lingered there we cannot say, had not the carriage come to hurry us to the station. And so, taking up life's burden once more, which we seemed to have laid down in this City of the Saints, we went on our pilgrim way, repeating the lines St. Teresa wrote in her breviary :

"Nada te turbe,	Let nothing disturb thee,
Nada te espante,	Let nothing affright thee;
Todo se pasa.	All passeth away.
Dios no se muda.	God alone changeth not.
La paciencia	Patience to all things
Todo se alcanza,	Reacheth, and he who
Quien a Dios tiene,	Fast by God holdeth,
Nada le falta;	To him naught is wanting,
Solo Dios basta."	Alone God sufficeth.

consider myself as at war with a nation which had so iniquitously violated the laws of nations and of humanity. So atrocious an aggression was a sufficient motive for breaking all the bonds which unite one nation with another, even had I not considered what I owe to myself, to the honour and glory of my crown, and my beloved subjects. Two years of war have elapsed, and Great Britain has not moderated her pride, nor renounced the unjust dominion which she exercises over the seas; but, on the contrary, confounding at once friends, enemies, and neutrals, she manifested the formal intention of treating them all with the same tyranny. From these considerations I determined, in February last year, in conformity to the wise measures adopted by my intimate ally the emperor of the French and king of Italy, to declare, as I have declared, the British isles in a state of blockade, in order to see if that measure would reduce the British cabinet to abdicate its unjust supremacy over the seas, and conclude a solid and durable peace. Far from that, the English government has not only rejected the propositions which were made on the part of my intimate ally the emperor of the French and king of Italy, whether directly or by the mediation of different powers friendly to England, but also having committed the most enormous of atrocities and injuries, by its scandalous attack on the city and harbour of Copenhagen, it has thrown off the mask: and no person can any longer doubt that its insatiable ambition aspires to the exclusive commerce and navigation of the seas. Nothing can prove this more evidently than the measures which that government

DECREES OF THE SPANISH GOVERNMENT.

I.

Madrid, January 3, 1808.

The atrocious attack committed by English ships of war, in 1804, by the express order of that government, when four frigates of the royal fleet, which, sailing under the full assurance of peace, were unjustly surprised, attacked, and compelled to surrender, determined me to break all connection with the British cabinet, and to

has just adopted by its orders of the 14th of November last: by which it not only declares the coasts of France, Spain, and their allies, and all those occupied by the armies of either power, in a state of blockade, but has even subjected the ships of neutral powers, the friends, and even the allies of England, to the visits of English cruizers, and to be forcibly carried into an English port, where they are to be obliged to pay a tax on their cargoes, the quantity of which is to be determined by the English legislature. Authorized by a just right of reprisal to take measures which shall appear to me proper to prevent the abuse which the British cabinet makes of its power, with respect to neutral flags, and to see if we cannot force it to renounce so unjust a tyranny, I have resolved to adopt, and do hereby require there shall be adopted, in all my states, the same measures which have been taken by my intimate ally, the emperor of the French and king of Italy, and which are of the following tenor. [Here follows a copy of Bonaparte's decree of the 26th December.]

II.

*To the Governor of the Council
ad interim.*

St. Lovenzo, Oct. 30, 1807.

C. R.

God, who watches over his creatures, does not permit the consummation of atrocious deeds, when the intended victims are innocent. Thus his omnipotence has saved me from the most unheard-of catastrophe. My people, my subjects, all know my

christianity and settled habits. They all love me, and I receive from all of them proofs of their veneration, such as the conduct of a parent calls for from his children. I lived persuaded of this felicity, and devoted to the repose of my family, when an unknown hand discovered the most atrocious and unheard-of conspiracy, which was carried on in my own palace, against my person. My life, which has so often been in danger, was too long in the eyes of my successor, who, infatuated by prejudice, and alienated from every principle of christianity that my paternal care and love had taught him, had entered into a project to dethrone me. Informed of this, I thought proper to inquire personally into the truth of the fact, and surprizing him in my room, I found in his possession the cypher of his correspondence, and of the instructions he had received from the vile conspirators.

In consequence of this discovery, I immediately convoked the governor and council, in order that they might make the necessary inquiries; and the result has been the detection of several malefactors, whose imprisonment I have ordered; as also the arrest of my son at his residence. This is an additional aggravation of the affliction I labour under; but, however painful to my feelings, it must be submitted to, as it is of the utmost importance to the suppression of such a conspiracy. At the same time that I direct the publication of this affair to my subjects, I cannot avoid expressing to them the regret by which I am agitated; but that regret will be alleviated by the demonstrations of their loyalty.

You will take the proper mea-

tures to have this decree circulated in due form.

CHARLES R.

By command of his majesty, I transmit this decree to your excellency, in order that it may be duly promulgated.

Signed by the ministers, and addressed to all viceroys, &c., &c.

III.

Madrid, November 5, 1807.

This day the king addressed the following decree to the governor *ad interim* of the council of Castile :

The voice of nature unnerves the arm of vengeance ; and when the offender's want of consideration pleads for pity, a father cannot refuse listening to his voice. My son has already declared the authors of that horrible plan which has been suggested by the evil-minded. He has laid open every thing in a legal form, and all is exactly consistent with those proofs that are required by the law in such cases. His confusion and repentance have dictated the remonstrances which he has addressed to me, and of which the following is the chief :

SIRE AND FATHER,

I am guilty of failing in my duty to your majesty ; I have failed in obedience to my father and my king. I ought to do nothing without your majesty's consent ; but I have been surprized. I have denounced the guilty, and beg your majesty to suffer your repentant son to kiss your feet.

FERDINAND.

St. Laurent, Nov. 5.

MADAM AND MOTHER,

I sincerely repent of the great

fault which I have committed against the king and queen, my father and mother. With the greatest submission I beg your pardon, as well as for my obstinacy in denying the truth the other night. For this cause I heartily intreat your majesty to deign to interpose your mediation between my father and me, that he may condescend to suffer his repentant son to kiss his feet.

FERDINAND.

St. Laurent, Nov. 5.

In consequence of these letters, and the entreaty of the queen, my well-beloved spouse, I forgive my son ; and he shall recover my favour, as soon as his conduct shall give proofs of a real amendment in his proceedings. I ordain also, that the same judges who have heard this cause from the commencement shall continue the process ; and I allow them to conjoin others, as colleagues, if they shall find occasion. I enjoin them, as soon as it shall be finished, to submit to me their judgment, which shall be conformable to law, according to the magnitude of offences, and the quality of offenders. They ought to take for a basis, in reducing the heads of the accusation, the answers given by the prince to the interrogatories which he has undergone ; they are copied, and signed by his own hand, as well as the papers also in his writing, which were seized in his bureaux. The decision shall be communicated to my councils and to my tribunals, and be circulated among my subjects, in order that they may acknowledge my compassion and my justice, and may alleviate the affliction into which they were thrown by my first decree ; for in that they saw

the danger of their sovereign and their father, who loves them as his own children, and by whom he is beloved.

D. BARTHOLOME MUNOZ.

By the royal decree of the 30th of October, inserted in the circular letter which was addressed to you the 31st of the same month, his majesty has deigned to make known to his council, that his august person, thanks to the assistance of God, has been delivered from the catastrophe which threatened it.

On this subject the council has proposed to his majesty to allow it, as well as all the people and communities of the kingdom, to return thanks for this favour to the Omnipotent, by a solemn festival. His majesty having deigned to consent to the wish of his council, has resolved to give it immediate execution, and has determined to give the necessary orders for such a festival in the capital and its dependencies.

This order of council, with a view to its due execution, is hereby communicated to you, M. M. the archbishops, bishops, prelates, seculars, and regulars of the holy churches, desiring you to acknowledge to me the receipt of the present decree.

D. B. MUNOZ.

Madrid, Nov. 3, 1807.

FOREIGN STATE PAPERS.: NARRATIVE OF THE PRACTICES AND MACHINATIONS ...

Cevallos, Pedro

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FOREIGN STATE PAPERS.

**NARRATIVE OF THE PRACTICES
AND MACHINATIONS WHICH
LED TO THE USURPATION OF
THE CROWN OF SPAIN, AND THE
MEANS ADOPTED BY THE EM-
PEROR OF THE FRENCH TO
CARRY IT INTO EXECUTION.**

*By Don Pedro Cevallos, First
Secretary of State and Dis-
patches to his Catholic Majesty,
Ferdinand VII.*

AT a period when the nation has made and continues to make the most heroic efforts to shake off the yoke of slavery attempted to be imposed upon it, it is the duty of all good citizens to contribute, by every means in their power, to enlighten it with respect to the real causes that have brought it into its present situation, and to keep up the noble spirit by which it is animated.

To make known to Spain and

the whole world, the base means resorted to by the emperor of the French, to seize the person of our king, Ferdinand VII. and to subjugate this great and generous nation, is a duty well worthy of one who, like myself, is in a condition to discharge it; inasmuch as circumstances placed me in a situation to be an eye-witness of the events which preceded the catastrophe of Bayonne, and in which he bore a part. It was not in my power to do this before, in consequence of personal restraint, and from not having collected the documents necessary to accredit my statement.—Some are still wanting, which it was necessary to burn, in consequence of dangerous circumstances, in which every thing was to be feared; others have disappeared through the various incidents connected with that unhappy period; but those which I now present are

sufficient to prove the atrocious violence committed against our beloved king Ferdinand VII. and the whole nation.

Though the conduct of Spain towards France since the peace of Basle, a very interesting portion of its political history in these latter times, is intimately connected with the important event, which form the subject of this exposition, it is not necessary to dwell even upon its principal periods. It will be sufficient to state what the whole nation, and all Europe knows, that the political system of Spain has constantly been during this time to preserve friendship and the best understanding with France, and to maintain, at all hazards, the ruinous alliance concluded in 1796.

To attain this end, there is no sacrifice which Spain has not made; and as the preservation of the prince of Peace in the high degree of favor he enjoyed with Charles IV. depended in a great measure upon the continuance of this system, it was maintained with the greatest constancy and indefatigable attention. Fleets, armies, treasure, every thing was sacrificed to France: humiliation, submission, every thing was suffered, every thing was done to satisfy, as far as possible, the insatiable demands of the French government; but the idea never once occurred of preserving the nation against the machinations of an ally, who was over-running Europe.

The treaty of Tilsit, in which the destiny of the world seemed to be decided in his favor, was hardly concluded, when he turned his eyes towards the West,

and resolved on the ruin of Portugal and Spain; or what comes to the same purpose, to make himself master of this vast peninsula, with a view of making its inhabitants as happy as those of Italy, Holland, Switzerland, and the League of the Rhine.

At this very time the emperor was revolving in his mind some designs fatal to Spain (for he began to disarm her) by demanding a respectable body of our troops to exert their valor in remote regions, and for foreign interests. This he effected without difficulty; and there was placed at his disposal a gallant and picked force of 16,000 men of all descriptions.

The enterprise of making himself master of Spain was not so easy as Napoleon imagined. It was, above all, necessary to find out some pretext for carrying in to execution the daring and gigantic plan of subjugating a friendly and allied nation, that had made so many sacrifices for France, and which this very emperor had praised for its fidelity and nobleness of character.

Nevertheless, being accustomed to act with that disregard to delicacy in the choice of his means, which is characteristic of the man who imagines that the conquest of the whole world, the destruction of the human species, and the havoc of war, are conducive to true glory, he resolved to excite and foment discord in the royal family of Spain, through his ambassador at this court.

The latter, though not perhaps initiated in the grand secrets of his master, succeeded in seducing the prince of Asturias, our present king and master, and sug-

gested to him the idea of intermarrying with a princess related to the emperor. The affliction which his highness labored under from a conjunction of circumstances as lamentable as notorious, and his anxiety to avoid another connection into which it was attempted to force him, with a lady selected for him by his greatest enemy, and on that account alone the object of his aversion, induced him to acquiesce in the suggestions of the ambassador, but with the stipulation that it was to meet the approbation of his august parents, and under the impression that it would strengthen the friendship and alliance then subsisting between the two crowns. His highness, actuated by motives so urgent in a political point of view, and yielding to the solicitations of the ambassador, wrote accordingly to his imperial majesty.

A few days after our beloved prince wrote this letter, occurred the scandalous imprisonment of his august person in the royal monastery of St. Laurence, and the still more scandalous decree which was issued in the name of the king, and addressed to the council of Castile. There are very strong reasons to believe, that the unknown hand that frustrated this feigned conspiracy, was some French agent employed to forward the plan which Napoleon had formed.

Fortunately the Spanish nation was deeply impressed with its situation, entertained a just opinion of the good disposition and religious principles of their prince of the Asturias, and suspected instantaneously that the whole was a calumny fabricated by the

favorite, as absurd as it was audacious, in order to remove the only obstacle which then opposed his views.

It is already known, that on the imprisonment of the prince of Asturias, his royal father wrote to the emperor, no doubt at the suggestion of the favorite, complaining of the conduct of the ambassador Beauharnois, in his clandestine communications with the prince of Asturias, and expressing his surprise that the emperor had not come to a previous understanding with his majesty on a subject of such pre-eminent importance to sovereigns.

As the imprisonment of the prince of Asturias, and, above all, the most scandalous decree fulminated against his royal person, produced an effect completely contrary to the expectations of the favorite, he began to be afraid, thought proper to recede, and to meditate a reconciliation between the royal parents and their son. With this view, as is stated in the abstract of the Escorial cause, circulated by the council in consequence of his majesty's orders of the 8th April, he forged certain letters, and made the prince of Asturias sign them while a prisoner, which being delivered into the hands of the royal parents, were supposed to have softened their hearts; and by these singular means did this innocent prince obtain a nominal liberty.

This was the state of affairs when a French courier arrived at the royal palace of St. Laurence, with a treaty concluded and signed at Fontainebleau on the 27th of October, by Don Eugenio Izqui-

erdo, as plenipotentiary of his Catholic majesty, and marshal Duroc, in the name of the emperor of the French. Its contents, as well as those of the separate convention, constitute Nos. I. II. of the documents annexed to this exposition.

It is worthy of observation, that the department of the ministry, of which I was at the head, was totally unacquainted with the measures taken by don E. Izquierdo, at Paris, as well as with his appointment, his instructions, his correspondence, and every part of his proceedings.

The result of this treaty was to render the emperor master of Portugal, with very little expence; to furnish him with a plausible pretext for introducing his armies into our peninsula, with the intent of subjugating it at a proper opportunity, and to put him in immediate possession of Tuscany.

The favorite was to have for his portion the Algarves and Alentejo, in full property and sovereignty; but the emperor's answer to the letters of the royal father had not yet arrived; it was completely uncertain what it would be, and this filled him with fear and anxiety.

The intimate relations which the favorite maintained at that period with the grand duke of Berg, through the medium of his confident Izquierdo, flattered him to a certain degree with the hope that every thing would be settled to his wishes, though the interposition of a few millions might be necessary. But neither the favorite nor his confident knew the real intentions of the person they were treating with at Paris. In

fact, the instant that the emperor found that the favorite had committed himself, and the royal parents were brought into discredit, he shewed no disposition to answer his majesty's letters, for the purpose of keeping them in suspense, and inspiring them with dread, in the hope that they might form the resolution of withdrawing, though at that time he had not completed his plan for taking an advantage of such an occurrence.

The grand duke wrote to the favorite, that he would employ every means to support him, but that the negotiation was rendered very delicate, owing to the extraordinary attachment which prevailed in Spain towards the prince of Asturias, and the consideration due towards a princess who was cousin to the empress, and in consequence of the part the ambassador Beauharnois, her relative, took in the business (1).

Now it was that the favorite began clearly to discover how much his credit had sunk, and he gave himself up for lost, in consequence of being deprived of the support of his imaginary protector, the emperor of the French. There were no means now neglected to endeavor to ingratiate himself with the grand duke of Berg, every sort of expression, every kind of deference was employed for this purpose; and the more effectually to avert the impending storm, he prevail-

(1) All this appears from the correspondence of the favorite with the grand duke, which the latter carried off from the office of the secretary of state, during his lieutenancy.

ed on the royal parents to write to the emperor direct, and to request his consent to the marriage of one of his cousins to the prince of Asturias.

Meanwhile the emperor of the French appeared to be very much dissatisfied with the conduct of Izquierdo, and kept him at a distance in order to cut off this direct mode of communication, and to make himself more impenetrable.

His imperial majesty set off on a journey to Italy, with that studied parade which all Europe has witnessed, giving it such an air of importance, that it was to be presumed he was going to fix the destinies of the world. But there is reason to surmise, that his real object was no other than to divert the general attention to that quarter, for the purpose of misleading the other states, while his real designs were directed to the invasion of Portugal and Spain.

This artifice and dissimulation did not, however, prevent the discovery of one of the articles in the secret treaty of Fontainebleau, by his expelling, with the greatest precipitation, from Tuscany, the queen regent and her children, and plundering the royal palace, and seizing all the public funds of a court that was ignorant of the existence of such a treaty, and had committed no act of forfeiture.

Whilst the emperor kept Europe in suspense by his journey to Milan and Venice, he thought fit to answer the letters, which he had some time before received from the royal father, assuring his majesty that he never had the slightest information of the circumstances which he communi-

cated respecting his son the prince of Asturias, nor ever received any letter from his royal highness (2). Nevertheless his majesty consented to the proposed intermarriage with a princess of his family, undoubtedly with an intention of amusing the royal parents; whilst he was sending into Spain, under various pretexts, all the troops which he had then disposable, and was favorable to the cause of the prince of Asturias, and thus endeavoring to captivate the good opinion of the Spanish nation.

The royal parents, struck with the terror which this conduct of the emperor naturally inspired, and the favorite being still more astonished, opposed no obstacle to the entrance of the French troops into the peninsula; on the contrary, they gave the most effectual orders that they should be received and treated even on a better footing than the Spanish troops.

The emperor, under the pretence of consulting the security of these troops, ordered his generals, by stratagem or force, to get possession of the fortresses of Pampeluna, St. Sebastian, Figueras, and Barcelona, which alone could present any obstacle to an invasion. They were accordingly taken by fraud and surprise, to the indignation and sorrow of the whole nation, to which the French still affected to profess friendship and alliance.

(2) Compare this statement with the contents of the letter (No. 3) from his imperial majesty to king Ferdinand, in which he acknowledges having received the letter written to him by the prince of Asturias, on the suggestion of ambassador Beauharnois.

The emperor, conceiving himself already master of all Spain, and thinking the time had arrived for accelerating his measures, thought proper to write a letter to the royal father, complaining in the bitterest terms, that his majesty had not renewed his application for an imperial princess for his son the prince of Asturias. The king was pleased to return for answer, that he adhered to the former proposal, and was willing that the marriage should immediately take place.

Some important proceeding was still necessary to carry the project to a proper degree of maturity, and the emperor, not willing to trust it to writing, thought he could not find a better instrument than don Eugenio Izquierdo, whom he had detained in Paris in a state of great dejection and terror, that had been artfully impressed upon him for the purpose of his more effectually executing his commission, by impressing the royal parents and the favorite with the same feelings.

In this state of things, the emperor ordered Izquierdo to repair to Spain, which he accordingly did, in a very precipitate and mysterious manner. According to his verbal statements, he brought no proposal in writing with him, nor was he to receive any, and he had orders to remain only three days.

On his arrival, under these circumstances, at Aranjuez, the favorite conducted him to the presence of the royal parents, and their conferences were conducted with so much secrecy, that it was impossible for any one to discover the object of his mis-

sion ; but soon after his departure from the capital, their majesties began to show a disposition to abandon the metropolis and the peninsula, and to emigrate to Mexico.

The recent example of the determination taken by the royal family of Portugal, seemed to have fully corresponded with the views of the emperor, and there is reason to think that his imperial majesty promised himself a similar success in Spain.

But he must have been very ignorant of the Spanish character to flatter himself with such expectations. Scarcely had the first reports gone abroad of the intention of the royal family to abandon their residence, a resolution clearly indicated by the many preparations which were going on, when discontent and fear were depicted in the most lively colours in the features of all the inhabitants of the capital, and of all ranks and classes of persons. This alone was sufficient to induce their majesties to refute the rumor, and to assure the people that they would not abandon them.

Nevertheless, such was the general distrust, such the magnitude of the evils which must have resulted, and such and so many the symptoms of a determination to emigrate, that every one was on the alert, and all seemed to be impressed with the necessity of preventing a measure pregnant with so many mischiefs. The danger increased, and the fears of the public kept pace with it. The consequence was, that the commotions of Aranjuez, on the 17th and 29th of March, burst forth like a sudden

explosion; the people being led by a sort of instinct of self preservation. The result was, the imprisonment of the favorite, who, without the title of king, had exercised all the functions of royalty.

Scarcely had this tempestuous scene taken place, when the royal parents, finding themselves deprived of the support of their favorite, took the unexpected but voluntary resolution which they had for some time entertained, to abdicate their throne, as they accordingly did, in favor of their son and heir the prince of Asturias.

The emperor, ignorant of this sudden event, and perhaps never supposing that the Spaniards were capable of displaying such resolution, had ordered prince Murat to advance with his army towards Madrid, under the idea that the royal family were already on the coast, and on the point of embarking; and that far from meeting the slightest obstacle on the part of the people, all of them would receive him with open arms, as their deliverer and guardian angel. He conceived, that the nation was in the highest degree satisfied with their government, and never reflected that they were only dissatisfied with the abuses which had crept into the administration of it.

The instant the grand duke of Berg was apprised of the occurrences at Aranjuez, he advanced with his whole army to occupy the capital of the kingdom; intending, no doubt, to profit by the occasion, and to take such steps as should be best calculated to realise, by any means, the plan

of making himself master of Spain.

In the mean while, the mysterious obscurity of the emperor's projects, the proximity of his troops, and the ignorance in which Ferdinand VII. was of the royal object of the emperor's approach, induced the king to adopt such measures as appeared to his majesty best calculated to conciliate the good will of the emperor. Not satisfied with having communicated his accession to the throne in the most friendly and affectionate terms, the king appointed a deputation of three grandees of Spain to proceed to Bayonne, and in his name to compliment his imperial majesty. He also appointed another grandee of Spain to pay a similar conduct to the grand duke of Berg, who had already arrived in the vicinity of Madrid.

One of the contrivances which the French agent had immense recourse to, was to assure the king, and to spread the rumor in all quarters, that his imperial majesty's arrival might be expected every moment. Under this impression, the necessary orders were given for preparing apartments in the palace suitable to the dignity of so august a guest: and the king wrote again to the emperor how agreeable it would be to him to be personally acquainted with his majesty, and to assure him with his own lips of his ardent wishes to strengthen more and more the alliance which subsisted between the two sovereigns.

The grand duke of Berg had in the mean time entered Madrid

at the head of his troops. He was no sooner acquainted with the state of affairs, than he began to sow discord. He spoke in a mysterious manner of the abdication of the crown, executed by the royal father in favor of his son, amidst the tumults of Aranjuez, and gave it to be understood, that until the emperor had acknowledged Ferdinand VII. it was impossible for him to take any step that should appear like an acknowledgment, and that he must be under the necessity of treating only with the royal father.

This pretext did not fail to produce the effect which the grand duke intended. The royal parents, the moment they were informed of this circumstance, availed themselves of it to save the favorite, who remained in confinement, and in whose favor prince Murat professed to take an interest, for the sole purpose of flattering their majesties, mortifying Ferdinand VII. and sowing fresh matters of discord between the parents and the son.

In this state of things, the new king made his public entry into Madrid, without any other parade than the most numerous concourse of all the inhabitants of the capital and its environs, the strongest expressions of love and loyalty, and the applauses and acclamations which sprung from the joy and enthusiasm of his subjects—a scene truly grand and impressive, in which the young king was seen like a father in the midst of his children, entering his capital as the regenerator and guardian angel of the monarchy.

The duke of Berg was an eyewitness to this scene ; but, far

from abandoning the plan, he resolved to persist in it with greater ardor. The experiment upon the royal parents produced the desired effect ; but whilst the beloved king, who came to the throne under such good auspices, continued to be present, it was impossible to carry the plan into execution. It was, therefore, necessary, to make every effort to remove Ferdinand VII. from Madrid.

To accomplish this purpose, the grand duke every moment spread reports of the arrival of a fresh courier, with accounts of the emperor's departure from Paris, and that he might be speedily expected to arrive in this capital. He directed his efforts, in the first instance, to induce the infant don Carlos to set off to receive his imperial majesty, upon the supposition that his highness must meet him before he had proceeded two days on his journey. His majesty acceded to the proposal, being influenced by the purest and most beneficent intentions. He had no sooner succeeded in procuring the departure of the infant, than he manifested the most anxious desire that the king should do the same, leaving no means untried to persuade his majesty to take this step, and assuring him that it would be attended by the most happy consequences to the king and the whole kingdom.

At the same time that the grand duke of Berg, the ambassador, and all the other agents of France, were proceeding in this course, they were, on the other side, busily employed with the royal parents to procure from them a formal protest against the abdica-

tion of the crown, which they had executed spontaneously and with the accustomed solemnities, in favor of their son and legitimate heir.

His majesty being incessantly urged to go and meet the emperor, painfully hesitated between the necessity of performing an act of courtesy to his ally, which he was assured would be attended with such advantageous results, and his reluctance to abandon his loyal and beloved people under such critical circumstances.

In this embarrassing situation, I can assert, that my constant opinion, as the king's minister, was that his majesty should not leave his capital until he received certain information that the emperor was already arrived in Spain, and was approaching Madrid; and that even then, he should only proceed to a distance so short as not to render it necessary to sleep one night out of his capital.

His majesty for some days persisted in the resolution of not quitting Madrid until he received certain advice of the emperor's approach; he would have probably continued in that determination, had not the arrival of general Savary added greater weight to the reiterated solicitations of the grand duke, and the ambassador Beauharnois.

General Savary was announced as envoy from the emperor, and in that capacity demanded an audience from his majesty, which was immediately granted. At this audience he professed that he was sent by the emperor merely to compliment his majesty, and to know whether his sentiments with respect to France were con-

formable to those of the king his father, in which case the emperor would forego all consideration of what had passed, would in no degree interfere in the internal concerns of the kingdom, and would immediately recognise his majesty as king of Spain and the Indies.

The most satisfactory answer was given to general Savary, and the conversation was continued in terms so flattering, that nothing more could have been desired. The audience terminated with an assurance upon his part, that the emperor had already left Paris, that he was near Bayonne, and on his way to Madrid.

Scarcely had he left the audience chamber, when he began to make the most urgent applications, to induce his majesty to meet the emperor, assuring him that this attention would be very grateful and flattering to his imperial majesty; and he asserted so repeatedly, and in such positive terms, that the emperor's arrival might be expected every moment, that it was impossible not to give credit to his assertions. It was in fact very hard to suspect that a general, the envoy of an emperor, should have come merely for the purpose of deception.

The king at length yielded to so many solicitations, and so many flattering hopes and assurances; and his love of his subjects, and ardent desire to contribute to their happiness, by putting an end to this dreadful crisis, triumphed in his generous heart over every feeling of repugnance and apprehension.

The day appointed for his majesty's departure arrived. Gen.

Savary, affecting the most zealous and assiduous attention to his majesty, solicited the honor of accompanying him on his journey, which, at the farthest, could only extend to Burgos, according to the information which he had just received of the emperor's approach.

During his absence, supposed to be only for a few days, the king left at Madrid a supreme junta of government, consisting of the secretaries of state, and presided over by his uncle, the most serene infant don Antonio, in order that the urgent affairs of the government should be attended to.

General Savary followed him to Burgos, in a separate carriage; but the emperor not having arrived there, he used every exertion to induce his majesty to continue his journey as far as Vittoria. Various discussions arose as to the course which ought to be pursued; but artifice and perfidy contended with honor, innocence, and good faith; and in so unequal a strife, the same benevolent intentions which drew his majesty from his capital urged him to proceed to Vittoria.

"General Savary, convinced that his majesty had resolved to proceed no farther, continued his journey to Bayonne, with the intention undoubtedly of acquainting the emperor with all that had passed, and of procuring a letter from him which should determine the king to separate himself from his people.

At Vienna his majesty received information that the emperor arrived at Bordeaux, and was on his way to Bayonne. In consequence of this advice, the infant don Carlos, who had been waiting

at Tolosa, proceeded on to Bayonne, whither he had been invited by the emperor, who, however, delayed his arrival some days longer.

Nothing particular occurred at Vittoria, except that the supreme junta of government at Madrid having written that the grand duke of Berg had imperiously demanded that the favorite should be released and placed in his hands, his majesty did not think proper to comply with this demand; and in communicating this determination to the junta of government, enjoined them to enter into no explanation with the grand duke respecting the fate of the prisoner (3).

In the mean time general Savary concerted with the emperor in what manner they should prepare to give the finishing blow; and while the French troops in the vicinity of Vittoria were making suspicious movements, he made his appearance in that city, with the letter, No. 3, to his majesty, from the emperor.

To the contents of this letter, which were neither flattering nor decorous, general Savary added so many and such vehement protestations of the interest which the emperor took in the welfare of his majesty, and of Spain, that he even went so far as to say,

(3) Every body knows that the prisoner was at length delivered up to the French, and conducted under an escort by them to Bayonne. This step was solely owing to an order from the junta of government yielding to imperious circumstances and the peremptory menaces of the grand duke, as is stated more at large in the appendix to this publication.

‘ I will suffer my head to be cut off, if within a quarter of an hour of your majesty’s arrival at Bayonne, the emperor shall not have recognised you as king of Spain and the Indies. To support his own consistency, he will probably begin by giving you the title of highness, but in five minutes he will give you that of majesty, and in three days every thing will be settled, and your majesty may return to Spain immediately.’

His majesty, however, hesitated as to the course which he should take ; but anxious to redeem the pledge which he had given, and above all, to relieve his beloved subjects from the cruel anxiety in which they were, he banished from his heart every apprehension of danger, and shut his ears against my counsels, and those of other persons in his train, as well as to the supplications of that loyal city, and determined to proceed to Bayonne ; his royal mind being incapable of suspecting that a sovereign, his ally, should invite him as a guest, for the purpose of making him a prisoner, and of putting an end to a dynasty, which, so far from having offended him, had given him so many striking proofs of its friendship.

Scarcely had his majesty set foot on the French territory, when he remarked that no one came to receive him, until, at his arrival at St. Jean de Luz, the mayor made his appearance, attended by the municipality. The carriage stopped, and he addressed his majesty with the most lively expressions of the joy he felt at having the honor of being the first to receive a king who

was the friend and ally of France.

Shortly after, he was met by the deputation of the three grandees of Spain, who had been sent off to meet the emperor ; and their representation, with respect to the intentions of the emperor, was not the most flattering. He was, however, too near Bayonne, to think of changing his course, and he therefore continued his journey.

There came out to meet the king, the prince of Neufchatel, and Duroc, marshal of the palace, with a detachment of the guard of honor which the citizens of Bayonne had formed to attend the emperor, and they invited his majesty to enter Bayonne, where a place had been prepared for his residence. This residence appeared to all, and was, in reality, but little suitable to the rank of the august guest who was to occupy it. This remarkable and expressive neglect formed a singular contrast with the studied magnificence which the king had employed in making the preparations at Madrid for the reception of his ally.

His majesty was doubting what could be the meaning of a reception that he so little expected, when he was informed that the emperor was coming to pay him a visit. His imperial majesty arrived, accompanied by a number of his generals. The king went down to the street door to receive him, and both monarchs embraced each other with every token of friendship and affection. The emperor staid but a short time with his majesty, and they embraced each other again at parting.

Soon after marshal Duroc came

to invite the king to dine with his imperial majesty, whose carriages were coming to convey his majesty to the palace of Marac : this accordingly took place. The emperor came as far as the coach steps to receive his majesty, embraced him again, and led him by the hand to the apartment provided for him.

The king had no sooner returned to his residence, when general Savary waited on his majesty to inform him that the emperor had irrevocably determined that the Bourbon dynasty should no longer reign in Spain ; that it should be succeeded by his ; and therefore his imperial majesty required that the king should, in his own name and that of all his family, renounce the crown of Spain and the Indies, in favor of the dynasty of Bonaparte.

It would be difficult to describe the surprise with which the royal mind of his majesty was effected, and the consternation with which all those who were nearest to his person were struck at hearing of such a proposition. His majesty was not yet recovered from the fatigues of a toilsome journey, when the same man who had made him so many protestations of security at Madrid, and on the road, who had drawn him from his capital and his kingdom to Bayonne, on pretence of adjusting matters of the greatest importance to both states, and of his being recognised by his imperial majesty, had the audacity to be the bearer of so scandalous a proposal.

On the following day, I was sent for by the emperor to his royal palace, where I found the minister of foreign affairs, M.

Champagny, waiting to enter upon a discussion of the proposals verbally stated by general Savary. I instantly complained of the perfidy with which so important an affair was proceeded in ; representing that the king my master came to Bayonne, relying on the assurances given by general Savary, in the name of the emperor, and in the presence of the duke del infantado, S. Carlos, D. Juan Escoiquez, and myself, that his imperial majesty would recognise him at the very first interview between the two sovereigns in the imperial palace of Marac ; that when his majesty expected to witness the realization of this promised recognition, he was surprised with the propositions above alluded to ; and that his majesty had authorised me to protest against the violence done to his person, in not permitting him to return to Spain ; and as a categorical and final answer to the solicitation of the emperor, that the king neither would nor could renounce his crown in favor of another dynasty, without being wanting in the duties which he owed to his subjects and to his own character ; that he could not do so in prejudice to the individuals of his own family, who were called to the succession by the fundamental laws of the kingdom ; and much less could he consent to the establishment of another dynasty, which ought alone to be called to the throne by the Spanish nation, in virtue of their original right to elect another family upon the termination of the present dynasty.

The minister of foreign affairs insisted on the necessity of the renunciation which had been pro-

posed, and contended that the abdication signed by Charles IV. on the 19th of March, had not been voluntary.

I expressed my surprise that the king should be importuned to renounce his crown, at the same moment that it was asserted that the renunciation of his father was not his free act. I wished however not to be understood as entering into such a discussion, as I could not acknowledge the smallest authority in the emperor to intermeddle with matters which were purely domestic, and peculiarly belonging to the Spanish government; following in this respect the example of the cabinet of Paris, when it rejected as inadmissible the applications of his majesty, the royal father, in favor of his ally and first cousin the unfortunate Louis XVI.

Nevertheless, desirous of giving to truth and innocence a testimony which they alone had a right to exact, I added, that three weeks before the disturbances at Aranjuez, Charles Ist in my presence, and that of all the other ministers of state, addressed her majesty the queen, in these words:—‘Maria Louisa, we will retire to one of the provinces, where we will pass our days in tranquillity; and Ferdinand, who is a young man, will take upon himself the burden of the government.’

I represented to him, that on the 17th, 18th, and 19th, no violence was done to his majesty in order to extort an abdication of his crown, either by the people, who had risen purely from the apprehension that his majesty was going to remove to Seville,

and thence to America; or on the part of his son, the prince of Asturias, or any other person; of which facts the ministers of the *corps diplomatique*, as well as all the persons about the court, were fully convinced, since all of them congratulated and complimented the new sovereign, with the exception of the French ambassador, who pretended that he had not been furnished with the necessary instructions, disregarding the example of his colleagues, who were as little provided with instructions from their respective courts.

I concluded with proving to him that the renunciation of the royal father was only the consequence of his majesty’s predilection for the tranquillity of a private life, and his persuasion that his constitution, enfeebled by age and habitual indisposition, was incompetent to support the heavy burden of the government.

This irrelevant objection having been got rid of, M. Champagny stated, that the emperor could never be sure of Spain, in case of a new war with the powers of the North, while the Spanish nation continued to be governed by a dynasty who must regret to see its elder branch expelled from the monarchy of France.

I answered, that in a regular system of things, such prepossessions never prevailed over the interests of states, and that the political conduct of Charles IV. since the treaty of Basle, afforded a recent proof that sovereigns had paid little regard to family interests, when they were in opposition to the interests of their dominions; that the friendship

between Spain and France was founded in local and political considerations; that the topographical situation of the two kingdoms was of itself sufficient to demonstrate how important it was for Spain to preserve a good understanding with France, the only state on the continent of Europe with which she had direct and very extensive relations, and consequently that every reason of policy induced Spain to maintain a perpetual peace with France. Besides, what ground of suspicion had the emperor with respect to a nation, who, to considerations of interest, add the inflexible and religious integrity with which at all periods, according to the admission of French writers themselves, they had preserved their federative system.

I added, that there were reasons no less important why France should not endanger the continuance of that harmony which prevailed since the treaty of Basle, with equal advantage to herself and to Spain; that the Spanish nation, whose generosity and affection for their sovereigns were proverbial, if from a principle of fidelity they had submitted to the caprices of despotism, when covered with the veil of majesty, would, from the operation of the same principle, display their well known valor, when they saw their independence, and the security of their beloved sovereign, violated; that if, unfortunately France should commit so atrocious an insult, that power would lose an ally, whose armies, fleet, and treasure, had in a great measure contributed to her triumphs; that England, which had

in vain attempted to shake the good faith of the Spanish cabinet, for the purpose of separating her from France, would avail herself of such a conjuncture to diminish the force of her enemy, and to augment her own, by pacific relations with a power which she would assist with money and with her forces by land and sea, in the glorious enterprise of defending our independence, and the security of our king and natural lord; that the feeble colonies of France would not in that event find the maritime forces of Spain employed in obstructing the plans of conquest entertained by Great Britain; and that the commerce of that power must inevitably come into competition at the Spanish market with the French merchandise, which is now peculiarly favored.

Besides these considerations having a direct relation to the interest of both states, I expatiated on others no less cogent, and connected with the character of the French cabinet.

I reminded the minister, that, on the 27th of October last, a treaty was signed at Fontainebleau, wherein the emperor guaranteed the independence and integrity of the Spanish monarchy as it then was; that nothing had since occurred which could justify its infraction: on the contrary, that Spain had continued to add new claims to the confidence and gratitude of the French empire, as his imperial majesty himself had confessed, by the praises which he bestowed on the good faith and constant friendship of his intimate and first ally.

What confidence, I added, can Europe place in her treaties

with France, when she looks to the perfidy with which that of the 27th of October last has been violated? And what must be her terror when she sees the captious means, the seductive artifices, and the false promises by which his imperial majesty has confined the king in the city of Bayonne, in order to despoil him of the crown to which, with the inexpressible joy of his people, he has been called by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, and the spontaneous abdication of his august father? Posterity will not believe that the emperor could have given so great a blow to his own reputation, the loss of which will leave no other means of concluding a war with him, than that of total destruction and extermination.

This was the state of the discussion, when the emperor, who had overheard our conferences, ordered us to enter his own cabinet, where, to my great surprise, I was insulted by his imperial majesty, with the infamous appellation of traitor, upon no other ground, than having been minister to Charles IV. I continued to serve his son Ferdinand VII. He also accused me, in an angry tone, of having maintained, in an official correspondence with general Montion, that my master, in order to his being king of Spain, did not stand in need of the recognition of the emperor, although that might be necessary in order to continue his relations to the French government.

His imperial majesty manifested still greater irritation on account of my having said to a foreign minister, accredited to the court of Spain, that if the French

army offered any violation to the integrity and independence of the Spanish sovereignty, 300,000 men would convince them, that a brave and generous nation was not to be insulted with impunity.

After this ill treatment which I met with, which was as satisfactory to my own feelings on account of the real causes of it, as it was painful on account of the royal personage whose interests were in question, his imperial majesty, with his natural asperity, entered into a conversation upon the points which had already been discussed. He was not insensible of the strength of my reasons, and the solidity of the arguments by which I supported the rights of the king, his dynasty, and the whole nation; but his majesty concluded by telling me — *'I have a system of policy of my own. You ought to adopt more liberal ideas; to be less susceptible on the point of honor, and not sacrifice the prosperity of Spain to the interest of the Bourbon family.'*

His majesty, distrusting the apparent complacency with which I received the attention which he was pleased to show me as I was taking leave of him, sent to inform the king, that upon the subject under discussion a more flexible negotiator would be necessary. Whilst his majesty was considering whom he should appoint to succeed me in this negotiation, one of the many puppets who played their parts in the intrigue, introduced himself to the archdeacon D. Juan de Escoiquez, and persuaded him to pay a visit to the minister M. Champagny. He accordingly went, under the impulse of a most zealous

lous regard for the interests of his majesty, and prevailed on the minister of the foreign affairs to communicate to him the most recent propositions of the emperor, which he said seignor Escoiquez immediately put into writing, and a literal copy of them will be found in No. 4, of the documents.

In this state of things, his majesty, impressed with the qualities which adorn the most excellent seignor don Pedro de Labrador, formerly minister to the court of Florence, and honorary councillor of state, invested him with full powers and suitable instructions, which may be seen in No. 4, ordering him to present them to the minister of foreign affairs, and to demand his full powers in return, that the proposals of his imperial majesty should be communicated in an authentic manner. Both these demands were rejected by the minister Champagny, under the frivolous pretext, that *'they were mere matters of form, being wholly unconnected with the essential object of the negociation.'*

Seignor Labrador insisted on the importance of both the one and the other requisites, especially in a matter of such great consequence ; adding, that without them he could discuss no subject ; and that the king his master required them to verify the instructions, if necessary, that had been given him ; but always in vain, Notwithstanding this, seignor Champagny talked of the last propositions of the emperor, which were somewhat different from those presented by general Savary, but not less irritating and violent ; and he concluded with

telling seignor Labrador, that the prosperity of Spain and his own were at that moment within his power.

This minister answered, that he would communicate to the king his master these new proposals. He made those reflections upon them which his talents, his zeal for the service of his sovereign, and for the good of his country, naturally suggested ; and he stated, that the welfare of his sovereign, and that of the nation, were inseparably united. He added, that to these two objects he had directed all his attention in various situations ; and, lastly, he said that he readily admitted that his own prosperity depended on the issue, because his fidelity to the king of Spain, and to his native country, as well as the reputation he had acquired by the faithful discharge of his duty, were connected with it. Seignor Labrador, before he terminated the conversation, asked M. Champagny if the king was in a state of liberty ? To which the French minister replied, that there could be no doubt of it. On this, Labrador rejoined, 'Then he should be restored to his kingdom.' To this the Frenchman replied, 'That in respect to his return to Spain, it was necessary that his majesty should have a right understanding with his imperial majesty, either personally or by letter.'

This answer, added to the other circumstances, left no doubt in the mind of the king that he was actually at Bayonne in a state of arrest ; however, to give more ostensibility to this violence extended towards his majesty, I sent a note by his royal order to

the minister for foreign affairs, telling him the king was determined to return to Madrid, to tranquillise the agitation of his beloved subjects, and to provide for the transaction of the important business of his kingdom ; assuring M. Champagny at the same time, that I would continue to treat with his imperial majesty on affairs reciprocally advantageous. No answer was given to this communication, nor had it any other effect than to increase the caution and vigilance applied for the detention of his majesty.

Seignor Labrador was certainly not a fit person for their purposes, for he was immediately got rid of under the pretence of his not holding a rank corresponding to that of monsieur Champagny, and that his natural disposition was too inflexible.

The tricks of diplomacy could not prevail over the firmness of the king, or the zeal of his representatives, and the individuals of his royal household, who deliberated at a council (his majesty being present) upon the interests of the king and the nation : so that the emperor saw himself under the necessity of changing his plan, in order to accomplish his purpose, and he wished that the royal parents should depart for Bayonne, in order to make them the instruments of the oppression and disgrace of their son. For this purpose he ordered the grand duke of Berg to employ all his arts to accelerate their journey to Bayonne.

The royal parents required that the favorite should precede them in their journey, and the grand duke made various applications to the junta of govern-

ment to obtain his liberty. The junta had no authority to liberate him, having in this point been laid under positive restraint by his majesty's orders from Vittoria, as has been already mentioned ; but the council, misled by the suggestions of his imperial majesty, and intimidated by the threat that the grand duke would obtain by irresistible force what would not be conceded as a favor, the junta ordered the release of don Manuel Godoy, who was immediately conveyed to Bayonne, under an immediate escort. The decree (No. 6) in the hand-writing of the king, is an authentic proof of the determination of his majesty as to this particular.

The royal parents undertook their journey, and proceeded in it with too much rapidity for the unhappy state of health of Charles IV. but the inexorable will of the emperor had determined that it should be so.

What his imperial majesty undertook was a most arduous task. It was necessary to his purpose to deaden the sensibility of the king ; to destroy his affection for his first-born, which the most infamous court intrigue ever contrived had not yet wholly extinguished. Further, it was necessary that these loving parents, affectionate to some of their children, should, with respect to him, substitute for their natural tenderness the most frigid and cruel indifference. To fulfil the purposes intended by Napoleon, in the end, with respect to the royal parents, they must become the instruments of misery, correction, and imprisonment ; they were to become the jailors of their children. His power, by

triumphing over all the feelings of nature, accomplished his purposes.

I have proved that the abdication of the royal father at Aranjuez was a spontaneous act, and that the motive to it was the partiality of his majesty towards his disgraced favorite. In Bayonne, he told the king, his son, that he did not wish to return to the throne of Spain; notwithstanding that, he desired his majesty should renounce the crown, to make a present of it to the emperor; that is, to present it to a sovereign, who, in part at least, has been the origin of the difficulties of Spain, the only cause of the loss of our squadrons, the mover of the disturbances at court and in the nation, and of the intended journey of the royal family to Seville, and from thence to America, prevented by the explosion of the 17th of March.

I leave to the wisdom of the sovereigns of Europe to judge whether it is possible that a monarch, affectionate to his children, highly enlightened, penetrated deeply by the principles of religion, and pious without superstition, could without violence forget for a moment all his duties to his family, and proscribe his whole dynasty, to call another to the throne, for whom he has no esteem, and, on the contrary, detests, as the plunderer of those thrones which have come within the reach of his ambition. If such be the change, it is the most extraordinary revolution that history has presented to the world!

Ferdinand VII. overawed, a prisoner, and controlled by circumstances, on the 1st of May made a conditional renunciation

of his crown, in favor of his august father. To this followed the letter of the royal father to his son; and the very discreet answer of the royal son to the father.

On the 5th of the same month of May, at four in the afternoon, the emperor went to visit the royal parents, and continued in conference until 5 o'clock, when king Ferdinand was called in by his august father, to hear, in the presence of the queen and the emperor, expressions so disgusting and humiliating, that I do not dare to record them. All the party were seated, except king Ferdinand, whom the father ordered to make an absolute renunciation of the crown, under pain of being treated, with all his household, as an usurper of the throne, and a conspirator against the life of his parents.

His majesty would have preferred death; but desirous not to involve in his misfortunes the number of persons comprised in the threat of Charles IV. he assented to another renunciation, which bears on its front all the indications of constraint and violence, and which in no respect answers its purpose, to colour over the intended usurpation of the emperor.

These are the only instances of renunciation in which I have interfered as minister and secretary of state. That which is spoken of at Bourdeaux, I have not the least knowledge of; but I know the emperor, in the last conference with king Ferdinand VII. said to his majesty, "*Prince, il faut opter entre la cession et la mort!*"—"Prince, you have only to choose between cession & death!"

With respect to the rest, the whole world is apprised that Charles IV. renounced the crown to the emperor at the time that the prince of Asturias, his brother the infant don Carlos, and his uncle the infant don Antonio, were forced to surrender their rights. The emperor now believing himself proprietor of the crown of Spain, placed it on the head of his brother Joseph Napoleon, king of Naples.

It has already been explained, that although the king left his court for a few days, he thought fit to sanction a junta, of which the infant don Antonio was to be president, with full powers to determine for him and in his royal name, all subjects that would not permit of delay. Every night I sent a courier to this junta, communicating what appeared necessary for its information and direction.

When the king arrived at Bayonne (and on the day of his arrival, the ambition and violent intentions of the emperor were communicated to him), I began to fear that the extraordinary couriers would be intercepted, as was found to be the fact. Among the various disputes that I had with the minister Champagny, on the different accidents that occasioned the detention of the cabinet couriers, the answer that he gave me to a remonstrance of mine is sufficiently remarkable. It is to be seen among the documents in justification. In this situation of things, I took the precaution of sending duplicates of different conveyances. By such means I succeeded so far as to give information to the junta of government of the arrest and

oppression to which the king had been exposed.

It was easy to foresee that the freedom of the junta would not be respected, since, notwithstanding all the offers and assurances of the emperor, the liberty of the sovereign was violated at Bayonne; and that the noble designs of some members of the same assembly would be obstructed (although boldly declared) by the irresistible power of the representative of the emperor. To this, no doubt, is to be attributed their not having consulted upon the awful condition of the kingdom, and the remedy for such a calamity, as well as not having appointed a junta to assume the regency, in a place where the bayonets of the enemy could not penetrate.

The king was surprised that the junta had not written; and the following post, when his majesty had come to a determination in consequence, without losing a moment, I sent a royal order to the junta, *that they should execute whatever was expedient for the service of the king and the kingdom, and that for that purpose they should employ all the powers which his majesty would possess if he were himself resident in the kingdom* (4).

Nothing could be written that could be more intelligible. The security of the means of communication diminished every moment; for I could not expect

(4) The cabinet courier conveying this royal order was intercepted, on which account I sent a duplicate, which was received by the junta, the memorandum of which I have not been able to preserve.

that the emperor would regard the sacredness of a correspondence, since he paid no respect to the person of the sovereign to whom it was subservient.

The junta, notwithstanding, thought it was necessary to consult his majesty, and to obtain his orders as to various measures which appeared to them necessary for the salvation of the country; and for this purpose they sent to Bayonne a confidential person of known zeal in the royal service, to transmit verbally to the king the following propositions:—

1. Whether his majesty thought fit to authorise the junta to substitute, in case of need, some person or persons of their own body, or otherwise, to hold a council in a secure situation, where it could freely act? And they entreated his majesty to signify who should compose the council for that purpose, should he think the measure expedient.

2. Whether it was the wish of his majesty, that hostilities should be commenced against the French army; and in that case, when and how the purpose should be executed?

3. Whether it were likewise the wish of the king, that we should endeavor to prevent the entrance of more French troops into Spain, by guarding the passes on the frontiers?

4. Whether his majesty thought it would be right to convoke the Cortes, for which purpose a decree of his majesty would be necessary, addressed to the royal council? It being possible that at the arrival of the answer of the king, the junta would not be at liberty to act, they asked whether

any chancery or audience of the kingdom should be empowered, which was not within the reach of the French troops? Further, if the Cortes should be assembled, on what subject of discussion it should proceed?

The person charged with these propositions arrived at Bayonne on the 4th of May at night: he came to me immediately, and having disclosed to me his business, I introduced him to his majesty without losing a moment.

The king having taken into consideration the four propositions submitted to his attention by the junta, sent in answer two royal decrees in the morning of the following day; the one written by his majesty with his own hand, directed to the junta of government; the other signed by his majesty ("Yo el Rey"), addressed in the first instance to the council, and next to any chancery or audience of the kingdom, which should not be under restraint.

These original decrees dispatched by me with all care, and under secure conduct, it is well known, arrived in the hands of one of the members of the junta, who is now absent, and whose name was first mentioned; but the junta is apprised that he made no use of it, nor did he ever send to the council the decree which was addressed to it (5).

(5) When these two royal decrees came to the hands of the junta, the grand duke of Berg had been for some days president; and the affair of the 2d of May had taken place. The emperor, after the departure of the royal parents, precipitately and indecently forced from the capital all the mem-

The minutes of these two decrees are not in my possession, because the critical situation of the king at Bayonne, and the necessity of avoiding the exposition of his views, obliged me to destroy them. . Notwithstanding this, I preserved them in my memory, and they are testified and certified by the three secretaries of his majesty, D. Eusebio Bardaxi y Azara, D. Luis de Onís, and Evaristo Perez de Castro, who were with me at Bayonne, and saw and read the two original decrees, the substance of which is as follows :—

The king said to the junta of government, that he was not in a state of freedom, and consequently incapable of taking any measures for the preservation of the royal person and the monarchy. On that account the junta was entrusted with most ample powers to repair to any place that should be deemed most convenient; that in the name of his majesty, and representing his own person, they might exercise all the functions of sovereignty; that hostilities should commence the moment when his majesty should proceed to the interior of France, which he would not do, unless obliged by violence. Lastly, that in such a case, the junta should prevent, in the best manner they could, the introduction

bers of the royal family, and sent them to Bayonne. But yet he had to take the important step of taking complete possession of the government, in order to which the bloody scene of the 2d of May was exhibited; a scene of horror and iniquity, similar to what the modern French have executed in other countries with similar designs.

of more troops into the peninsula (6).

In the decree directed to the royal council, and next to any chancery or audience, his majesty said, that, in the situation in which he found himself, deprived of his liberty, it was his royal will that the Cortes should be assembled in such place as should appear most convenient; that at first they should occupy themselves exclusively in attending to the levies and subsidies necessary for the defence of the kingdom, and that their sittings should be permanent, to determine what should be done on future events (7).

The disgraceful means of which the emperor availed himself to obtain the renunciation of the crown of Spain in his favor, have already been known; but the violence of Bonaparte to accomplish his purposes did not terminate there. Blinded as he

(6) The perfect agreement between the recommendation of the king given to the junta, in his royal decree of the 5th of May, and the determination of his faithful vassals, is very remarkable. We have seen that all the provinces of the monarchy rose spontaneously to resist the oppressor, without having any knowledge of the will of their sovereign.

(7) We, the three secretaries of the king for decrees, certify, that we have seen and read in Bayonne the two original decrees sent by his majesty Ferdinand VII. on the 5th of May, in this year, which are mentioned above, and the substance of the contents of them, as far as we can recollect, is the same as is here stated.

EUSEBIO DE BARDAXI Y AZARA,
LUIS DE ONÍS.

EVARISTO PEREZ DE CASTRO.
Madrid, Sept. 1, 1808.

was by the extravagance of his ambition, he could not yet discern how easily these acts of renunciation would be disposed of; and therefore he endeavored to confirm them by means of a council, which he called a national assembly, and which was convoked at Bayonne (8).

He named about 150 Spaniards, of different classes, conditions, and corporations, to constitute the assembly, but only about 90 were convened. A part of these, representing some cities, tribunals, or public bodies, brought with them instructions in the nature of powers given them by those whom they represented, but wholly insufficient to answer the purpose intended. The ministers of the council were without any powers or instructions whatever, a precaution adopted by this tribunal in conformity to the opinion of its commissioners, in order to avoid all involuntary compromises. Most of the deputies had no other powers than merely an order to take their departure, and many of them did not belong to any public body or acknowledged class of the community.

The emperor fully expected, from the acquiescence of these individuals, a mask under which

to conceal his usurpation. But he was utterly deceived. Instead of finding weak men convenient to the designs of his mercenary ambition, he was met by Ministers incorruptible, Grandees worthy of their rank, and Representatives who were faithful defenders of the interest and of the honour of their country. They all with one accord, informed him that they held powers much restricted, that they were not the legitimate Representatives of Spain, and that they could not compromise her rights.

These and other similar reflections were treated with insolence in the tribunal of the Usurper, who, far from being discomfited, put into activity all the means of oppression, flattering himself that by victories on the one hand and corruption on the other, he should so colour over injustice that he would not be considered by the world as the subverter of general tranquillity.

I do not enter into the particulars that occurred in this Congress; but one of the Ministers of the Council of Castile, who does so much honour to his robe, will satisfy the curiosity of the public as to this particular.

I ought not to speak of what I have suffered for my king and country: The truth is, I have not suffered, for all I have done has been required by my most sacred duties. It was to me the highest satisfaction too see my lodgings in Bayonne surrounded by the satellites of Government: to these spies succeeded, who abound always where those are in authority who in history usurp the characters of heroes. My steps were reckoned—my visits observed

(8) It is well known that this junta was assembled at Bayonne, according to printed notice given on the 19th of May, to treat, as it was said, of the means of securing the happiness of Spain, but in fact to propose the continuance of all the evils of the former system, and such reforms and alterations as were most likely to destroy the whole country, and every province belonging to it.

—spionage under the mask of compassion, approached to examine the secrets of my soul ; but nothing disturbed the tranquility of my mind. What I could not behold with patience, was to see myself condemned to a confinement within the frontier of France until the emperor should consider that my narration of the scandalous proceedings could not destroy the lofty fabric of the new Spanish Monarchy. In vain, for two months, I applied to the Minister for foreign affairs with the utmost importunity to be permitted to return to my beloved country ; the determined resistance I made to the attempt of usurpation made the French Government deaf to my entreaties, believing, not without good reason, that I should endeavour to inflame heroism in my country, denominated insurrection in the Journals of Bayonne.

In such unfavourable circumstances, a mode presented itself to me of avoiding a state of indefinite punishment.—Such were the repeated entreaties of Joseph Napoleon that I should continue with him to the situation of Minister, in which I acceded with repugnance and from constant, but without prejudice of my right to abandon it at a convenient opportunity.

This opportunity occurred the moment I set foot in Madrid. From that instant I only thought of availing myself of the most early means of resigning my new character, which I did in the same manner shown in the document.

Joseph Napoleon could not be grieved at the disappearance of a minister who so frequently op-

posed his wishes (9), and who, in the opinion of some of those who immediately surrounded him, was a Quixote in his maxims, *who could not comprehend the sublime intentions of the greatest heroes in favor of the regeneration of Spain !*

I have shown in this narrative, with clearness and fidelity, the series of the principal events in this important epoch, carefully avoiding to enter into minute particulars foreign to my object, or which should make this exposition too prolix ; and I have endeavored to place before my readers, in its true point of view, all the injustice and violence with which the French government has conducted itself towards our beloved sovereign, and the whole nation.

It has already been proved, that the renunciation of Charles IV. in favor of his son Ferdinand VII. is vitiated in no respect. In the slight sketch which we have drawn of the perfidious and deceitful arts with which the emperor has made the progress we have seen, the series of atrocious insults offered to Spain, and to the unfortunate king Ferdinand VII. remains depicted in indelible colours.

The emperor alarms Charles IV. in order that he may induce him to take flight for America, with all the royal family, and

(9) I may particularly instance the affair of the oath, when Joseph Bonaparte arriving at Madrid, wanted to compel every body to swear allegiance to him ; and that of the banishment of the council of Castile to Bayonne, for its noble resistance.

abandon the peninsula to the former : he lights up the flames of discord between the royal parents and their child, in order to debilitate Spain, dividing it into parties : after having disgraced the royal persons, he draws Ferdinand VII. from his court by false promises ; he makes him captive in Bayonne ; and when he saw that the virtue of the young king knew how to resist his designs, and that Ferdinand could not be induced to renounce his crown, he occasioned him to be brought to Bayonne, with all the other personages of the royal family, as if to present them bound before the imperial tribunal, which was both judge and party in the same cause : he endeavors to deprive the parents of the sensibilities of nature, and forces them to become the instruments of the oppression of their child : from the latter he extorts a renunciation, the most irregular and illicit transaction amongst the affairs of men ; and by a series of abdications exacted by the same illegal and violent expedients, he believes that he has become the proprietor of the crown of Spain ; he transfers it to his brother, without considering the infamy to which he would be exposed in the cabinets in Europe, by the usurpation of the throne of a monarch, his friend and ally !

Who can doubt from this clear evidence, that the renunciation executed by Ferdinand VII. in favor of his august father, and that which succeeded in favor of the emperor are absolute nullities ? Who will doubt, but that if the last should have emanated from a free exercise of the will, the

rights of the dynasty of Bourbon are not prejudiced by it ? Who does not know, that in case of the extinction of such a family, and by the very establishment of the Spanish monarchy, the nation alone can invite another dynasty, or can introduce such a form of government as it shall most approve ?

In another part of this narrative, I have shown that Ferdinand VII. was too honorable to suppose that the emperor could entertain such atrocious designs. The king desired to free Spain from the oppression of the French troops ; it was promised him, that this and all other matters should be regulated with the emperor, and that he should return to his kingdom with the fruit of his exertions for the good of his vassals ; and that no hour of his life was unseasonable to him to exert himself for their happiness. This I saw, and can testify.--- During his confinement, nothing afflicted his generous heart so much as the sufferings of his people ; and when his liberty began to be doubtful, he adopted the means the most agreeable to his paternal solicitude : such was the order which he gave for the regency, naturally sought, when his freedom was interrupted ; and such was the command that the Cortes should be assembled to determine those questions which in their proper places have been noticed.

Valour and patriotism have successfully armed the whole nation in its own defence, and for the protection of their legitimate sovereign, although the people had no knowledge of the will of

their beloved Ferdinand as to this movement. That patriotism, united to wisdom, will now impel them irresistibly to perform with promptitude the most important work of the central government or regency, which may administer the affairs of the kingdom in the name of his majesty.

Thus will be completed, for the advantage of all, the last expression of the will of the king, which he condescended to use the moment before he was forced to renounce the crown ; thus will the nation be preserved from this dreadful tempest ; it will have exhibited before Europe an example of loyalty, honor, and generous energy, which will be the subject of admiration in every age, and in every country.

PEDRO CEVALLOS.

Madrid, Sept. 1, 1808.

IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN.

BY LADY HERBERT.

ST. SEBASTIAN AND BURGOS.

WHAT is it that we seek for, we Englishmen and Englishwomen, who year by year, about the month of November, are seen crowding the Folkestone and Dover steamboats, with that unmistakable "going abroad" look of travelling—bags and wide-awakes and bundles of wraps and alpaca gowns? I think it may be comprised in one word—*sunshine*. This dear old land of ours, with all its luxuries and all its comforts and all its associations of home and people, still lacks one thing—and that is climate. For climate means health to one half of us; and health means power of enjoyment; for, without it, the most perfect of homes (and nowhere is that word understood so well as in England) is spoiled and saddened. So, in pursuit of this great boon, a widow lady and her children, with a doctor and two other friends, started off in the winter of 186—, in spite of ominous warnings of revolutions, and grim stories of brigands, for that comparatively unvisited country called Spain. As far as St. Sebastian the journey was absolutely without interest or adventure of any kind. The express train dashed them past houses and villages, and picturesque old towns with fine church towers, from Paris to Bordeaux, and from Bordeaux to Bayonne, and so on past the awful frontier, the scene of so many passages-at-arms between officials and ladies' maids, till they found themselves crossing the picturesque bridge which leads to the little town of St. Sebastian, with its beach of fine sand, washed by the long billowy waves of the Atlantic on the one hand, and its riant, well-culti-

vated little Basque farms on the other. As to the town itself, time and the perfect may eventually make it a second Biarritz, as in every direction lodging-houses are springing up, till it will become what one of Dickens's heroes would call "the most sea-bathingest place" that ever was! But at present it is a mass of rough stone and lime and scaffolding; and the one straight street leading from the hotel to the church of St. Maria, with the castle above, are almost all that remains of the old town which stood so many sieges, and was looked upon as the key of Northern Spain. The hotel appeared but tolerably comfortable to our travellers, fresh from the luxuries of Paris. When they returned, four or five months later, they thought it a perfect paradise of comfort and cleanliness. After wandering through the narrow streets, and walking into one or two uninteresting churches, it was resolved to climb up to the citadel which commands the town, and to which the ascent is by a fair zigzag road, like that which leads to Dover Castle. A small garrison remains in the keep, which is also a military prison. The officers received our party very courteously, inviting them to walk on the battlements, and climb up to the flag-staff, and offering them the use of their large telescope for the view, which is certainly magnificent, especially toward the sea. There is a tiny chapel in the fortress, in which the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. It was pleasant to see the sentinel presenting arms to it each time his round brought him past the ever open door. On the hill side, a few monumental slabs, let in here and there into the rock, and one or two square tombs, mark the

graves of the Englishmen killed during the siege, and also in the Don Carlos revolution. Of the siege itself, and of the historical interest attached to St. Sebastian, we will say nothing: are they not written in the book of the chronicles of Napier and Napoleon?

The following morning, after a fine and crowded service at the church of St. Maria, where they first saw the beautiful Spanish custom of the women being all veiled, and in black, two of the party started at seven in the morning, in a light carriage, for Loyola. The road throughout is beautiful, reminding one of the Tyrol, with picturesque villages, old Roman bridges, quaint manor-houses, with coats of arms emblazoned over their porticoes; rapid, clear trout-streams and fine glimpses of snowy mountains on the left, and of the bright blue sea on the right. The flowers, too, were lovely. There was a dwarf blue bugloss of an intensity of color which is only equalled by the large forget-me-not on the mountainsides of Lebanon. The peasants are all small proprietors. They were cultivating their fields in the most primitive way, father, mother, and children working the ground with a two-pronged fork, called by them a "laya;" but the result was certainly satisfactory. They speak a language as utterly hopeless for a foreigner to understand as Welsh or Gaelic. The saying among the Andalusians is that the devil, who is no fool, spent seven years in Bilboa studying the Basque dialect, and learned three words only; and of their pronunciation they add that the Basque write "Solomon," and pronounce it "Nebuchadnezzar!" Be this as it may, they are a contented, happy, prosperous, sober race, rarely leaving their own country, to which they are passionately attached, and deserving, by their independence and self-reliance, their name of "Bayas-cogara"—"Somos bastantes."

Passing through the baths Certosa, the mineral springs of which are much frequented by the Spaniards in summer, our travellers came, after a four

VOL. V.—11

hours' drive, to Azpeitia, a walled town, with a fine church containing the "pila," or font, in which St. Ignatius was baptized. Here the good-natured curé, Padre G——, met them, and insisted on escorting them to the great college of Loyola, which is about a mile from the town. It has a fine Italian façade, and is built in a fertile valley round the house of St. Ignatius the college for missionary priests being on one side, and a florid, domed, circular marble church on the other. The whole is thoroughly Roman in its aspect, but not so beautiful as the Gothic buildings of the south. They first went into the church, which is very rich in jaspers, marbles, and mosaics, the marbles being brought from the neighboring mountains. The cloisters at the back are still unfurnished; but the entrance to the monastery is of fine and good proportions, and the corridors and staircase are very handsome. Between the church and the convent is a kind of covered cloister, leading to the "Santuario," the actual house in which the saint was born and lived. The outside is in raised brickwork, of curious old geometrical patterns; and across the door is the identical wooden bar which in old times served as protection to the château. Entering the low door, you see on your right a staircase; and on your left a long low room on the ground floor, in which is a picture of the Blessed Virgin. Here the saint was born: his mother, having a particular devotion to the Virgin, insisted on being brought down here to be confined. Going up the stairs, to a kind of corridor used as a confessional, you come first to the chapel of St. Francis Borgia, where he said his first mass. Next to it is one dedicated to Marianne di Jesu, the "Lily of Quito," with a beautiful picture of the South American saint over the high altar. To the left, again, is another chapel, and here St. François Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, said his mass before starting on his glorious evangelical mission. Ascending a few steps higher, their

guide led them into a long low room, richly decorated and gilt, and full of pictures of the different events of the life of the saint. A gilt screen divided the ante-chapel from the altar, raised on the very spot where he lay so long with his wounded leg, and where he was inspired by the Blessed Virgin to renounce the world, and devote himself, body and soul, to the work of God. There is a representation of him in white marble under the altar as he lay; and opposite, a portrait, in his soldier's dress, said to be taken from life, and another of him afterward, when he had become a priest. It is a beautiful face, with strong purpose and high resolve in every line of the features.

In the sacristy is the "baldachino," or tester of his bed, in red silk. It was in this room that he first fell sick and took to reading the Lives of the Saints to amuse himself, there being no other book within reach. Such are the "common ways," which we blindly call "accidents," in which God leads those whom he chooses, like Saul, for his special service. The convent contains thirty fathers and twenty-five lay brothers. There are about 120 students, a fine library, refectory, etc. They have a large day-school of poor children, whom they instruct in Basque and Spanish; and distribute daily a certain number of dinners, soup, and bread, to the sick poor of the neighboring villages, about twenty of whom were waiting at the buttery door for their daily supply.

The English strangers, taking leave of the kind and courteous fathers, had luncheon at a little "posada" close by, where the hostess insisted on their drinking some of the cider of the country, which the doctor, himself a Devonshire man, was obliged to confess excelled that of his own country. The good curé entertained them meanwhile with stories of his people, who appear to be very like the Highlanders, both in their merits and their faults. Some of their customs seemed to be derived from pagan times, such as that of

offering bread and wine on the tombs of those they love on the anniversary of their death; a custom in vogue in the early days of Christianity, and mentioned by St. Augustine in his Confessions as being first put a stop to by St. Ambrose, at Milan, on account of the abuses which had crept into the practice. The drive back was, if possible, even more beautiful than that of the morning, and they reached St. Sebastian at eight o'clock, delighted with their expedition.

The next day they started for Burgos, by rail, only stopping for a few minutes on their way to the station to see the "Albergo dei Poveri," a hospital and home for incurables, nursed by the Spanish sisters of charity. They are affiliated to the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, and follow their rule, but do not wear the "white cornette" of the French sisters.

The railroad in this part of Spain has been carried through most magnificent scenery, which appeared to our travellers like a mixture of Poussin and Salvator Rosa. Fine purple mountains, still sprinkled with snow, with rugged and jagged peaks standing out against the clear blue sky, and with waterfalls and beautiful streams rushing down their sides; an underwood of chestnut and beech trees; deep valleys, with little brown villages and bright white convents perched on rising knolls, and picturesque bridges spanning the little streams as they dashed through the gorges; and then long tracks of bright rose-colored heather, out of which rose big boulders or the wayside cross; the whole forming, as it were, a succession of beautiful pictures such as would delight the heart of a painter, both as to composition and coloring. No one can say much for the pace at which the Spanish railways travel; yet are they all too quick in scenery such as this, when one longs to stop and sketch at every turn. Suddenly, however, the train came to a stand-still: an enormous fragment of rock had fallen across the line in the night, burying a

luggage-train, but fortunately without injury to its drivers; and our party had no alternative but to get out, with their manifold bags and packages, and walk across the *débris* to another train, which, fortunately, was waiting for them on the opposite side of the chasm. A little experience of Spanish travelling taught them to expect such incidents half a dozen times in the course of the day's journey; but at first it seemed startling and strange. They reached Burgos at six, and found themselves in a small but very decent "fonda," where the daughter of the landlord spoke a little French, to their great relief. They had had visions of Italian serving nearly as well as Spanish for making themselves understood by the people; but this idea was rudely dispelled the very first day of their arrival in Spain. Great as the similarity may be in reading, the accent of the Spaniard makes him utterly incomprehensible to the bewildered Italian scholar; and the very likeness of some words increases the difficulty when he finds that, according to the pronunciation, a totally different meaning is attached to them. For instance, one of the English ladies, thinking to please the mistress of the house, made a little speech to her about the beauty and cleanliness of her kitchen, using the right word (*cocina*), but pronouncing it with the Italian accent. She saw directly she had committed a blunder, though Spanish civility suppressed the laugh at her expense. She found afterward that the word she had used, with the "ci" soft, meant a female pig. And this was only a specimen of mistakes hourly committed by all who adventured themselves in this unknown tongue.

A letter of introduction procured for our travellers an instant admission to the cardinal archbishop, who received them most kindly, and volunteered to be their escort over the cathedral. He had been educated at Ushaw, and spoke English fluently and well. He had a very pretty little chapel in his palace, with a picture in it of Sta.

Maria della Pace at Rome, from whence he derives his cardinal's title.

The cathedral at Burgos, with the exception of Toledo, is the most beautiful Gothic building in Spain. It was begun by Bishop Maurice, an Englishman, and a great friend of St. Ferdinand's, in the year 1220. The spires, with their lacework carving; the doorways, so rich in sculpture; the rose windows, with their exquisite tracery; the beautiful lantern-shaped clerestory; the curious double staircase of Diego de Siloe; the wonderful "retablos" behind the altars, of the finest wood-carving; the magnificent marble and alabaster monuments in the side chapels, vying with one another in beauty and richness of detail; the wonderful wood-carving of the stalls in the choir; the bas-reliefs carved in every portion of the stone; in fact, every detail of this glorious building is equally perfect; and even in Southern Spain, that paradise for lovers of cathedrals, can scarcely be surpassed. The finest of the monuments are those of the Velasco family, the hereditary high-constable of Castile. They are of Carrara marble, resting upon blocks of jasper: at the feet of the lady lies a little dog, as the emblem of "Fidelity." Over the doorway of this chapel, leading to a tiny sacristy, are carved the arms of Jerusalem. In the large sacristy is a Magdalen, by Leonardo da Vinci; and some exquisite church plate, in gold and enamel, especially a chalice, a processional cross, a pax, etc. In the first chapel on the right, as you enter by the west door, is a very curious figure of Christ, brought from the Holy Land, with real hair and skin; but painful in the extreme, and almost grotesque from the manner in which it has been dressed. This remark, however, applies to almost all the images of Christ and of the Blessed Virgin throughout Spain, which are rendered both sad and ludicrous to English eyes from the petticoats and finery with which modern devotion has disfigured them. This crucifix, however, is greatly venerated by the peo-

ple, who call it "The Christ of Burgos," and on Sundays or holidays there is no possibility of getting near it, on account of the crowd. In the Chapel of the Visitation are three more beautiful monuments, and a very fine picture of the Virgin and Child, by Sebastian del Piombo. But it was impossible to take in every portion of this cathedral at once; and so our travellers went on to the cloisters, passing through a beautiful pointed doorway, richly carved, which leads to the chapter-house, now a receptacle for lumber, but containing the chest of the Cid, regarding which the old chronicle says: "He filled it with sand, and then, telling the Jews it contained gold, raised money on security." In justice to the hero, however, we are bound to add, that when the necessities of the war were over, he repaid both principal and interest. Leaving, at last, the cloisters and cathedral, and taking leave of the kind archbishop, our party drove to the Town Hall, where, in a walnut-wood urn, are kept the bones of the Cid, which were removed twenty years ago from their original resting-place at Cardena. The sight of them strengthened their resolve to make a pilgrimage to his real tomb, which is in a Benedictine convent about eight miles from the town. Starting, therefore, in two primitive little carriages, guiltless of springs, they crossed the river and wound up a steep hill till they came in sight of *Miraflores*, the great Carthusian convent, which, seen from a distance, strongly resembles Eton College Chapel. It was built by John II. for a royal burial-place, and was finished by Isabella of Castile. Arriving at the monastery, from whence the monks have been expelled, and which is now tenanted by only one or two lay brothers of the order, they passed through a long cloister, shaded by fine cypresses, into the church, in the chancel of which is that which may really be called one of the seven wonders of the world. This is the alabaster sepulchre of John II. and his wife, the father and mother of

Queen Isabella, with their son, the Infante Alonso, who died young. In richness of detail, delicacy of carving, and beauty of execution, the work of these monuments is perfectly unrivalled—the very material seems to be changed into Mechlin lace. The artist was Maestro Gil, the father of the famous Diego de Siloe, who carved the staircase in the cathedral. He finished it in 1493; and one does not wonder at Philip II.'s exclamation when he saw it: "*We have done nothing at the Escorial.*" In the sacristy is a wonderful statue of St. Bruno, carved in wood, and so beautiful and life-like in expression that it was difficult to look at anything else.

Leaving *Miraflores*, our travellers broke tenderly to their coachmen their wish to go on to Cardena. One of them utterly refused, saying the road was impassable; the other, *moyennant* an extra gratuity, undertook to try it, but stipulated that the gentlemen should walk, and the ladies do the same, if necessary. Winding round the convent garden walls, and then across a bleak wild moor, they started, and soon found themselves involved in a succession of ruts and sloughs of despond which more than justified the hesitation of their driver. On the coach-box was an imp of a boy, whose delight consisted in quickening the fears of the most timid among the ladies by invariably making the horses gallop at the most difficult and precipitous parts of the road, and then turning round and grinning at the fright he had given them. It is needless to say that the carriage was not his property. At last, the horses came to a stand-still; they could go no further, and the rest of the way had to be done on foot. But our travellers were not to be pitied; for the day was lovely, and the path across the moor was studded with flowers. At last, on climbing over a steep hill which had intercepted their view, they came on a lovely panorama, with a background of blue mountains tipped with snow; a wooded glen, in which the brown convent nestled, and

a wild moor foreground, across which long strings of mules with gay trappings, driven by peasants in Spanish costumes, exactly as represented in Ansdell's paintings, were wending their way toward the city. Tired as some of our party were, this glorious view seemed to give them fresh strength, and they rapidly descended the hill by the hollow path leading to the convent. Over the great entrance is a statue of the Cid, mounted on his favorite horse, "Babieca," who bore him to his last resting-place, and was afterward buried beside the master he loved so well. But the grand old building seemed utterly deserted, and a big mastiff, fastened by an ominously slight chain to the doorway, appeared determined to defy their attempts to enter. At last, one of them, more courageous than the rest, tempting the Cerberus with the remains of her luncheon, got past him, and wandered through the cloister, up a fine staircase to a spacious corridor, in hopes of finding a guide to show them the way to the chapel, where lay the object of their expedition, that is, the monument of the Cid. But she was only answered by the echo of her own footsteps. The cells were empty; the once beautiful library gutted and destroyed; the refectory had nothing in it but bare walls—the whole place was like a city of the dead. At last, she discovered a staircase leading down to a cloister on the side opposite the great entrance, and there a low-arched door, which she found ajar, admitted her into the deserted church. The tomb of the Cid has been removed from the high altar to a side chapel; and there is interred likewise his faithful and devoted wife Ximena, and their two daughters. On his shield is emblazoned the "tizona," or sparkling brand, which the legends affirm he always carried in his hand, and with which he struck terror into the hearts of the infidels. This church and convent, built for the Benedictines by the Princess Sancho, in memory of her son Theodorie, who was killed out hunting, was

sacked by the Moors in the ninth century, when 200 of the monks were murdered. A tablet in the south transept still remains, recording the massacre; but the monument of Theodorie has been mutilated and destroyed. The Christian spoilers have done their work more effectually than the Moslem! Sorrowfully our travellers left this beautiful spot, thinking bitterly on the so-called age of progress which had left the abode of so much learning and piety to the owls and the bats; and partly walking, partly driving, returned without accident to the city. One more memento of the Cid at Burgos deserves mention. It is the lock on which he compelled the king, Alonso VI., to swear that he had had no part in his brother Sancho's assassination at Zamora. All who wished to confirm their word with a solemn oath used to touch it, till the practice was abolished by Isabella, and the lock itself hung up in the old church of St. Gadea, on the way to the castle hill, where it still rests. This is the origin of the peasant custom of closing the hand and raising the thumb, which they kiss in token of asseveration; and in like manner we have the old Highland saying: "There's my thumb. I'll not betray you."

Another charming expedition was made on the following day to Las Huelgas, the famous Cistercian nunnery, built in some gardens outside the town by Alonso VIII. and his wife Leonora, daughter of our King Henry II.

When one of the ladies had asked the cardinal for a note of introduction to the abbess, he had replied laughing: "I am afraid it would not be of much use to you. She certainly is not under my jurisdiction, and I am not sure whether she does not think I am under hers!" No lady abbess certainly ever had more extraordinary privileges. She is a Princess Palatine—styled "By the grace of God"—and has feudal power over all the lands and villages round. She appoints her own priests and confessors.

and has a hospital about a mile from the convent, nursed by the sisters, and entirely under her control. After some little delay at the porter's lodge, owing to their having come at the inconvenient hour of dinner, our party were ushered into the parlor, and there, behind a grille, saw a beautiful old lady, dressed in wimple and coif, exactly like a picture in the time of Chaucer. This was the redoubtable lady abbess. There are twenty-seven choir nuns and twenty-five lay sisters in the convent, and they follow the rule of St. Bernard. The abbess first showed them the Moorish standard, beautifully embroidered, taken at the battle of Las Navas de Tolosa, in 1180. A curious old fresco representing this battle remains over the arch of the church. She then took them to the choir, which is very rich in carving, and contains the tombs of the founders, Alonso and Leonora, and also of a number of infantas, whose royal bodies are placed in richly carved Gothic sepulchres, resting on lions, on each side of the choir. In the church is a curious hammered iron gilt pulpit, in which St. Vincent de Ferrer preached. Here St. Ferdinand and Alonso XI. knighted themselves, and here our own king, Edward I., received the honor of knighthood at the hands of Alonso el Sabio.

The church is a curious jumble of different dates of architecture; but there is a beautiful tower and doorway, some very interesting old monuments, and a fine double rose-window. The cloisters are very beautiful, with round-headed arches, grouped pillars, and Norman capitals. The lady abbess then ordered one of the priests of the convent to take her English visitors to see their hospital, called "Del Rey," the walk to which from the convent is through pleasant fields like English meadows. It is admirably managed and nursed by the nuns. Each patient has a bed in a recess, which makes, as it were, a little private room for each, and this is lined with "azulejos," or colored tiles, up to a certain height, giving that clean bright look which dis-

tinguishes the Spanish hospitals from all others. At the end of each ward was a little altar, where mass is daily performed for the sick. There are fifty men and fifty women, and the surgical department was carefully supplied with all the best and newest instruments, which the surgeon was eager to show off to the doctor, the only one of the party worthy of the privilege. The wards opened into a "patio," or court, with seats and bright flowers, where the patients who could leave their beds were sitting out and sunning themselves. Altogether, it is a noble institution; and one must hope that the ruthless hand of government will not destroy it in common with the other charitable foundations of Spain.

MADRID.

But the cold winds blew sharply, and our travellers resolved to hurry south, and reserve the further treasures of Burgos for inspection on their return. The night train conveyed them safely to Madrid, where they found a most comfortable hotel in the "Ville de Paris," lately opened by an enterprising Frenchman, in the "Puerta del Sol;" and received the kindest of welcomes from the English minister, the Count T. D., and other old friends. It was Sunday morning, and the first object was to find a church near at hand. These are not wanting in Madrid, but all are modern, and few in good taste: the nicest and best served is undoubtedly that of "St. Louis des Français," though the approach to it through the crowded market is rather disagreeable early in the morning. The witty writer of "*Les Lettres d'Espagne*" says truly: "*Madrid ne me dit rien: c'est moderne, aligné, propre et civilisé.*" As for the climate, it is detestable: bitterly cold in winter, the east wind searching out every rheumatic joint in one's frame, and pitilessly driving round the corners of every street; burning hot in summer, with a glare and dust which nearly equal that of Cairo in a simoom.

The Gallery, however, compensates for all. Our travellers had spent months at Florence, at Rome, at Dresden, and fancied that nothing could come up to the Pitti, the Uffizi, or the Vatican—that no picture could equal the “San Sisto;” but they found they had yet much to learn. No one who has not been in Spain can so much as imagine what Murillo is. In England he is looked upon as the clever painter of picturesque brown beggar-boys: there is not one of these subjects to be found in Spain, from St. Sebastian to Gibraltar! At Madrid, at Cadiz, but especially at Seville, one learns to know him as he is—that is, the great mystical religious painter of the seventeenth century, embodying in his wonderful conceptions all that is most sublime and ecstatic in devotion, and in the representation of divine love. The English minister, speaking of this one day to a lady of the party, explained it very simply, by saying that the English generally only carried off those of his works in which the Catholic feeling was not so strongly displayed. It would be hopeless to attempt to describe all his pictures in the Madrid Gallery. The Saviour and St. John, as boys, drinking out of a shell, is perhaps the most delicate and exquisite in coloring and expression; but the “Conception” surpasses all. No one should compare it with the Louvre pictures of the same subject. There is a refinement, a tenderness, and a beauty in the Madrid “Conception” entirely wanting in the one stolen by the French. Then there is Velasquez, with his inimitable portraits; full of droll originality, as the “Æsop;” or of deep historical interest, as his “Philip IV.,” or of sublime piety, as in his “Crucifixion,” with the hair falling over one side of the Saviour’s face, which the pierced and fastened hands cannot push aside: each and all are priceless treasures, and there must be sixty or seventy in that one long room. Ford says that “Velasquez is the Homer of the Spanish school, of which Murillo is the Virgil.” Then there are Riberas, and

Zurbarans, Divino Morales, Juan Joanes, Alonso Caño, and half-a-dozen other artists, whose very names are scarcely known out of Spain, and all of whose works are impregnated with that mystic, devotional, self-sacrificing spirit which is the essence of Catholicism. The Italian school is equally magnificently represented. There are exquisite Raphaels, one especially, “La Perla,” once belonging to our Charles I., and sold by the Puritans to the Spanish king; the “Spasimo,” the “Vergin del Pesce,” etc.; beautiful Titians, not only portraits, but one, a “Magdalen,” which is unknown to us by engravings or photographs in England, where, in a green robe, she is flying from the assaults of the devil, represented by a monstrous dragon, and in which the drawing is as wonderful as the coloring; beautiful G. Bellinis, and Luinis, and Andrea del Sartos (especially one of his wife), and Paul Veronese, and others of the Venetian and Milanese schools. In a lower room there are Dutch and Flemish chefs-d’œuvre without end: Rubens, and Vandyke, and Teniers, and Breughel, and Holbein, and the rest. It is a gallery bewildering from the number of its pictures, but with the rare merit of almost all being good; and they are so arranged that the visitor can see them with perfect comfort at any hour of the day. In the ante-room to the long gallery are some pictures of the present century, but none are worth looking at save Goya’s pictures of the wholesale massacre of the Spanish prisoners by the French, which are not likely to soften the public feeling of bitterness and hostility toward that nation.

There is nothing very good in sculpture, only two of the antiques being worth looking at; but there is a fine statue of Charles V., and a wonderfully beautiful St. John of God, carrying a sick man cut of the burning hospital on his back, which is modern, but in admirable taste. Neglected, in some side cupboards, and several of them broken and covered with dust and dirt, are some exquisite taz-

zas of Benvenuto Cellini, D'Arphes, and Beceriles, in lapis, jade, agate, and enamel, finer than any to be seen even in the Grüne Gewölbe of Dresden. There is a gold mermaid, studied with rubies, and with an emerald tail, and a cup with an enamelled jewelled border and stand, which are perfectly unrivalled in beauty of workmanship. Then, in addition to this matchless gallery, Madrid has its "Academia," containing three of Murillo's most magnificent conceptions. One is "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," washing the wounds of the sick, her fair young face and delicate white hands forming a beautiful contrast with the shrivelled brown old woman in the foreground. The expression of the saint's countenance is that of one absorbed in her work and yet looking beyond it.* The other is the "Dream," in which the Blessed Virgin appears to the founder of the church of St. Maria della Neve (afterward called St. Maria Maggiore) and his wife, and suggests to them the building of a church on a spot at Rome, which would be indicated to them by a fall of snow, though it was then in the month of August. In the third picture the founder and his wife are kneeling at the feet of the Pope, telling him of their vision, and imploring his benediction on their work. These two famous pictures were taken by Scult from Seville, and are of a lunette shape, being made to fit the original niche for which they were painted: both are unequalled for beauty of color and design, and have recently been magnificently engraved, by order of the government.

But apart from its galleries, Madrid is a disappointment; there is no antiquity or interest attached to any of its churches or public buildings. The daily afternoon diversion is the drive on the Prado; amusing from the crowd, perhaps, but where, with the exception of the nurses, all national

costume has disappeared. There are scarcely any mantillas; but Faubourg St.-Germain bonnets, in badly assorted colors, and horrible and exaggerated crinolines, replacing the soft, black, flowing dresses of the south. It is, in fact, a bad *réchauffé* of the Bois de Boulogne. The queen, in a carriage drawn by six or eight mules, surrounded by her escort, and announced by trumpeters, and the infantas, following in similar carriages, form the only "event" of the afternoon. Poor lady! how heartily sick she must be of this promenade! She is far more pleasing-looking than her pictures give her credit for, and has a frank kind manner which is an indication of her good and simple nature. Her children are most carefully brought up, and very well educated by the charming English authoress, Madame Calderon de la Barca, well known by her interesting work on Mexico. On Saturdays, the queen and the royal family always drive to Atocha, a church at the extreme end of the Prado, in vile taste, but containing the famous image of the Virgin, the patroness of Spain, to whom all the royalties are specially devoted. It is a black image, but almost invisible from the gorgeous jewels and dresses with which it is adorned.

One of the shows of Madrid is the royal stables, which are well worth a visit. There are upward of two hundred and fifty horses, and two hundred fine mules; the backs of the latter are invariably shaved down to a certain point, which gives them an uncomfortable appearance to English eyes, but is the custom throughout Spain. One lady writer asserts that "it is more modest!" There is a charming little stud belonging to the prince imperial, which includes two tiny mules not bigger than dogs, but in perfect proportions, about the size required to drag a perambulator. Some of the horses are English and thoroughbred, but a good many are of the heavy-crested Velasquez type. The carriages are of every date, and very curious. Among them is one in which Philip I. (le Bel) was

* This picture was stolen from the Caridad, at Seville, by the French, and afterward sent back to Madrid, where it still remains.

said to have been poisoned, and in which his wife, Jeanne la Folle, still insisted on dragging him out, believing he was only asleep.

More interesting to some of our party than horses and stables were the charitable institutions in Madrid, which are admirable and very numerous. It was on the 12th of November, 1856, that the Mère Dévos, afterward Mère Générale of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, started with four or five of her sisters of charity to establish their first house in Madrid. They had many hardships and difficulties to encounter, but loving perseverance conquered them all. The sisters now number between forty and fifty, distributed in three houses in different parts of the city, with more than one thousand children in their schools and orphanages, the whole being under the superintendence of the Sœur Gottofrey, the able and charming French "provincial" of Spain. The queen takes a lively interest in their success, and most of the ladies of her court are more or less affiliated to them. There are branch houses of these French sisters at Malaga, Granada, Barcelona, and other towns; and they are now beginning to undertake district visiting, as well as the care of the sick and the education of children—a proceeding which they were obliged to adopt with caution, owing to the strong prejudice felt in Spain toward any religious orders being seen outside their "clausura," and also toward their dress, the white cornette, which, to eyes unaccustomed to anything but black veils, appeared outrageous and unsuitable. The Spanish sisters of charity, though affiliated to them, following the rule of St. Vincent, and acknowledging N. T. H. Père Étienne as their superior, still refuse to wear the cornette, and substitute a simple white cap and black veil. These Spanish sisters have the charge of the magnificent Foundling Hospital, which receives upward of one thousand children; of the hospital called Las Recogidas, for penitents; of the General Hospital, where

the sick are admirably cared for, and to which is attached a wing for patients of an upper class, who pay a small sum weekly, and have all the advantages of the clever surgery and careful nursing of the hospital (an arrangement sadly needed in our English hospitals); of the Hospicio de St. Maria del Carmen, founded by private charity, for the old and incurables; of the infant school, or "salle d'asile," where the children are fed as well as taught; and of the Albergo dei Poveri, equivalent to what we should call a workhouse in England, but which we cannot desecrate by such a name when speaking of an establishment conducted on the highest and noblest rules of Christian charity, and where the orphans find not only loving care and tender watchfulness, but admirable industrial training, fitting them to fill worthily any employments to which their natural inclination may lead them. The Sacré Cœur have a large establishment for the education of the upper classes at Chaumartin de la Rosa, a suburb of Madrid, about four miles from the town. It was founded by the Marquesa de Villa Nueva, a most saint-like person, whose house adjoins, and in fact forms part of the convent—her bedroom leading into a tribune overlooking the chapel and the blessed sacrament. The view from the large garden, with the mountains on the one hand, and the stone pine woods on the other, is very pretty, and unlike anything else in the neighborhood of Madrid. The superior, a charming person, showed the ladies all over the house, which is large, commodious, and airy, and in which they have already upward of eighty pupils. They have a very pretty chapel, and in the parlor a very beautiful picture of St. Elizabeth, by a modern artist.

One more "lion" was visited before leaving Madrid, and that was the armory, which is indeed well worth a long and careful examination. The objects it contains are all of deep historical interest. There is a collar-piece belonging to Philip II., with scenes from

the battle of St. Quentin exquisitely carved; a helmet taken from the unfortunate Boabdil, the last Moorish king of Granada; beautiful Moorish arms and Turkish banners taken at the battle of Lepanto, in old Damascus inlaid-work; the swords of Boabdil, and of Ferdinand and Isabella; the armor of the Cid, of Christopher Columbus, of Charles V., of St. Ferdinand, and of Philip II.; the carriage of Charles V., looking like a large bassinet; exquisite shields, rapiers, swords, and helmets; some very curious gold ornaments, votive crowns, and crosses of the seventh century; and heaps of other treasures too numerous to be here detailed. But our travellers were fairly exhausted by their previous sight-seeing, and gladly reserved their examination of the rest to a future day. At all times, a *return* to a place is more interesting than a first visit; for in the latter one is oppressed by the feeling of the quantity to be seen and the short time there is to see it in, and so the intense anxiety and fatigue destroy half one's enjoyment of the objects themselves. That evening they were to leave the biting east winds of Madrid for the more genial climate of sunny Malaga; and so, having made sundry very necessary purchases, including mantillas and chocolate, and having eaten what turned out to be their last good dinner for a very long time, they started off by an eight o'clock train for Cordova, which was to be their halting place midway. On reaching Alcazar, about one o'clock in the morning, they had to change trains, as the one in which they were branched off to Valencia; and for two hours they were kept waiting for the Cordova train. Oh! the misery of those wayside stations in Spain! One long low room filled with smokers and passengers of every class, struggling for chocolate, served in dirty cups by uncivil waiters, with insufficient seats and scant courtesy: no wonder that the Spaniards consider our waiting-rooms real palaces. You have no alternative in the winter season but to endure this

foetid, stifling atmosphere, and be blinded with smoke, or else to freeze and shiver outside, where there are no benches at all, and your only hope is to get a corner of a wall against which you can lean and be sheltered from the bitter wind. The arrival of the up train brought, therefore, unmixed joy to our party, who managed to secure a compartment to themselves without any smokers (a rare privilege in Spain); and thus got some sleep for a few hours. At six o'clock the train stopped, the railroad went no further; so the passengers turned out somewhat ruefully in the cold, and gazed with dismay at the lumbering dirty diligences, looking as if they had come out of the Ark, which were drawn up, all in a row, at the station door, with ten, twelve, or fourteen mules harnessed to each, and by which they and their luggage were to be conveyed for the next eight hours. The station master was a Frenchman, and with great civility, during the lading of the diligences, gave up to the ladies his own tiny bedroom, and some fresh water to wash themselves a little, and make themselves comfortable after their long night journey, for there was no pretence of a waiting-room at this station.

Reader, did you ever go in a Spanish diligence? It was the first experience of most of our party of this means of locomotion, and at first seemed simply impossible. The excessive lowness of the carriages, the way in which the unhappy passengers are jammed in, either into the *coupé* in front, or into the square box behind, unable to move or sit upright in either; while the mules plunge and start off in every direction but the right one, their drivers every instant jumping down and running by the side of the poor beasts, which they flog unmercifully, vociferating in every key; and that, not at first starting, but all the way, up hill and down dale, with an energy which is as inexhaustible as it is despairing, till either a pole cracks or a trace breaks, or some accident happens to a wheel, and the whole lumbering

concern stops with a jerk and a lurch which threaten to roll everything and everybody into the gorge below. Each diligence is accompanied by a "mayoral," or conductor, who has charge of the whole equipage, and is a very important personage. This functionary is generally gorgeously dressed, with embroidered jacket, scarlet sash round the waist, gaiters with silver buttons and hanging leather strips, and round his head a gay-colored handkerchief and a round black felt hat with broad brim and feather, or else of the kind denominated "pork pie" in England; he is here, there, and everywhere during the journey, arranging the places of the passengers, the stations for halts, and the like. Besides this dignitary, there is the "moto" or driver, whose business is to be perpetually jumping down and flogging the far-off mules into a trot, which he did with such cruelty that our travellers often hoped he would himself get into trouble in jumping up again, which, unfortunately, he was always too expert to do. Every mule has its name, and answers to it. They are harnessed two abreast, a small boy riding on the leaders; and it is on his presence of mind and skill that the guidance and safety of the whole team depend. On this occasion, the "mayoral" and "moto" leant with their backs against what was left of the windows of the *coupé*, which they instantly smashed, the cold wind rushed in, and the passengers were alternately splashed from head to foot with the mud cast up in their faces by the mules' heels, or choked and blinded with dust. For neither misfortune is there either redress or sympathy. The lower panels of the floor and doors have holes cut in them to let out the water and mud; but the same agreeable arrangement, in winter, lets in a wind which threatens to freeze off your feet as you sit. A small boy, who, it is to be supposed, was learning his trade, held on by his eyelids to a ledge below, and was perpetually assisting in screaming and

flogging. A struggle at some kind of vain resistance, and then a sullen despair and a final making up one's mind that, after all, it can't last forever, are the phases through which the unhappy travellers pass during these agreeable diligence journeys. It was some little time before our party could get sufficiently reconciled to their misery to enjoy the scenery. But when they could look about them, they found themselves passing through a beautiful gorge, and up a zigzag road, like the lower spurs of an Alpine pass, over the Sierra Morena. Then began the descent, during which some of the ladies held their breath, expecting to be dashed over the parapet at each sharp turn in the road; the pace of the mules was never relaxed, and the unwieldy top-heavy mass oscillated over the precipice below in a decidedly unpleasant manner. Then they came into a fertile region of olives and aloes, and so on by divers villages and through roads which the late rains had made almost impassable, and in passing over which every bone in their bodies seemed dislocated in their springless vehicle, till, at two o'clock in the afternoon, they reached the station, where, to their intense relief, they again came upon a railroad. Hastily swallowing some doubtful chocolate, they established themselves once more comfortably in the railway carriage; but after being in the enjoyment of this luxury for half an hour, the train came, all of a sudden, to a stand-still; and the doors being opened, they were politely told that they must *walk*, as a landslip had destroyed the line for some distance. Coming at last to a picturesque town with a fine bridge over the Guadalquivir, they were allowed once more to take their seats in the carriages, and finally arrived at Cordova at eight o'clock at night, after twenty-four hours of travelling, alternating from intense cold to intense heat, very tired indeed, horribly dusty and dirty, and without having had any church all day.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FOR THE ANTHOLOGY.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR FROM CADIZ TO SEVILLE.

BY A BOSTONIAN.

(Continued from page 310.)

WE reached La Brija about four in the afternoon. It is a miserable, squalid looking place, though it contains several thousand inhabitants. The day before our arrival there had been upwards of eighty French prisoners massacred by the inhabitants. This did not contribute in our minds to give it a more lively aspect. These unfortunate wretches belonged to the army of Dupont, a detachment of which was stationed under custody here. The intemperate behaviour of one of the French officers gave rise to this melancholy event. A party of them were dining together in commemoration of some anniversary, when, being heated with wine, and enraged at the insolence of a centinel placed at the door, this officer drew his sword and plunged it into his body. This rash act immediately occasioned a tumult, and every Frenchman that could be discovered fell a sacrifice to the fury of the populace. The life of the general and his aids was saved by the exertions of a priest, not without great difficulty. The remainder of the prisoners were withdrawn secretly at night by the magistrates, while we were there, and sent to Cadiz.

There is an ancient Moorish castle at La Brija, and a handsome church containing some paintings of Murillo. These are the only objects in the place worth a moment's attention. The posada, at which we alighted, did not present the most flattering aspect, nor did we anticipate from its appearance very sumptuous accommodations. We found it to be most truly in the Spanish style, and a pretty correct specimen of the inns of Spain. On entering the court yard the first object that saluted our eyes, or rather our noses, was a most filthy hovel, which proved to be the kitchen, filled with every thing unclean, and from which every thing unsavoury issued. The adjacent apartment was appropriated to the pigs. These agreeable in-

mates are generally looked upon as members of the family, and as such they enjoy equal rights and privileges with the rest of the household. They have at all hours free ingress and egress, which liberty they do not fail to make use of to the fullest extent. They seemed however to be more particularly attached to the kitchen than to any other apartment. The room contiguous, and immediately communicating with the kitchen, we perceived to be occupied by another description of cattle. This, of course, we concluded to be the stable, though by no means devoted exclusively to the four-footed gentry. The utmost equality prevails among the inhabitants. The mules share the apartment with their masters, both by day and night. They eat at the same table, and lie on the same couch. Stretched along the straw, with his eyes half shut, by the side of his long-eared companion, it seems a matter of doubt whether the muleteer or his beast is the most rational animal. The room allotted to us was a long hall above stairs, immediately over the last mentioned apartment. This, we understood, was destined to serve us for more purposes than one. After having been made use of as a dining room, it was to be converted into a bed chamber. There is no better sauce for travellers than hunger, and as not many among our party were afflicted with a want of appetite, we set to with a keenness that would have astonished an indifferent beholder. By dint of the provender we had brought from Xerez, which was not in a very sparing quantity, and with the aid of some few additional articles procured at the inn, we contrived to make what might any where be called a tolerable repast: at least none of us complained of hunger when the meal was finished.

We resolved to set out very early on the following morning, and as it was Sunday, we were under the necessity of making arrangements for hearing mass betimes. To hear mass on a holiday in Spain is much more indispensable than eating breakfast. Without submitting to this ceremony, no entreaties would have induced our muleteers to stir. Accordingly, as we were not desirous that they should risque the safety of their souls, we despatched mine host in the evening to look for the curate. This reverend personage was not long in making his appearance. If you recollect the description of Parson Trulliber, I need not draw his picture. Like that gentleman, his figure was nearly *equilateral*, that is to say, he was as tall when he lay on his back, as when he stood on his legs. His face, which was the emblem of good eating and drinking, was as round and as red as the full moon: or it seemed, to make use of a more sublime and appropriate simile,

“As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams.”

Do not imagine that I wish to infer a resemblance between him and his Satanick majesty in other respects. There was no necessity of much persuasion to induce the good curate to seat himself at table. He did this without being asked. He passed very high commendations on the quality of our wine, and to convince us that he spoke his real sentiments, he drank near two bottles of it. He proved to be a great politician, a violent patriot, and an eternal talker. These qualifications made me think him no small *bore*. We bargained with him for an early mass, and that he might not fail of attending as soon as we wished, we promised to give double the usual price. We here struck on the right string.

Our hostess, finding we were disposed to retire to rest, brought in mattresses of straw, the only species of beds that the house afforded, which she placed in a range along the stone floor. Some of them were furnished with two sheets, some with one and a half, but the majority with none at all. These couches were not the most luxurious, but it is said that there is no better soporifick than fatigue, and in this country travellers must not be fastidious. The preparations that were making did not in the least discompose our guest, the parson. He still stuck to the bottle, and his tongue ran as if it would never stop. Our wine and company were so much to his taste that he turned a deaf ear to all our hints. He heard them with the most perfect indifference and determined, broad as they were, not to understand them. Finding him in this disposition, we suffered him to take his own way. Accordingly he continued sitting until one half the company were in bed, and the other half undressed, before he thought it advisable to take himself off.

One of our companions, who was a great politician, and who had sat at table *argufying* with the curate, long after he was forsaken by every one else, from patriotick feelings, and good fellowship, drank a bottle extra. This was unfortunately more than he could digest, and he became very obstreperous. It had been well for the company, had he manifested no other symptoms. But scarcely were we five minutes in bed before so violent a revolution took place in his stomach, attended with such potent effects that none of us could stand the shock. This agreeable serenade, with appropriate groans and exclamations, continued for near three hours with little intermission, during which time all attempts to sleep were, as you may suppose, abortive.

On going to bed I felt very tired, and hoping to enjoy a more comfortable nap, I had the imprudence to take off my clothes. Of this I in a short time most bitterly repented, as I was assailed from every quarter by an army of fleas. Having made many ineffectual efforts to close my eyes, after our noisy fellow traveller had become quiet, I was compelled to get up and put on my clothes. This, however, was being wise too late. I

found myself "stung like a tench ;" ne'er a "king in christendom could have been better bit." The night was now very far advanced, and it seemed as if the fates had entered into a league with Bacchus and the fleas, to exclude Morpheus from the room, and to keep sole possession themselves. Our long-winded priest, drunkenness, and fleas, were alas ! not our only sufferings. The room below, as I before mentioned, was occupied by the four-footed lodgers. The mules have their heads adorned with rows of bells, which ornaments their masters do not always think proper to take off at night. These bells kept gingling the whole night, and to make the musick more gratifying to our ears, the braying of about twenty asses was added to the concert. This was alone sufficient to "murder sleep."

The parson did not deceive us : punctual to his word, he called in the morning at half past three. After hearing mass at a neighbouring convent, we returned to the inn, and recommenced our journey. Until the day broke, which was nearly two hours, we went along in silence and darkness, meeting no object on the road, and hearing nothing but the rattling of our crazy vehicles, except now and then the matin bell of a distant convent. The road was so bad, that we were several times obliged to alight. Some of my valiant fellow travellers were again on the look out for robbers ; still however no gentlemen of that profession thought proper to attack us. From Xerez we travelled in a different manner from our first setting out. Instead of three calesas, we had a coach and four, and only one of those machines. Two Spanish officers, who left La Brija with us, increased the cavalcade.

Half way between La Brija and Seville we stopped at a miserable and desolate hut, to breakfast on the remnant of our provisions, and about one o'clock we came in sight of the spires and turrets of that city. We saw little or nothing on the road interesting or remarkable. The prospect was enlivened by no trees, hedges, or enclosures. No cottages, country seats, villages or spires could be discerned at intervals to relieve the eye. There was every where a dreary sameness. A few scattered olive trees were the only objects of vegetation which now and then appeared, that could in any way divert the attention. The footsteps of despotism and oppression might be seen at every mile. There is no spot on the globe where the soil is richer than it is here, or where so little aid is required from cultivation. In many places it produces spontaneously the most delicious fruits of France and Italy. So great is its fertility, that perhaps no other region of the habitable earth could maintain such a number of inhabitants with so little labour. From the extensive tracts of uncultivated ground the country has a most melancholy and dreary aspect. Such has been the oppression of the government and the influence of superstition

for ages past, that the advantages derived from the bounty of nature lie unimproved and neglected; and those regions that in other hands would exhibit every feature of profusion and plenty, seem now no other than a barren and sterile desert. We saw repeatedly immense flocks of sheep under the care of their shepherd, browsing on the extensive plains through which we passed. The number of shepherds in Spain is estimated at 40,000. As we approached towards Seville, we discovered but little alteration in the appearance of the country. No pleasant farms, no orchards, villas, or cultivated fields indicated our proximity to a great metropolis. The land about the city is, notwithstanding, exceedingly fertile, and it was formerly called the garden of Spain. On the other side it has a much more pleasing aspect.

Seville is situated on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in the midst of a vast plain. As we entered into the town, our carriages drove through a long range of elms, which form a very handsome avenue, and make a favourable impression. On the right hand of the avenue we beheld the extensive gardens of the royal palace, filled with orange, lemon and fig trees, the branches of which seemed unable to support their luxuriant load. On the opposite bank of the river we had a fine view of the town of Triana.

We drove through several streets so narrow that it was with the utmost difficulty our carriages could pass. Just before we reached the inn we were under the necessity of alighting and proceeding forward on foot, in consequence of the wheel of our coach having got lodged on a post at the corner of a street. We accordingly left the coachman, who stood blaspheming and cursing his mules, to extricate it in the best manner he could.

We went to an inn, said to be the best in the city, called the *Posada de Bevieria*. My first care was to secure an apartment to myself, and next to see what the larder could furnish. Fortunately there was no scarcity, and after giving orders for the best dinner which the house afforded to be got ready without loss of time, I proceeded to give myself those ablutions so grateful, and so necessary after a long journey. When I had equipped myself, finding that dinner could not be prepared with so much expedition as our appetites demanded, I resolved, notwithstanding I was somewhat fatigued, to take a stroll with one of my fellow travellers in order to beguile the time. I seldom feel inclined on my first arrival at a strange place to remain long in the house.

There is, perhaps, no town in Europe where a stranger so soon gets bewildered as in Seville. The streets form a complete labyrinth, and without a guide it is next to impossible for him to find his way. We did not of course venture far from the inn, but determined to defer our rambles until we could

furnish ourselves with a guide and indulge our curiosity without the risk of getting lost. Very few of the streets are wide enough for carriages, and most of the walls are indented with deep furrows occasioned by the wheels which often graze the opposite houses at the same time. In the street where we lodged, like many others, a person might easily from the window of one house shake hands with another in the opposite, or in the middle of the street he could reach the houses on each side with his arms extended.

(To be continued.)

MONTSERRAT.

The Catholic World, A Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science (1865-1906); Apr 1878; 27, 157; American Periodicals
pg. 74

MONTSERRAT.

O streams, and shades, and hills on high,
Unto the stillness of your breast
My wounded spirit longs to fly—
To fly and be at rest ;
Thus from the world's tempestuous sea,
O gentle Nature, do I turn to thee !

—*Fray Luis de Leon.*

No one visits Barcelona, or ought to visit it, without going to Montserrat, the sacred mountain of Spain, and one of the most extraordinary mountains in the world : the naturalist, to study its singular formation and the thousand varieties of its flora ; the mere tourist, to visit its historic abbey and explore the wonderful grottoes with which the mountain is undermined ; and the pilgrim, as to another Sinai, torn and rent asunder as by the throes of some new revelation, where amid awful rifts and chasms is enthroned its Syrian Madonna, like the impersonation of mercy amid the terrors of divine wrath. It is one of those wonderful places

in Catholic Christendom around which centres the piety of the multitude. Hermits for ages have peopled its caves. The monks of St. Benedict for a thousand years have served its altars. Saints have kept watch around its venerable shrine. The kings and knights of chivalric Spain have come here with rich tributes to offer their vows. And the poor, with bare and bleeding feet, have, century after century, climbed its rough sides out of mere love for their favorite sanctuary.

Poets, too, have come here to seek inspiration. Several Spanish poets of note have celebrated its natural beauties and its legendary

* *Ibid.* pp. 160, 169.

glory. Goethe could find no more suitable place than this wild, mysterious mountain for the scenery of one of the most wonderful parts of *Faust*—the scene where he makes the *Pater Ecstaticus* float in the golden air, the hermits chant from their mystic caves, and the bird-like voices of the spirits come between like the breathings of a wind-swept harp.*

We took the Zaragoza railway, and in an hour after leaving Barcelona were in sight of the towering gray pinnacles that make Montserrat like no other mountain in the world. It rises suddenly out of the valley of the Llobregat more than three thousand five hundred feet into the air, and looks as if numberless liquid jets, sent up from the bowels of the earth, had suddenly been congealed into colossal needles or cones. These cones unite in a rocky base, about fifteen miles in circumference, which is cleft asunder by an awful chasm, at the bottom of which flows the torrent of Santa Maria. The base of the mountain is fringed with pines, but the cones are ash-colored and bare, being utterly devoid of vegetation, except what grows in the numerous clefts and ravines. This serrated mountain, standing isolated in a broad plain, strange and solitary, seems set apart by nature for some exceptional purpose. It looks like a vast temple consecrated to the Divinity. Even the Romans thought so when they set up their altars on its cliffs. It is the very place for the gods to sit apart, each on his own pinnacle, and talk from peak to peak, and reason high, and arbitrate the fate of man.

The sharp needles which give so peculiar an appearance to the

* Mr. Bayard Taylor.

mountain are mostly of a conglomerate stone composed of fragments of marble, porphyry, granite, etc., and not unlike the Oriental breccia. Some say that these enormous clefts have been produced by the agency of water or volcanic force; others, that the mountain, like Mt. Alvernia in Italy where St. Francis received the sacred stigmata, was rent asunder at the great sacrifice of Mount Calvary, of which these profound abysses and splintered rocks are so many testimonials. Padre Francesco Crespo, in a memorial to Philip IV. on the Purísima Concepcion, says of it: "Astonishing monument of our faith, divided into so many parts in sorrowful proof of the death of the Creator!" And Fray Antonio, a Carmelite monk: "And in Montserrat is verified that which was spoken in St. Matt. xxvii.: And the earth did quake and the rocks were rent."

We stopped at the station of Monistrol, two miles from the town of that name which stands at the very foot of the mountain, and walked along the banks of the Llobregat by an excellent road, often bordered with olives at the right, while the other side was overhung by cliffs fragrant with rosemary and wild thyme. We passed several cotton manufactories, for this is the region of contrasts: Industry is running to and fro in the fertile valley, while Contemplation kneels with folded palms on the rocky heights above. But what divine law is there that makes physical activity superior to moral, or productive of greater results, as so many would have us believe in these *cui bono* days? Who knows what rich returns the cloud-wrapped altar above has rendered to these heavens? or how

much the proud world owes to the solitary Levite who in the temple keeps alive

"The watchfire of his midnight prayer"?

Monistrol derives its name from *monasterium*—a little monastery, which was built here by the early Benedictines. It is said that Quirico, a disciple of St. Benedict, came to Spain in the sixth century, and, hearing of an extraordinary mountain in the heart of Catalonia, called Estorcil by the Romans, he came to see it and said to his disciples: "On this mount let us build a temple to the *Mater pulchræ dilectionis*." His project was not realized till three centuries after, but he is believed to have built a small convent at the foot of the mountain.

It was late in the afternoon when we drew near the spot where St. Quirico and his disciples set up their altar, and the little white town of Monistrol lay closely hugged in at the foot of the mountain, behind which the sun sets by two o'clock, so that it was already in the shadow. On the outskirts we were surrounded by a swarm of swarthy gipsies ready to tell our future destiny for a *real*, as if we did not already know it! We crossed one of those bombastic bridges so common in Spain, as if there were a flood for the immense arches to span, and just beyond met the cura—a tall, thin man, with an abstract, speculative look, but who proved himself able to give good practical advice, which we followed by going to the little *posada* hard by for the night, and awaiting the morning to ascend the holy mountain. It was a clean little inn, but as primitive as if it had come down from the time of St. Quirico. Not a soul could we find on pre-

senting ourselves at the door, and it was only by dint of repeatedly shouting *Ave Maria Purísima!* that a brisk little woman at length issued from some cavernous depth, as if called forth by our magical words. She gave us a dusky little room, with a crucifix and colored print of St. Veronica over the bed, and, after exploring the town, we took possession of it for the night while the tops of the mountain, that rose up thousands of feet directly behind the house, were still flushed with light.

The following morning was warm and cloudless, though in the middle of February. The *tartana* came at ten o'clock—a wagon with a hood, drawn by three stout mules—and we set off with two men and three women, all Spanish, and all as gay as the crickets on the wayside. If their forefathers ascended the mountain with streaming eyes and unshod feet, they, at least, went up on stout wheels, and with many a song and quirk, though perfectly innocent withal. They were light-hearted laborers, released from toil, going with their lunch to spend a holiday at Our Lady of Montserrat's. Just after starting we passed the little chapel of the Santísima Trinidad, built, as the tablet on it says, to commemorate the happy ending of the African war in 1860. We soon left Monistrol below us. The view at every moment became more extended as we wound up the steep sides of the mountain. At the right was always the towering wall of solid rock, while the left side of the road was often built up, or at least supported, by masonry. Vines and olives clung to the crags as long as they could find foothold, and here and there was an aloe on the edge of the precipice. The bells of

Monistrol could be heard far below. The plain began to assume a billowy appearance, swelling more and more to the north till lost in the mountains. The air grew more exhilarating. In two hours' time we came to a chapel with a tall cross before it, and nearly opposite suddenly appeared the abbey of Our Lady of Montserrat, seven or eight stories high, with a cliff rising hundreds of feet perpendicularly behind, divided by deep fissures, and terminating in needles that looked inaccessible, but where we could see a hermitage perched on the top like the nest of an eagle. There is no beauty about the convent, or pretension to architecture, but there is a certain austere simplicity about it that harmonizes with the mountain. The narrowness of the terrace has prevented its extending laterally, so it has been forced to tower up like the peaks around it. The mountain, as M. Von Humboldt says, seems to have opened to receive man into its bosom. But nearly everything is modern, and everywhere are ruins and traces of violence left by the French in their ravages of 1811. Passing through an arched gateway, we found ourselves in a close, around which stood several large buildings for the accommodation of pilgrims. These are of three classes, according to the condition of the visitor, and named after the saints, such as Placido, Ignacio, Pedro Nolasco, Francisco de Borja, etc. The poor have two houses for the different sexes, where they are lodged and fed gratuitously. Bread is distributed to them at seven in the morning; at noon, more bread with olla and wine; and at night the same. Pilgrims of condition sometimes go to receive the bread of charity, which they

preserve as a relic. No one, rich or poor, is allowed to remain over three days without special permission. Even the better class of rooms are of extreme simplicity, containing the bare necessities for comfort. They are paved with brick, and the walls are plastered, but not whitewashed. A man brought us towels, sheets, and a jug of water, and left us to our own devices. The visitor offers what he pleases on leaving. Nothing is required. Meals are obtained at a restaurant at fixed prices. After taking possession of our rooms we went to pay homage to Our Lady of Montserrat.

The first thing that struck us on entering the large atrium, or court, that precedes the church, was a marble tablet recording one of the greatest memories of Montserrat :

B. Ignatius—A—Loyola—
 hic—mvlta—prece—fletv—
 que—Deo—se—virginique
 devovit—hictamquam
 armis—spiritalib'—
 sacco—se—mvniens—perno-
 ctavit—hinc—ad—socie
 tatem—Iesv—fvndan-
 dam—prodiit—an
 no M—D—XXII.—F. Lavren ne
 to. Abb dedicavit.
 An. 1603.

For here it was that in 1522 came the chivalrous hero of Pampeluna, who had passed his youth in the court of Ferdinand V., trained in the practice of every knightly accomplishment, but now smitten down, like St. Paul, by divine grace, and come here in accordance with the principles of Christian chivalry in which he had been nurtured, to devote himself to Jesus and Mary as their knight. He laid aside his worldly insignia, and put on the poverty of Christ as the truest armor of virtue, and, on the eve of the Annunciation, kept his vigil of arms before the altar of Our Lady, whom he now chose as the *Señora*

de sus penamientos—"no countess," as he said, "no duchess, but one of far higher degree"—and he hung up his sword on a pillar of her sanctuary as a token that his earthly warfare was over.

"When at thy shrine, most holy Maid,
The Spaniard hung his votive blade
And bared his helmeted brow,
'Glory,' he cried, 'with thee I've done!
Fame, thy bright theatres I shun,
To tread fresh pathways now;
To track thy footsteps, Saviour God!
With willing feet by narrow road;
Hear and record my vow.'"

So, in the *Book of Heroes*, Wolf-dietrich, "the prince without a peer," stopped short in his career of glory, and, going to the abbey of St. George, laid his arms and golden crown on the altar and consecrated himself to God.

On the other side of the entrance is a similar tablet relating to St. Peter Nolasco, a knight of Languedoc, who, after serving in the religious wars of the times, ascended Montserrat on foot, and, when he arrived at the threshold of the house of Mary, fell on his knees, and in this position approached her altar, where he spent nine days in watching and prayer. It was during one of his prolonged vigils that he conceived the project of founding the celebrated Order of Mercy, which required of its members to give themselves, if need were, for the liberty of their brethren in bondage, and which in the course of about four hundred years (1218-1632) ransomed, at the price of millions, four hundred and ninety thousand seven hundred and thirty-six Christians (among whom was the great Cervantes) from the prisons of the Moors, where they had endured sufferings no pen could describe.

Dwelling on these saintly memories, we passed through the arcades of the court, green and damp with

mould, and came to the church. The exterior, of the Renaissance style, is by no means striking. There are columns of Spanish jasper on each side of the door, with niches between for the twelve apostles, of whom only four remain. And over the entrance stands our Saviour giving his blessing to the pilgrim. There is a single nave of fine proportions, divided transversely by one of those iron *rejas*, or parcloes, peculiar to Spain, with a succession of chapels at the sides, by no means richly decorated. It was noon, and there was not a person in the large church. Divested of its ancient riches, and simply ornamented, it needed the crowds of pilgrims for whom it was intended to give it animation and effect. But the antique Virgin was there, in the centre of the retablo over the high altar, surrounded by lights, and we were glad of the silence and solitude that surrounded her.

The sacred image of Our Lady of Montserrat is believed to be one made by St. Luke the Evangelist at Jerusalem, and brought to Spain by St. Peter, and long preserved in a church erected by St. Paciano at Barcelona under the title of the Blessed Maria Jerosolimitana,* where it was still venerated in the time of San Severo, a bishop under the rule of the Goths. According to an old chronicle, it was to preserve it from the profanation of the Moors that, on the tenth of the kalends of May, 718, Pedro the bishop, and Eurigonio, a captain of the Goths, took the holy image of the Blessed Mary, and carried it to the mountain called Asserado, and hid it in a cave.

*This church is now that of San Justo y San Pastor which perpetuates the memory of the holy image by a chapel and confraternity of Our Lady of Montserrat, as well as by frequent pilgrimages to the mountain itself.

Amid all the wars and commotions of that age, it is not surprising that the remembrance of the holy statue became a dim tradition, and the precise spot of its concealment utterly forgotten. It was not till two centuries after that some young shepherds, guarding their flocks at the foot of the mountain, observed that every Saturday night, as soon as the darkness came on, a light descended from the heavens and gathered in a blaze around one of the lofty peaks. Their story was at first made light of at Monistrol, but, coming to the ear of the curate, a great servant of God and Our Lady, he resolved to ascertain its truth for himself. Accordingly, the next Saturday night, he set forth at an early hour with a number of people for the most favorable point of observation. As soon as it grew dark the supernatural light was seen, and a soft, delicious music heard issuing as from the depths of a cave. The curate did not venture to approach, but returned to consult the bishop of Vich, then residing at Manresa, the former place being in the hands of the Moors. This bishop, whose name was Gondemaro, took the curate and other members of the clergy, and, accompanied by several knights, ascended the mountain at the usual hour of the wonderful occurrence. They found the cliff enveloped in a cloud of fragrance. A shower of stars settled around the summit like a crown, and dulcet symphonies came forth from its bosom. This phenomenon lasted till midnight, when the music died away, the stars returned to their spheres, and silence and darkness resumed their empire.

The bishop passed the remainder of the night in dwelling on what he had witnessed, and at the first

ray of dawn summoned the curate and requested him to take the necessary means for examining the place by daylight. He was not obliged to repeat the command. The curate took his parishioners, and, accompanied by the bishop, went in procession along the banks of the Llobregat, and up the sides of the mountain as far as practicable. Then he despatched several young shepherds, who could climb the rocks like goats, to explore the cliff. After no little fatigue and danger they discovered a cave on the edge of a precipice, and within it the sacred image of the Mother of God, surrounded by an odor like that of a garden of flowers. The joyful cries of the shepherds, repeated by all the echoes of the mountain caves, made known their discovery. The bishop took the statue in his arms, and, desirous of carrying it to Manresa, they went circling the wild peaks with songs of joy in the direction of Monistrol; but when he attempted to go past a certain place on the mountain his feet became fastened to the ground like iron to a loadstone. The Virgin had chosen the mountain for her abode, and would not abandon it. After the first moment of astonishment the bishop comprehended the meaning of the Soberana Señora, and a chapel was soon built to receive the statue, which he entrusted to the care of the curate of Monistrol.

But this was not the first chapel on the mountain. The oldest was that of San Miguel, on the other side of the ravine of Santa Maria, said to have been built out of the ruins of a temple of Venus. We went to see it that afternoon. It stands on a lofty ridge of the mountain to the north, commanding a magnificent prospect. Beneath is

the whole valley of the Llobregat, but what below seemed like a vast plain here looked like the sea in a storm, in which wave after wave succeeded each other till lost in the Pyrenees. And these, capped with snow, looked like the foaming sea, run mountains high, all along the northern horizon. The whole country was dotted with villages. The river looked like a thread of silver winding through the surging valley. The sounds came up from below in a subdued murmur. At the right lay the Mediterranean, calm as a sea of crystal. Behind the chapel rose the tall cones, like the watch-towers of a vast fortress.* The solitude, the wildness, the awful depths over which we hung made a profound impression on us all. "How easy for the soul to rise to God in such a place!" we said. "Let us remain here the rest of our lives. With books to read, the chapel in which to pray, the mountain-side on which to meditate, and such a glorious view of God's world around us, what more in this world could we ask for?" Every now and then came the peal of the convent bells. The air was fragrant with the balsamic odor of the shrubs. The glowing sun lit up mount and sea. And a certain melancholy about these gray peaks and unfathomable abysses, the ruined hermitages and violated chapels, and even the wintry aspect of yonder plain, gave them an additional charm. While sitting on the rocks a Spaniard came along with his daughter, and, entering into conversation, we learned that they were visiting the holy mountain for the last time together, she being on the point of entering a sisterhood. They both showed the most lively

* The Moors called Montserrat *Gis Taus*—the watch-peaks or towers.

faith, and talked with enthusiasm of Montserrat, telling us how it had been rent asunder at the Crucifixion. After they had gone on in the direction of Collbato we sat a long time in silence, and then went slowly down the winding path, bordered with laurel, holly, heather, and shrubs of various kinds. On the way we met a long file of pupils from the abbey, ranging from ten to twenty years of age, all in gowns and leather belts like young monks. Two of the Benedictine fathers came behind them.

It was nearly night when we got back to the monastery, and as soon as we had dined we went to the church. It was wrapped in utter darkness, all but the sanctuary, which was blazing with lamps around the Madonna and the tabernacle. We knelt down in the obscurity close to the *reja*. In a short time thirty or forty students entered in their white tunics, and, encircling the altar, began the *Rosario* in a measured, recitative way that was almost a chant. Then they gathered around the organ and sang the *Salve* and *Tota pulchra es* with admirable expression. The lateness of the hour, the vast nave shrouded in darkness, the blazing altar, with the black Madonna above in her golden robes after the Spanish fashion, the groups of worshippers motionless as statues, the venerable monks of St. Benedict in the choir, and the white-robed singers around the organ, gave great effect to the scene. We wished we might keep our vigil before the altar, like St. Ignatius; but one of the lay brothers, with a queer old lantern that must have been handed down from the Goths, began to hustle us out of the church as soon as the devotions were over, and we went stumbling through

the dark court into the open air; and giving one look at the violet heavens, across which flashed a shooting-star, and to the tall black cliffs that overshadowed us, we went to our rooms, our hearts still under the influence of the music. The bells of the monastery kept ringing from time to time as long as we were awake, and they roused us again at an early hour the following morning, as if the *laus perennis* were still kept up as in the olden time.

It was not yet day, but we hurried to the early Mass, which is sung with the aid of the students, followed by another chanted by the monks, and the sun was just rising out of the sea when we came from the church. As soon as breakfast was over we went to visit the cave of Fray Juan Garin, which is in the side of an enormous cliff it seemed fearful to live under. He was lying there in effigy, with his book and rosary, a water-jar at his feet, and a basket at his head, as if he had just gone to sleep. His legend, though not pleasing, is too closely connected with the early history of the mountain to be wholly omitted. It has been sung, too, by poets, and one scene, at least, in his life has been perpetuated in sculpture.

Fray Juan Garin is said to have been born in the ninth century of a noble family of Goths at Valencia, and in the time of Wifredo, Count of Barcelona, became a hermit on the lone heights of Montserrat. He is represented as a man of wasted aspect, with a long beard, who lived in the cave of an inaccessible cliff, and, when he went forth, carried a long staff in his hands, which were embrowned by the sun. Here he attained to such consummate sanctity that the very

bells which hung between the two pillars before the ancient chapel of SS. Acisclo and Victoria rang out of their own accord whenever he approached. Every year he made a pilgrimage to the capital of the Christian world, and tradition says the bells of the Holy City spontaneously rang out at his arrival, like those of Montserrat. It would seem as if this holy hermit, regardless of the world, and by the world forgot, could have nothing to disturb his peace. But the great adversary had his evil eye on him, and resolved on his fall. For this purpose he turned hermit himself, as in the old rhyme, and put on a penitential robe and long white beard, which made such an impression on the count of Barcelona, when he presented himself before him, that he took his advice and brought his beautiful daughter Riquilda, who was thought to be possessed, to try the efficacy of Fray Juan's prayers.

Meanwhile, the devil established himself in the very cave on the top of the cone above the monastery still known as the *Ermita del Diablo*, and soon after the two hermits met as if by accident.

They looked at each other, but without at first breaking the holy silence that set its seal on their contemplative life. At length the Diablo addressed Fray Juan, saying he was a great sinner who had come to the mountain three years previously to seek pardon of God for his innumerable offences in solitude and mortification, and expressing surprise that they had never met before. Garin at first repulsed his advances, as if by instinct, but the Diablo continued to speak with so much unction on the redoubled fervor that would result from a holy union of prayer and

penitential exercises that Garin at length yielded, and finally let no day pass without meeting him and unveiling the innermost recesses of his heart.

We will not enter into the details of the tragedy which ended in the murder of the beautiful Riquilda. But when Fray Juan awoke to a sense of his crime, he was seized with so terrible a remorse that he once more set off for Rome to throw himself at the feet of him to whom are given the keys of earth and heaven, and confess his heinous sin. But the bells no longer rang out as he drew near. He was now

"A wretch at whose approach abhorr'd,
Recoils each holy thing."

Even the pope, with the power to him given to wash men's sins away, had no ghostly word of peace for him. But he sent him not away in utter despair. He imposed on him by way of expiation to go forth from his presence like a beast of the earth, to live on the herbs of the field, and keep an unbroken silence till a sinless child a few months old—O power of innocence!—should assure him God had remitted his sin.

And Fray Juan submissively went forth from the Holy City on his hands and feet, and directed his weary course once more to Montserrat. Meanwhile, the Virgin, as Mr. Ticknor says, "appearing on that wild mountain where the unhappy man had committed his crime, consecrates its deep solitudes by founding there the magnificent sanctuary which has ever since made Montserrat holy ground to all devout Catholics." *

In the course of time Fray Juan's garments were worn out; exposed

* *History of Spanish Literature.*

to the blazing sun of Spain, he grew swarthy of hue, and his body became covered with hair that made him look like a wild beast, for which, in fact, he was taken by the royal foresters, who fastened a rope around his neck and led him to Barcelona, where he was put in the stables of the count's palace of Valdauris, and became at once the wonder and terror of the people.

Not long after the lord of Catalonia made a great feast to celebrate the birth of his son, now four or five months old, and one of the guests expressing a wish to see the curious beast from Montserrat, Fray Juan was led into the hall. As soon as he appeared the infant prince, speaking for the first time in his life, said: "Rise up, Fray Juan Garin; thou hast fulfilled thy penance. God hath pardoned thee." And the penitent rose up and resumed his original form as a man.* He then threw himself at the count's feet and confessed his crime. Wifredo could not refuse a pardon God had granted through his child. He ordered Fray Juan to conduct him to his daughter's grave, and, followed by all the lords and knights of his court, he went to the mountain, and there, beside the newly-erected chapel of the Virgin, he found the tomb of the princess. When it was unsealed, to their amazement Riquilda opened her eyes and came forth from the grave. Around her neck was a slight mark, like a thread of crimson silk. As Faust says of Margaret:

"How strangely does a single blood-red line,
Not broader than the sharp edge of a knife,
Adorn her lovely neck!"

* There was formerly an old sculpture in this palace of the counts of Barcelona, representing the prince in the arms of his nurse, and the hermit of Montserrat at their feet. This is now in the museum of antiquities in the old convent of San Juan at Barcelona.

The overjoyed count took his daughter back to Barcelona, where an immense crowd came to see her whom the great *Madre de Dios* had awakened from the sleep of death. One of the knights of the court, struck with her beauty, requested her hand in marriage, but Riquilda felt that after so strange a restoration to life, she ought to consecrate herself to God on the mount where the wonder had been accomplished.

Wifredo, who was a great builder of churches, determined to erect a magnificent convent on the mountain. Fray Juan worked on it with his own hands, and after its completion retired to a cave, where he penitently ended his days. The convent was peopled with nuns of noble birth, and Riquilda placed at their head. Eighty years after Count Borrell, who was now lord of Catalonia, fearful of a Saracen invasion, substituted monks and transferred the nuns to the royal foundation of Santa Maria de Ripoll.

This legend of a rude age, gross in some of its details, has been celebrated in several poems, one of which, still read and admired, takes a high place in Spanish literature. This is *El Monserrate*, by Cristóbal de Virues, a dramatic poet, who was a great favorite of Lope de Vega's. Virues had served as a captain in the Spanish wars, and taken part in the battle of Lepanto. He belonged to an age when, as Mr. Ticknor says, many a soldier, after a life of excess, ended his days in a hermitage as rude and solitary as that of Garin.

The old counts of Barcelona made great donations to the convent of Montserrat, as well as the kings of Aragon after them. The monks were exempted from im-

posts and taxes, and made honorary citizens of Barcelona. They not only had possession of the mountain, but held feudal sway over several towns and lordships. The rule of St. Benedict is known to have been observed here in 987, when Prior Raymundo was at the head of the house. It was a dependence of the abbey of Ripoll until the fourteenth century, but on account of its miraculous Virgin, and the extraordinary history of its foundation, it at once acquired great celebrity, and not a day passed without numerous pilgrims. In the twelfth century there were so many that Don Jaime el Conquistador ordered all who went to the mountain to take with them the provisions necessary for their subsistence. These pilgrims, who were often from distant provinces, used to come with bare feet, sometimes with torches in their hands, or bearing heavy crosses, or scourging their bodies, or with a halter around their necks and manacles on their hands, as if they were criminals. And when the monks saw them coming in this manner, they went out to meet them, and released them from their vow by special authority from the pope, and brought them in before the holy image of the Mother of God, where their sighs and tears broke forth into piteous prayers.

These pilgrims had a kind of sacred character which prevented them from being cited before tribunals till they returned, except for crimes committed on the way, under a penalty of five hundred crowns. Leonora, the wife of Don Pedro el Catolico, was the first queen of Aragon to visit the sanctuary, and Don Pedro the Great the first king. The latter passed the night before the altar of Our Lady, imploring her aid against the French, who

were invading Catalonia. Don Jaime and his wife Blanca came together and endowed the monastery, of which their son was then prior. Don Pedro el Ceremonioso came twice: on his way to the conquest of Majorca, and again at his return, when he presented a silver galley in thanksgiving for his success. Queen Violante, wife of Juan I., came here with bare feet, out of pure love for the Virgin, bringing with her rich gifts.

When Ferdinand the Catholic was nine years old his mother brought him to Montserrat and consecrated him to the Virgin. After the conquest of Granada he and Queen Isabella came here together, with Prince Juan, their son, Isabella, widow of Don Alonso of Portugal, Doña Juana, afterwards called *la Loca*, and others of the royal family. They brought with them the two young sons of the last king of Granada, who were baptized under the names of Juan and Fernando. In the retinue were the great Cardinal Mendoza and a number of prelates. On this or some other occasion their Catholic majesties presented two magnificent silver lamps to burn before Our Lady of Montserrat, and Queen Isabella gave twelve yards of green velvet, and two of brocade, to the sacristy.

It was about this time that thirteen monks from Montserrat were chosen to accompany Christopher Columbus in order to establish the faith in the new regions he might discover. At their head was Dom Bernardo Boil, a noble Catalanian, who was raised to the dignity of patriarch and papal legate. Columbus gave the name of Montserrat to an island he discovered in 1493, on account of the resemblance it bore to the holy mountain of Spain, and the first Christian church erect-

ed in America was called Nuestra Señora de Montserrat.

Charles V. came to Montserrat when nineteen years of age, accompanied by his tutor, Adrian of Utrecht, afterwards pope. They found the court full of soldiers, with lighted torches in their hands, and the Count Palatine at the head of an embassy to offer him the crown of Carlo Magno in the name of the electors of Germany. Charles went to prostrate himself at the feet of the Virgin, and the following day left for Barcelona, after giving the father abbot the title and privileges of *Sacristan Mayor* of the crown of Aragon. He subsequently bestowed many gifts on the abbey, and gave it rule over the town of Olessa and other places. He visited it repeatedly, and not only remained several days at a time, but is even said to have tried the monastic life he afterwards embraced in the convent of Yuste. The third time he came here was in 1533, and on Corpus Christi day he walked in the procession with the monks, carrying a lighted candle in his hand. He liked to pass such great solemnities in a monastery, contributing by his presence and generosity to the brilliancy of the festival. He always invoked Our Lady of Montserrat before engaging in battle, and attributed to her his victories. He was at Montserrat when he received notice of the discovery of Mexico by Hernando Cortes, and when he heard of one of his important victories over the Moors. And on St. Margaret's day, 1535, the parish of Santa Maria del Mar at Barcelona sent a deputation of twelve persons to the mountain, habited as penitents, to pray for the success of the royal arms. They united with the monks and hermits in a devout procession around

the cloister, and made such prevailing prayer at the altar of Our Lady that Charles V. that very day took possession of Tunis. When the emperor, in 1558, found he was dying, he called for the taper blessed on the altar of Montserrat, and holding it in one hand, with the crucifix that had been taken from the dead hand of his mother Juana in the other, this great monarch, who, as he acknowledged to his kinsman, St. Francis Borgia, had never, from the twenty-first year of his age, suffered a day to pass without devoting some part of it to mental prayer, now slept for ever in the Lord.

Isabella of Portugal, wife of Charles V., likewise came here, and in her train the Marques de Lombay, afterwards Duke of Gandia, and Viceroy of Catalonia, now venerated on our altars under the name of San Francisco de Borja. With him was his wife, the beautiful Leonora de Castro, lady of honor to the empress. As a memorial of her visit, Isabella presented the church with a silver pax of artistic workmanship worth two thousand ducats, and a little ship garnished with diamonds valued at 10,800 *pesos*.

Some years after Doña Maria, daughter of Charles V., came here with her husband, Maximilian II., Emperor of Austria, to obtain a blessing on their marriage, and she spent several days here on her return to Spain. Her page, at that time, was the young Louis de Gonzaga, son of the Marquis of Castiglione, who afterwards entered the Society of Jesus, and is now canonized.

With this empress came also her daughter, the Princess Margarita, who prostrated herself at the feet of the Virgin and implored the

grace of becoming the spouse of her divine Son. Tradition says the Virgin gently inclined her head in token of consent. At all events, the princess, after her prayer, took a dagger from one of the cavaliers, and with blood from her own veins thus wrote :

"I solemnly pledge myself to become the spouse of Christ, to whom I here offer myself, begging his Virgin Mother to be my mediator. In faith of which I subscribe myself,
"MARGARITA."

She placed this vow in the Virgin's hand, and afterwards fulfilled it by becoming a nun in the royal foundation of the Carmelites at Madrid under the name of Sr. Margarita de la Cruz. This interesting document was long preserved in the abbey, but disappeared when the house was ravaged under Napoleon.

Philip II., the monarch who boasted that the sun never set on his dominions, visited Montserrat four times, one of which was on Candlemas day, when he took part in the procession, devoutly carrying his taper. He presented Our Lady with a silver lamp weighing over a hundred pounds, and an elaborate retablo for her altar which cost ten thousand *ducados*.

Don John of Austria came here after the battle of Lepanto, and brought several flags taken from the enemy, as trophies to the Virgin of Montserrat, and hung up in the centre of the church the signal-lantern taken from the vessel of the Turkish admiral.

The abbey at this time was one of the richest in Spain. It was surrounded by ramparts and towers for defence. It had its courts and cloisters full of sculptures, and carvings, and tombs of precious marble, whereon knights lay in

their armor, and abbots with mitre and crosier. But the church was too small for the number of pilgrims, and dim in spite of its seventy silver lamps. Abbot Garriga, one of the ablest men who ever ruled over the monastery, resolved to build a new one. This distinguished abbot rose from the humblest condition in life. When he was only seven years old his father, a poor man, ascended the mountain on an ass, with a kid in one panner and his son in the other, and offered them both at the convent gate. The porter accepted the kid, but refused the boy. The father, however, persisted in leaving him, and the abbot, struck with his intelligence, gave him a place in the school. He received the monastic habit at the age of nine. While a novice he used to lament the inadequate size of the church, and predicted he should rebuild it. He subsequently became abbot, and fulfilled his prophecy, but he ended his days in the lofty hermitage of St. Dimas, where he had retired to prepare for eternity.

When the new church was completed, as the Virgin could not be removed under penalty of excommunication, the sanction of the pope had to be obtained. Philip III. came to take part in the ceremony, and with him a crowd of courtiers and Spanish grandees. On Sunday, July 11, 1593, the king and all the court went to confession and holy Communion in the morning. In the afternoon the sacred image was taken down from the place it had occupied for centuries, and clothed in magnificent robes, given by the Infanta Isabella and the Duchess of Brunswick. Then the procession was formed, preceded by a cross-bearer

carrying a cross of pure silver, in which was set a piece of the Lignum Crucis surrounded by five emeralds, five diamonds, a topaz as large as a walnut, and a great number of pearls. Then came forty-three lay brothers, fifteen hermits, and sixty-two monks, chanting the *Ave Maris Stella*, each one carrying a wax candle weighing a pound. After them were twenty-four scholastics, and then the statue of Our Lady, borne by four monks in orders, wearing rich dalmaticas. Over it was a gorgeous canopy supported by noble lords. Behind followed Abbot Garriga and his attendants, and, after the peasant's son, King Philip III., bearing a torch on which was painted the royal arms, and a long train of lords and ladies, the highest in the realm. With all this pomp the Madonna was borne up the nave of the new church, and, amid the ringing of bells and the chant of the *Te Deum*, was placed on her silver throne, given by the Duke of Cardona.

All the kings of Spain, down to the end of the eighteenth century, came here with their votive offerings. The church had a font of jasper, a *reja* of beautiful workmanship that cost fourteen thousand ducats, and around the altar of the Virgin burned over two hundred costly lamps, the gifts of kings, princes, and nobles. She had four gold crowns studded with gems; one estimated at fifty thousand ducats, sent by the natives of Mexico converted to the faith. The monstrance for the exposition of the Host gleamed like the sun with its rays of sparkling jewels. Chalices were covered with rubies. There were golden candlesticks for the altar, and ornaments of amber and crystal, and vestments of cloth

of gold-embroidered silver, were all reared together in that simplicity of life that seems traditional among the Benedictines. The divine words that for ever ennobled the innocence of childhood have done more to efface artificial distinctions in monastic houses than the second sentence in the Declaration of Independence has ever done in our beloved republic. But in Spain there has always been a certain courtesy towards the lower classes that has tended to elevate them, or, at least, to maintain their self-respect. It is said that the dignity of man in that country seems to rise in proportion as his rank descends.

To this wonderful church, for the gilding of which he had contributed four thousand crowns, came Don John of Austria in the seventeenth century, and, penetrating into the sanctuary, he placed his hands on the sacred altar, and in a distinct voice pronounced the following: "I swear and promise to maintain with my sword that the Blessed Virgin Mary was conceived without the stain of original sin from the first instant of her being," which vow was repeated by all the knights in his train. There was formerly a painting in one of the chapels to commemorate this scene.

Many children of the first families of Spain used to be brought to Montserrat and consecrated to the Virgin. Sometimes they were even left here to pass their boyhood. Don John of Cardona, a Spanish admiral, who distinguished himself in the wars with the Turks, and at one time was viceroy of Navarre, was educated here, and said he valued the honor of being a page of Our Lady of Montserrat more than having been the defender of Malta against the infidel. He took for his standard her glorious image, and, when he died, was buried, at his own request, at her feet. So were many others, famous as soldiers or statesmen, reared on this secluded mountain. The pupils, as now, wore a semi-monastic dress. They daily recited the Office of the Blessed Virgin, sang at the early Mass, and ate in the monks' refectory. Nor were they all nobles. There were peasants' children, too, among them, but they

were all reared together in that simplicity of life that seems traditional among the Benedictines. The divine words that for ever ennobled the innocence of childhood have done more to efface artificial distinctions in monastic houses than the second sentence in the Declaration of Independence has ever done in our beloved republic. But in Spain there has always been a certain courtesy towards the lower classes that has tended to elevate them, or, at least, to maintain their self-respect. It is said that the dignity of man in that country seems to rise in proportion as his rank descends.

Among the more recent memories of the school, it is told how, September 30, 1860, Queen Isabel II. came here with her son, now King Alfonso XII., then only three years old, and had him made a page of Our Lady of Montserrat, and he was clothed in the dress of the pupils in the presence of the court.

But to return to the history of the abbey. The day came when all its riches were suddenly swept away. Catalonia was the first to rise against the government of Napoleon. Montserrat, being considered almost impregnable, was made a depot of provisions and munitions of war. It was fortified, and bristled with cannon like a citadel. Suchet attacked the mountain. It was vigorously defended by three hundred Spaniards entrenched in the defiles, but the French succeeded in gaining possession of it. The monastery was blown up. The hermitages were ruined. The hermits were "hunted like chamois from rock to rock," and the treasures of the church were carried off as spoils of war. All the testimonials of the faith of

Spain that had been accumulating there for centuries were swept away: the gold and the jewels, the paintings and carvings, the Gothic cloister and the tombs of alabaster—all, all disappeared. Only one priceless jewel remained, around which all the others had been gathered—the ancient Madonna brought from the East, which was once more concealed in a cave, as in the time of the Moors.

Towards the close of our second day on Montserrat we passed through an avenue of cypresses behind the monastery, and came to a small terrace on the very edge of the precipitous mountain-side, around which was a wall adorned with great stone saints that were gray and mossy, and worn by the elements. Against the wall were seats, and, in the centre of the plot, a tank for gold fish, with a few plants and shrubs around it. Here is an admirable view to the northwest, and we stood leaning a long time against the wall, looking at the broad *Vega* beneath, and the long range of Pyrenees that stood out with wonderful distinctness against the pure evening sky. Directly beneath us was Monistrol, and, beyond, Manresa, only three leagues off, but seemingly much nearer; and along yonder road winding through the Valley of Paradise, as it used to be called, must have gone St. Ignatius from Montserrat in his newly-put-on garments of holy poverty, which could not, we fancy, hide his courtly bearing or eagle glance.

Nothing could surpass the exquisite gradations of light and color that passed over the landscape while the sun was going down. The pleasant valley grew dim. Manresa receded, and her white walls soon looked like a ship at sea.

A purple mist began to creep up the mountain-sides. The snowy summits were suffused with a blush of rosy light. The last gleam of the sun, now below the western horizon, flashed from peak to peak like signal-fires, and then died away. The purple hills grew leaden. The rosy peaks became paler and paler till they were actually livid, and finally faded away into mere fleecy clouds.

Then we walked reluctantly back through the tall, dark cypresses to the convent, and through the shadowy cloister to the church, which we found dark but for the usual cluster of lamps around the altar, suspended there—beautiful emblem of prayer—to consume themselves before God, in place of the hearts forced to live amid the cares of the world.

There is an old legend, embodied in a Catalan ballad, that tells how an angel one night ordered Fray José de las Llantias, a lay brother of Montserrat, now declared Venerable, to quickly trim the dying lamps lest the world be overwhelmed in darkness because of iniquity.

The next morning, after the usual offices, we went to receive the father abbot's blessing and visit the treasury of the Virgin—no longer filled with countless jewels, but containing many touching offerings that tell of perils past, such as soldiers' knapsacks and swords, sailors' hats, innumerable plaits of hair, etc. Then we went up a winding stair, on which, at different turnings, three white angels pointed the way, to kiss Our Lady's hand, according to the custom of pilgrims. Afterwards we took a guide, and went to visit several of the hermitages, most of which are still in ruins. That of the Virgin has been restored, and from below

looks like a small château rising straight up from the edge of the precipice overhanging the ravine of Santa Maria. The ancient *Cueva*, or cave, where the Madonna was found, is now converted into a pretty chapel lighted by small stained windows. The adjoining cell has a balcony that hangs over the abyss, commanding a lovely view.

The hermitage of San Dimas, or Dismas, is on one of the most inaccessible peaks.

"*Gistas damnatur, Dismas ad astra levatur,*"

says the old Latin rhyme. This cell is now in ruins, but it was once fortified and had a drawbridge. Col. Green entrenched himself here in 1812 with a detachment of soldiers, and cannon had to be put on a neighboring height to dislodge him. It was in one of its chapels the great Loyola made his general confession, and to a Frenchman. In ancient times there was a den of robbers here, for which reason it was placed under the protection of the Good Thief when it was converted into a hermitage.

The hermitage of Santa Cruz is approached by a flight of one hundred and fifty steps cut in the solid rock. It is said to be so called because Charlemagne, when fighting against the Moors in the north of Spain, ordered a white banner, on which was a blood-red cross, to be set up on this peak. Here lived the Blessed Benito de Aragon for sixty-three years. The hermits generally lived to an advanced age, to which the pure air, as well as their simple life and regular habits, conduced. There are about thirteen of these hermitages scattered over the mountain. That of Santa Magdalena, one of the most picturesque, is two miles from the mon-

astery. They are all built on a uniform plan. There is a chapel, and connected with it is a small house containing an antechamber, a cell with an alcove for a bed, and a kitchen. On one side there is a little garden with a cistern. The hermits made a vow never to leave the mountain. On the festival of St. Benedict they received the Holy Eucharist together and had dinner in common. On certain days in the year they descended to the abbey, and always took part in the great solemnities. Their director, appointed by the abbot, lived in the hermitage of San Benito. Their rule was very austere. They observed an almost continual fast, and their abstinence was perpetual. Fish, bread, and the common wine of the region constituted their food. Most of their time was passed in exercises of piety, varied by the culture of their little gardens. They were allowed no pets of any kind, but the birds of the air became so familiarized with their presence as to approach at a signal and eat from their hands. This was no small pleasure, for there are nightingales, goldfinches, robin red-breasts, larks, thrushes, etc., in abundance on the mountain. When ill they were removed to the infirmary at the abbey.

The most elevated hermitage is that of San Geronimo. The way to it lies along the edge of deep ravines, over steep cliffs, through narrow fissures—a rough, fatiguing, enchanting excursion. There is a fresh surprise at every instant, from the continual variety of nature. We gathered fragrant violets, daisies, the purple heather, delicate ferns, branches of holly and box, that grew in crevices along the mountain-paths. We were so fatigued when we arrived that we

were glad to sit down against the crumbling walls of the hermitage, and eat our lunch, and take a draught from the cool cistern. The cell is on the brink of a gulf worn by torrents, into which it makes one giddy to look. Close by rises a tall cone which is the highest point of Montserrat. Here is a magnificent prospect of mountain, and sea, and four provinces of Spain. On the north is Catalonia and the glorious Pyrenees; at the east the blue Mediterranean, with the Balearic Isles in the distance; to the south the coasts of Castile and Valencia; and to the west Lerida and the mountains of Aragon.

The hermit of San Geronimo was always the youngest, and as the others died he descended to a cell less exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, leaving his place to a new-comer. It is a solitary peak, indeed, to live on, and yet in sight of so vast a world. We were there

at noon, when the sun was in all its splendor, lighting up the snows of the mountain and the waves of the sea. The wind began to rise with a solemn swell, giving out that hollow, ominous sound which De Quincey says is "the one sole audible symbol of eternity." The holy mountain, shivered into numberless peaks; the abysses and chasms that separate them, only inhabited by birds of prey; the variety of aromatic plants that grow in the rich soil collected wherever it can find room; the exhilarating air, the marvels of creation on every side, seemingly "boundless as we wish our souls to be," constitute an abode in which one would wish for ever to live. The lines of Fray Luis de Leon in his *Noche Serena* might have been inspired by this very spot:

"Who that has seen these splendors roll,
And gazed on this majestic scene,
But sighed to 'scape the world's control,
Spurning its pleasures poor and mean,
And pass the gulf that yawns between?"

MY VACATIONS IN SPAIN.: "THE CONSTITUTIONAL MADONNA.

Quinet, E

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From the Westminster Review.

MY VACATIONS IN SPAIN.

BY E. QUINET. PARIS, 1846.

THE author of "Ahasuérus," as he likes to be called, M. Michelet's colleague and *alter ego*, invites us to accompany him in soul upon a contemplative tour beyond the Pyrenees. We have repeatedly gone over the ground of late with travellers of divers kinds and conditions, some of them shrewd, lively, and humorous, others common-place and at times rather heavy on hand, but most of whom we should prefer to M. Quinet as our guides and fellow-travellers. We acknowledge his ability, and question not the sincerity of his high-wrought emotions, but his ways of thinking are far too transcendental for our sublunary habits. Mysticism is to him as the breath of his nostrils; he revels in dim abstractions, while we are asking after palpable realities. He is sometimes happy in his observations and his guesses, but for the most part he sees in a mesmeric trance, and utters his

visions in rodomontade. His language is by turns lofty, plaintive, severe, imaginative, impassioned; but unhappily we are often puzzled to know what it means. Nevertheless, we should not reject his aid towards solving the complicated congeries of enigmas which Spain presents to our wondering minds. His very defects may here prove useful auxiliaries, the force of sympathy enabling him to detect intuitively some secrets that escape the scrutiny of inquirers armed only with the powers of common sense and common experience. A woman will immeasurably surpass the subtlest philosopher, or the craftiest politician, in the art of unravelling the tangled web of woman's hidden feelings; Lear's insanity reveals itself in his confabulations with mad Tom; and in Spain's distempered organization there are chords most readily responsive to the touch of a simulated luna

ey, or a fantastic mummery, such as M. Quinet exhibits by turns. Let us hear him then, especially in his more intelligible moods.

"THE CONSTITUTIONAL MADONNA."

"The majority of Isabella II., which had been postponed for several weeks, is to be celebrated to-day. The portraits of that constitutional Madonna have been hung up since day-break at the church porches. The innocent *Nina*, not more than four or five months old, is clad in the royal mantle, with a heavy crown on her head; she lays her finger on a book, the moment selected by the painter being no doubt that in which her Majesty is sulkily spelling through the constitution. I do not think there is one window or balcony in the town that is not hung with silk or woollen drapery. The poorest people hang out some gaudy rag. Of all the feelings of the Spaniards this adoration of the Sovereign (*idolo de todos los buenos Espanoles*) is the one most remote from us, and which I have the most difficulty in comprehending; and yet such is the might of the genuine feelings of a multitude, that it is impossible to escape being affected by it at last. An undefinable emotion pervades the air; the eyes are filled with tears."

[We will not attempt to translate the following bit of mysticism].

"Comment exprimer la profondeur, le génie du regard de ce peuple qui cherche dans tout un présage? Celui qui trouverait le mot, le secrèt que ce peuple roule aujourd'hui dans son cœur, cet homme-là étonnerait le monde.

"I was disgusted in Germany by the inert obsequiousness of the crowd in the grand galas of the sovereigns; but here, I know not how it is, man's dignity scarcely suffers by the idolatry; the festival of the monarchy is at the same time that of equality. The grand dignitaries defile before me all bedizened, in shabby old hackney coaches, which have been dragged forth from their long repose for this occasion. Yesterday, when the queen drove through the streets, there was not a woman in the crowd but looked more royal than herself. To-day the men of the lower classes, in their hats à Fernando Cortez, their embroidered vests and cloaks, look a hundred times more lordly than the senators and chamberlains in their ugly modern costume. Judging by the eyes alone, the nobility are here in the street, and the bourgeoisie are at court.

"The cannons roar under the royal balcony; the bells peal from the steeples built by Philip II.; and are responded to with Riego's hymn, the Spanish Marseillaise, that smacks of the bolero as much as of the military march. Streams of milk flow in the square of the Autos-da-fe, to the great scandal of the 'Tarentula,' a journal which alone on this day lifts up its voice, counselling to spare the drained dugs of Spain. But the festival would not be complete without a dash of tragedy. Towards the close of the day, upon a vague rumor of riot—a suspicion snuffed upon in the air—the

troops fired three volleys upon the crowd as they were drinking lemonade. The people disperse, and again assemble, straw is spread over the blood on the ground, and the amusements are continued; they dance on the red-stained straw, and it is remarked that the ball to which Isabella II. invited the people turned to be a funeral. Is this ominous? What means the blood-spot on the hem of the maiden's robe? But already these gloomy forebodings have passed away, and every one hurries to secure a place in the theatre, to see the pieces composed for this important occasion by the first poets of Madrid.

"'Pray,' said I to my neighbor, in the theatre *del Principe*, 'who is that extraordinary person in the black cloak who opens the piece with so much violence?' 'Eh, what!' replied the man, 'don't you know him in your country? He is the cause of all our woes—the spirit of party.' 'And the other in the red cloak motionless at yonder door? His part seems to consist in knocking there without ever being able to get in.' 'You are right, Señor, he will not get in one step, you may be sure; he is the stranger vainly endeavoring to thrust himself into Spain.' 'And that other in a Jewish gabardine?' 'Oh, there is no mistaking him; look at his pale, haggard cheeks, and you cannot fail to recognize in him the *vile interest* that is always hungry, though it devours our public men one after the other.'

"I admired the facility exhibited by this individual of the lower class, of seizing on these abstractions and feeling a lively interest in them. After many dialogues, the several personages withdrew, abashed before the apparition of the great Isabella the Catholic, who came forth, resuscitated from her tomb, with the book of the constitution in her hand.

"At the theatre of *la Cruz*, Zorilla, the prince of modern Spanish poets, introduced together on the stage, War, in classic armor, to typify her pagan soul, Peace, a noble matron, clad in white, and Good Faith, in the costume of a Castilian peasant. But the personage that attracted universal applause was Echo, a maiden in a fancy garb, *vestida al capricho*. In verses as diversified as her costume, she collected all the voices of Spain, from the buzz of the insects in the field, to the psalmody of the monks and the whistling of the grape-shot in the civil wars. This poetic vocalization of Spain is interrupted by the arrival of Time, armed with his hour-glass and his scythe. The age is about to end; old Time turns his glass, and the new epoch commences. On a sudden the stage is brilliantly illuminated, and the startled genius of War and Barbarism exclaims, 'What sudden splendor inundates this palace?' Whereunto Peace replies, 'It is the smile of Isabella II., *Es la sonrisa de Isabella Segunda*.'

"At these words a shower of bouquets falls from the boxes; the enthusiasts of the pit throw their hats on the stage at the feet of Echo, Peace, and Time, whose wrinkled front unbends. The whole reminds me of the *autos sacramentales* of Calderon. This people have such an exuberance of life that it bestows a part of its store on abstractions that have no meaning for the rest of the

world; it inaugurates the constitutional government like an *auto da fe*.

"Nothing could be more sinister than the remainder of this holiday. Sentinels are placed at every issue, and all who pass are obliged to open their cloaks and show that they do not conceal an arsenal of *escopetas*. I hear shots at a distance at the end of the Calle de Alcalá."

M. Quinet is shut up by the civil war in Cadiz :—

"Reports of insurrections follow fast one upon the other. Carthagená, Murcia, Alicante are in open revolt, and the insurgents have seized the steamers. On the other hand the government religiously keeps its promise to shoot *on proof merely of identity*. The state of siege is rendered more stringent every day by fresh decrees of the Captain-General. Yesterday I remarked this one, *No one shall wear moustaches, gold or silver lace, or a foraging cap, on pain of exile or death*. You who read these threats imagine that a whole province is cast into dismay by them. Not at all. A nation has a pistol clapped to its throat and only laughs at it. Let me explain this prodigy which I have repeatedly observed, which must exceedingly astonish the rest of Europe, and which is indeed peculiar to Spain: no party there can strike terror into the other."

"You may give up all thought of understanding the struggles and conflicts of this country, if you do not at once see that you have before you a people who, after having been subjected to a '93 that lasted full three centuries, and possessed by an immense terror, has at last thrown it off. The Inquisition rendered Spain the dreadful service of extinguishing in it the sense of fear. After the holy office no bloody spectacles can surprise or awe the imaginations of man. Hence the fundamental difference between the French and Spanish revolutions is, that what was for a while the soul of the former is important in the latter. The one was based on terror; the other has rendered it impossible. What could Robespierre do after the grand inquisitor? And how could the Committee of Public Safety inspire with fear men who had passed through the reign of ecclesiastical terror in the silence of Philip? The very guillotine of '93 would lose its edge after the slow and mystic *auto da fe*; for what augmented the horror of those days was the secrecy and silence. All Spain trembled when no one knew where was the scaffold. It was felt, it was seen in every shadow. The lowest familiar of the Holy Office, stealing round the corner of a street, with downcast eyes, carrying with him threats of hell, was a hundred times more formidable than all the captains-general who now placard death in every corner of the peninsula."

Poetry and the drama in Spain enter largely into the matter of our author's speculations :—

"We were seated one evening according to custom, as silent as Ugolino in the tower of famine,

and each with a glass of water before him, when in came Francisco Alvares, of Castrogeritz, an old liberal who was seeking a place in the police. He had evidently met with some refusal that day. 'Yes, Señor,' said he, 'I would without a moment's hesitation give the ministers, the congress, the senate, and its mace-bearers the journalists, and the whole constitutional machine, for those two faces you see there painted on my snuff-box.' So saying, he threw it grimly on the table, called for his glass of water, and sank into silence like the rest of us.

"I took up the snuff-box, and curiously examined the two magic portraits that were worth more than a revolution. 'You do not surprise me,' I said, after a moment's contemplation; 'I recognize here an old acquaintance, a face I have seen in the Cortes.' Of course; who could fail to recognize Joachim Lopez? What a speaking countenance! What an orator! He is not the man that would leave without *destino* (employment) an honest fellow with two Carlist balls in his body! 'The other face I really cannot make out. This grave oval *hidalgo* visage, this ingenuous minstrel face, this forehead like that of a muselman angel. . . . 'It is plain you do not care much about authors, otherwise you would not be at a loss to name the twin-brother of Lopez in renown and love of Spain, the prince of our writers, the pearl of our poets, the illustrious Zorrilla, who, thank God, is never absent from me.' 'What, so young,' I replied. 'He looks like the youngest-born of Niobe.' 'May be so; but young as he is, that does not hinder him from composing his tragedy every fortnight, not to mention the shower of verses that falls every morning from his pen.'

"What! thought I to myself, there is still in this world a country where the poet has a place beside the tribune, in the hearts of disappointed *alguazils*!"

The theatres afforded M. Quinet abundant proof of this lively susceptibility for the charms of poetry which prevades the Spanish people. The modern Spanish drama derives no adventitious aid from external appliances. The body of the house is always gloomy and shabby; the stage properties are as meagre as those of the fifteenth century—a partition like a common parlor screen separates Don Pedro from the conspirators who are plotting against him; the music is wretched, and the actors intolerable. The sole power of poetry satisfies the spectators, and makes up for the deficiencies of the property-man, the scene-painter, and the actor.

"Listen to the endless and monotonous lamentation of yonder actress in the *Guzman of Gilly Zarate*. Her dreary jeremiad nevertheless brings down a shower of sonnets from all quarters. 'What superhuman voice is this? Is it a goddess that speaks, or an angel?' Some waft burning kisses towards the goddess, others of less sanguine

temperament fling their hats, as figuring a part of themselves, at her adored feet. "What is her name?" I said to my neighbor, a mule-driver, who had in this manner just sent his majestic sombrero, newly trimmed and adorned with two cockades, rolling to the middle of the stage. "I have not the honor to know her,"—*no tengo el honor de conocerla*, replied the mule-driver gravely, without giving a thought to the important gage he had flung into the lists, and which at that very moment ran a very great risk of being cut up by the glittering spurs of Guzman the Good."

The reason why poetry and the drama retain in Spain the popularity and the fascination which they have lost in other lands, is because they are essentially popular in language and form.

"Imagine a people whose literature is written almost entirely to metres like those of Beranger's *chansons*, for such is the case in Spain. When a French artist writes verses, his foremost care is to abandon the popular rhythm. From the very outset he forgets the humble burthens, the simple spontaneous tone and manner of the multitude, and becomes an academician on a lower scale. In Spain, on the contrary, the people give the tone, and the poet adopts it. The noble author aspires to reproduce the ditties of the poor, the Duke de Rivas engages in rivalry with his muleteer. In his interesting volumes of historical romances he gives the noblest reminiscences of Spain, in strains such as are sung by the *arrieros*. It is not uncommon for the poet to soar a biblical flight, but the accent of the people still adheres to him; and by the uniformity of its beat, that short measure which is that alike of the middle ages and of our times, of the muleteer and of Calderon, expresses better than any description could do the intrinsic principle of equality that levels all the outward distinctions of Spanish life."

The Spanish poets of the present day do not avail themselves as they might of their peculiarly favorable position in this respect. They do not seem to value at its real worth the privilege of possessing the popular ear, which the poets of other lands have nearly closed against themselves, by cultivating a literary language too distinct and remote from that of the ballad and other native productions of untutored poetic feeling. Instead of addressing themselves to the thoughts, feelings, and circumstances of their own times, and bestowing on their nation a living literature of the nineteenth century, these men seek only to resuscitate that of the sixteenth. With a revolution going on around them, they sedulously ignore all that belongs to the present day, and care only to amuse their countrymen with gorgeous phantoms, when they should enlighten,

encourage, reprove, inspire, and guide them.

No aspiro a mas laurel ni a mas hazaña
Que a una sonrisa de mi dulce España.

"I aspire to no glory beyond that of winning a smile from my sweet Spain;" so says Zorilla, the most eminent writer of this day in the Peninsula.

The fault is perhaps to be imputed rather to want of boldness and energy of will than to deliberate design. The authors only acquiesce to the wishes of the public, who do not like to see themselves represented to the life in their actual condition and habits, and to have their social miseries and vices displayed without disguise. The very journalist who declaims against public corruption would not tolerate its embodied exhibition on the stage. A knavish, rascally statesman may be put upon the stage, but he must be a Frenchman; otherwise the thing would not be endured. A play on the Spanish conspiracy against Venice was produced this year, but the spectators were so enraged at the failure of the conspirators, as to which the author had conformed to historical truth, that they tore up the benches and threatened to demolish the theatre. Next day the same piece was announced for repetition with this addition, "N. B. It is the people who are finally triumphant." Thus society and the poet agree in banishing importunate truth from the stage where stalks a Spain, full of heroism, chivalry, gallantry, good faith, clemency, and magnanimity. Delighted with its dream, the public refuses to be awakened; the grandeur of the middle ages solaces it for the humiliations of the present day; and amidst all her new vices Spain seats herself gravely every evening to be glorified for her past virtues.

"Once only there was found a poet bold enough to put without disguise on the stage Royalty and the Church, each in its naked wretchedness. What had never been said in Spain but in whispers, was that day promulgated in startling verses in the 'Charles II.' of Gil y Zarate. The poet personified three centuries of decrepitude and ruin in that Spanish monarch. On that stage where the royal person had always been held inviolably sacred, there entered an imbecile phantom of a king, attended by a train of familiars of the Holy Office. A king who, dying of the disease of his own kingdom, believes himself bewitched and applies to the inquisitors for a cure; processions of monks to heal the distraught; the confessor dismaying him with fear upon fear; the ceremonious agony

of a nation bent beneath the terror of the Holy Office,—all this spoke of itself to the souls of Spaniards. The poet had evidently opened an unfailing source of popular emotion. The effect of this drama was immense, and I can easily conceive that it should have been so. Every one felt himself, like Charles, bewitched with a malady which he knew not how to cure.

“But the author seems to have been forthwith astonished at his own daring; the poets but discovered their own power, and were frightened at the thought of exerting it. Renouncing the realities of the modern world, they returned penitently to the world of Lope de Vega and of Calderon, as if to revive the forms of the national genius was the consummation of the revolution in their art! On this principle the poets of the present day seem to content themselves with bringing back the rhythms and the charming melodies of the old theatre. They have recourse to the same artifices, cast their pieces in the same moulds, and wonder that they cannot match the marvellous productions they imitate; never reflecting that they have not substituted a new spirit for the ancient one which they possess not. . . . Was ever man less indifferent to the passions of his time than the Spanish poet of the sixteenth century? Did he not employ as his weapons every contemporary opinion, emotion, prejudice, fury, and fanaticism? While the rest of Spain seemed already dead, the pulse of public life continued to beat in his heart. What constitutes the originality of the ancient theatre is, that the oppressed soul of Philip the Second's nation seems to breathe out in it as through a cleft in its dungeon wall. Methinks I see before me a prisoner of state, who is allowed every evening to issue from his bastille and run in search of adventures. What a fund of life he expends in that ecstatic moment! With what panting eagerness he rushes forward! What movement, what sudden impulses, what a world of emotion concentrated in that brief hour! Spain has crouched all day, pale and shuddering, beneath the *raison d'état*; but evening comes, the curtain rises, and men breathe again. A world of freedom expands upon the sight; the cribbed and confined genius of the south bursts forth in words of tumultuous vivacity; it breaks its chains in the comedy of the *capa y espada*.

“The contrary happens now, notwithstanding the imitation of the old models. Freedom is in the streets, and in the theatre reserve, to which you may add timidity and almost diplomacy. Despite the example of the Revolution these chivalric poets scarcely venture to stain the stage now and then with the blood of one of their *dramatis personæ*. Now-a-days terror is everywhere in Spain rather than in its tragedies.

“When the man of modern times does happen by some unusual chance to present himself under the trappings of the sixteenth century, the contradiction is striking. No piece of our day has been more extolled than ‘The Cobbler and the King’ of Zorrilla; it indicates very pointedly indeed what has become of the political revolution in the minds of the poets. The title of itself announces the intention of solemnizing the new alliance between

the monarchy and the people. But on what condition? It is surely not a little surprising to see a people in the midst of a revolution adopting for the blazon of its banner on the stage the absolutism of Pedro the Cruel. It is true that Zorrilla has taken care not to depict in the tyrant of Seville the man notorious in history as dreaded and abhorred, *tan temido y aborrecido*. The poet has preserved on the stage the ancient inviolability of royalty, and has changed the monarch's crimes into virtues, always ranging them on the side of justice, nationality and equality. It is not the *Cruel*, but the *Justicer*, who is the hero of the drama. The king's enemies build their hopes on the foreigner; Pedro relies on a national executioner. Then in the cobbler Blas Perez, you recognize the people in confederacy with absolute power. It is true that this democratic personage carries his devotion towards the king at once to the pitch of self-renunciation. Blas Perez says so in some lines which seem made for us [the French]. ‘You cannot conceive how a man who loves his king should blindly sacrifice to him his reputation, his love, his reason, and his being. I must not attempt to explain it to you; you could not understand me, and I know beforehand that you would remain stupified and unconvinced.’

“To please Pedro the Cruel, Blas Perez becomes the executioner of the woman he loves; he does not hesitate a moment, and with the absence of the inward strife vanishes all the life of the drama. But this inflexibility is precisely what captivates an audience on the other side of the Pyrenees. The monarchical sentiment plays the same part in this piece as fate did in the Greek tragedy. One sees from the outset that all the personages will pass under that yoke, dead or alive; and thus is one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of these revolutionists the moral suicide of the people under the resuscitated despotism of the mediæval king.

“I cannot help seeing, however, that in Spain the spirit of equality is the soul of the theatre, as it is that of the monarchy itself. One common tone pervades the manners of the nation from the highest to the lowest grade, and the peculiarities of each condition are but feebly marked on this uniform ground. This explains why among the countless multitude of pieces of intrigue there are so few that portray class differences. No one bears upon him the legible mark of his birth or his station. The Spanish character is so deeply imprinted, that it effaces at the first view all secondary distinctions; whence it results that under this uniform cloak Spain must be pre-eminently the land of *imbroglio*. Mistakes, adventures and intrigues spring up and develop themselves spontaneously. In a country in which the people, the *bourgeoisie*, and the nobility might be constantly confounded one with the other, social life was an eternal comedy, *de capa y espada*.”

M. Quinet arrived in Lisbon in time to witness the last sitting of the Cortes in 1843, on the day when it was dissolved, and many of its members were committed to

prison. Insurrection had broken out in the principal towns of the coast; martial law was proclaimed, or rather all law was superseded, for orders were issued to put to death all suspected persons without form of trial, *sem culpa formada*. All the while there was not the least symptom of excitement displayed in Lisbon; the whole body of Portugal was convulsed, the head alone showed no sign of life. It was a phenomenon to move the special wonder of the Frenchman and Parisian professor. That the provinces should take the lead of the capital in turbulence appeared to him a reversal of the order of nature, and a confirmation of the saying of Senhor Herculano, that Lisbon is a *moral Palmyra*. It may be so in the sense in which the phrase was originally employed, but we cannot exactly see how the image applies to the fact spoken of by M. Quinet. Palmyra standing alone in the midst of a desert was never, either in its prosperity or its ruined state, the type of a body in which life has receded from the centre to the extremities. But the phrase *a moral Palmyra* has at any rate an imposing sound.

"The magnificence of Lisbon is sadder than the heaths of Spain; sumptuous streets, immense squares, the head of a great empire; and the silence and solitude of a buried nation or Gomorrah. I was particularly struck with this melancholy aspect when I thought of the exuberant vivacity of the towns of Castile and Andalusia. Where are the songs of Seville? Where are the groups of the *Puerta del Sol* in Madrid? Spain dances on ruins. Portugal lies in the throes of death on the threshold of a palace.

"The inhabitants remain invisible behind their closely latticed *jalousies*. They retain, as an effect of their long voyages, their past supremacy, and their slave traffic, an insuperable aversion for anything like servile work. Thirty thousand Gallegos of Spain are the only persons in Lisbon who consent to dishonor themselves by publicly making use of their arms. It is the old story of Cameons and his slave. The people remains stretched on its truckle-bed; the poor Gallego alone goes about the streets, and bears the burden of the day.

"The women, muffled in coarse grey cloaks and white hoods, pass silently along, like mourners at a funeral. They are seldom beautiful; but when they are so there is something about them that reminds one of the languid Hindu. If the Andalusian women are Arab in their appearance, those of Lisbon appear sometimes by their soft features, the transparent whiteness of their cheeks, and their infatigable accent, to be strayed sisters of Sacotala. When they crawl on their knees, beating their breasts, from the church door to the altar, one is struck by the contrast between this

vehement expression of contrition and the Asiatic indolence of their looks.

"Though Cameons has neither statue nor tomb in Lisbon, everything there tells of him. The majesty of the sites and the wretchedness of their occupants; the pomp of the new city, the horrors of the old one; the buildings on the distant heights mingling with the architecture of the clouds, and which when you approach them give out the stench of a charnel-house; the abandoned hermitages; the rustic car with solid wheels, passing along a fetid lane through the deserted port, a portion of the golden Tagus; all this speaks of the splendor and the penury of Cameons. The only thing that stirs and murmurs in these sumptuous and livid solitudes is the Tagus. It calls upon its ancient people of Argonauts, kings of the ocean; no one replies. And what is most alarming is, that nowhere in Europe are appearances better kept up, nowhere is there more outward regularity, better instituted police, or a more docile people. What is now called order among us is there realized in formidable perfection, with the supreme stillness of the tomb. Yet Donna Maria's Lisbon seems for all that the capital of Ines de Castro, who, exhumed and seated on a posthumous throne, rules between bankruptcy and Jesuitism over a defunct monarchy."

But he does not despair of Portugal; it still retains some dormant sparks of life which may be saved from extinction—all her literary men are devoting themselves to that pious task. The leader of the literary revival is Senhor Almeida Garret, a man who began life as a common soldier, and rose to be a deputy; he has been familiarized with imprisonment and exile, and has seen adventures and vicissitudes enough by sea and land to furnish stuff for many a drama. His plays are enthusiastically admired by his countrymen, whose taste for theatrical performance is now so strong, that more new dramas have been produced in the last five years than formerly in a whole century.

From the authors last chapter, consisting of a political exhortation to the people of the peninsula, we extract the following just observations on Catholicism:—

"Do not deceive yourselves as to the social forces which Catholicism is capable of lending to your nation. If you contemplate that system from this purely political point of view, this is what you will discover, viz., that nowhere does it supply a lever potent enough to raise up a fallen people. But as soon as a state has been stirred by the ideas of our age, Catholicism comes and borrows a portion of the new life thus engendered. After every revolution of our times I see it reaping what it has not sowed. If it shows new vigor anywhere, it is not in those places

where it holds single and undisputed sway, and where it must look to itself for all things, as in Rome, Austria, Spain and Portugal. In those countries where it is supreme it is dying spiritually. In France, in Belgium, in Germany, in the United States, and wheresoever else it encounters a moral, political, and philosophical life, it turns it very dexterously to its own advantage. In a word, this great focus is now in reality supplied only from without, taking from the strong the half of their strength, from the victorious the half of their victory, imparting its own weakness to the weak. The life it formerly bestowed on the world it now borrows; once it was creative, now it becomes parasitical."

Should the reader be disposed to think that the unfavorable tone in which we have spoken generally of the work before us is not justified by the specimens we have selected from its contents, our reply is, that we have chosen rather those passages which appeared to possess some intrinsic interest, than those which are most characteristic of M. Quinet's peculiar style.

SEVILLE.

The Catholic World, A Monthly Magazine of General Literature and Science (1865-1906); Oct 1876; 24, 139; American Periodicals
pg. 13

SEVILLE.

**Quien no visto a Sevilla
No ha visto a maravilla.**

Our first glimpse of the soft-flowing Guadalquivir was a disappointment—a turbid stream between two flat, uninteresting banks, on which grew low bushes that had neither grace nor dignity. It needed its musical name and poetic associations to give it any claim on the attention. But it assumed a better aspect as we went on. Immense orchards of olive-trees, soft and silvery, spread wide their boughs as far as the eye could see. The low hills were sun-bathed; the valleys were fertile; mountains appeared in the distance, severe and jagged as only Spanish mountains know how to be, to give

character to the landscape. Now and then some old town came in sight on a swell of ground, with an imposing gray church or Moorish-looking tower. At length we came to fair Seville, standing amid orange and citron groves, on the very banks of the Guadalquivir, with numerous towers that were once minarets, and, chief among them, the beautiful, rose-flushed Giralda, warm in the sunset light, rising like a stately palm-tree among gleaming white houses. The city looked worthy of its fame as Seville the enchantress—*Encantadora Sevilla!*

We went to the *Fonda Europa*, a Spanish-looking hotel with a *patio*

in the centre, where played a fountain amid odorous trees and shrubs, and lamps, already lighted, hung along the arcades, in which were numerous guests sauntering about, and picturesque beggars, grouped around a pillar, singing some old ditty in a recitative way to the sound of their instruments. Our room was just above, where we were speedily lulled to sleep by their melancholy airs, in a fashion not unworthy of one's first night in poetic Andalusia. What more, indeed, could one ask for than an orange-perfumed court with a splashing fountain, lamps gleaming among the trailing vines, Spanish *caballeros* pacing the shadowy arcades, and wild-looking beggars making sad music on the harp and guitar?

Of course our first visit in the morning was to the famed cathedral. Everything was charmingly novel in the streets to our new-world eyes—the gay shops of the *Calle de las Sierpes*, the Broadway of Seville, which no carriage is allowed to enter; the *Plaza*, with its orange-trees and graceful arcades; and the dazzling white houses, with their Moorish balconies and pretty courts, of which we caught glimpses through the iron gratings, fresh and clean, with plants set around the cooling fountain, where the family assembled in the evening for music and conversation.

We soon found ourselves at the foot of the Giralda, which still calls to prayer, not, as in the time of the Moors, by means of its muezzin, but by twenty-four bells all duly consecrated and named—Santa Maria, San Miguel, San Cristobal, San Fernando, Santa Barbara, etc.—which, from time to time, send a whole wave of prayer over the city. It is certainly one of the finest towers in Spain, and the people of Seville

are so proud of it that they call it the eighth wonder of the world, which surpasses the seven others :

Tu, maravilla octava, maravillas
A las pasadas siete maravillas.

The Moors regarded it as so sacred that they would have destroyed it rather than have it fall into the hands of the Christians, had not Alfonso the Wise threatened them with his vengeance should they do so. Its strong foundations were partly built out of the statues of the saints, as if they wished to raise a triumphant structure on the ruins of what was sacred to Christians. The remainder is of brick, of a soft rose-tint, very pleasing to the eye. The tower rises to the height of three hundred and fifty feet, square, imposing, and so solid as to have resisted the shock of several earthquakes. Around the belfry is the inscription :

NOMEN DOMINI FORTISSIMA TURRIS
—the name of the Lord is a strong tower. It is lighted by graceful arches and ascended by means of a ramp in the centre, which is so gradual that a horse could go to the very top. We found on the summit no wise old Egyptian raven, as in Prince Ahmed's time, with one foot in the grave, but still poring, with his knowing one eye, over the cabalistic diagrams before him. No; all magic lore vanished from the land with the dark-browed Moors, and now there were only gentle doves, softly cooing in less heathenish notes, but perhaps not without their spell.

On the top of the tower is a bronze statue of Santa Fé, fourteen feet high, weighing twenty-five hundred pounds, but, instead of being steadfast and immovable, as well-grounded faith should be, it turns like a weather-cock, veer-

with every wind like a very straw, whence the name of Giralda. Don Quixote makes his Knight of the Wood, speaking of his exploits in honor of the beautiful Casilda, say: "Once she ordered me to defy the famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda, as valiant and strong as if she were of bronze, and who, without ever moving from her place, is the most changeable and inconstant woman in the world. I went. I saw her. I conquered her. I forced her to remain motionless, as if tied, for more than a week. No wind blew but from the north."

At the foot of this magic tower is the *Patio de las Naranjas*—an immense court filled with orange-trees of great age, in the midst of which is the fountain where the Moors used to perform their ablutions. It is surrounded by a high battlemented wall, which makes the cathedral look as if fortified. You enter it by a Moorish archway, now guarded by Christian apostles and surmounted by the victorious cross. Just within you are startled by a thorn-crowned statue of the *Ecce Homo*, in a deep niche, with a lamp burning before it. The court is thoroughly Oriental in aspect, with its fountain, its secluded groves, the horseshoe arches with their arabesques, the crocodile suspended over the *Puerta del Lagarto*, sent by the Sultan of Egypt to Alfonso the Wise, asking the hand of his daughter in marriage (an ominous love-token from which the princess naturally shrank); and over the church door, with a lamp burning before it, is a statue of the Oriental Virgin whom all Christians unite in calling Blessed—here specially invoked as *Nuestra Señora de los Remedios*. The Oriental aspect of the court makes the cathedral within all the more impressive, with its

Gothic gloom and marvels of western art. It is one of the grandest Gothic churches in the world. It is said the canons, when the question of building it was discussed in 1401, exclaimed in full chapter: "Let us build a church of such dimensions that even one who beholds it will consider us mad!" Everything about it is on a grand scale. It is an oblong square four hundred and thirty-one feet long by three hundred and fifteen wide. The nave is of prodigious height, and of the six aisles the two next the walls are divided into a series of chapels. The church is lighted by ninety-three immense windows of stained glass, the finest in Spain, but of the time of the decadence. The rites of the church are performed here with a splendor only second to Rome, and the objects used in the service are on a corresponding scale of magnificence. The silver monstrance, for the exposition of the Host, is one of the largest pieces of silversmith's work in the kingdom, with niches and saints elaborately wrought, surmounted by a statuette of the Immaculate Conception. The bronze *tenebrario* for Holy Week is twelve feet high, with sixteen saints arrayed on the triangle. The Pascal candle, given every year by the chapter of Toledo in exchange for the palm branches used on Palm Sunday, is twenty-five feet high, and weighs nearly a ton. It looks like a column of white marble, and might be called the "*Grand Dieu des chandelles*," as the sun was termed by Du Bartas, a French poet of the time of Henry of Navarre. On the right wall, just within one of the doors, is a St. Christopher, painted in the sixteenth century, thirty-two feet high, with a green tree for a staff, crossing a mighty

current with the child Jesus on his shoulder, looking like an infant Hercules. These gigantic St. Christophers are to be seen in most of the Spanish cathedrals, from a belief that he who looks prayerfully upon an image of this saint will that day come to no evil end: *Christophorum videas; postea tutus eas*—Christopher behold; then mayest thou safely go; or, according to the old adage:

*Christophori sancti, speciem quicumque tuetur,
Istā nemp̄ die non morte mala morietur.*

These colossal images are at first startling, but one soon learns to like the huge, kindly saint who walked with giant steps in the paths of holiness; bore a knowledge of Christ to infidel lands of suffering and trial, upheld amid the current by his lofty courage and strength of will, which raised him above ordinary mortals, and carrying his staff, ever green and vigorous, emblem of his constancy. No legend is more beautifully significant, and no saint was more popular in ancient times. His image was often placed in elevated situations, to catch the eye and express his power over the elements, and he was especially invoked against lightning, hail, and impetuous winds. His name of happy augury—the Christ-bearer—was given to Columbus, destined to carry a knowledge of the faith across an unknown deep.

This reminds us that in the pavement near the end of the church is the tombstone of Fernando, the son of Christopher Columbus, on which are graven the arms given by Ferdinand and Isabella, with the motto: *A Castilla y a Leon, mundo nuevo dio Colon*. Over this stone is erected the immense *monumento* for the Host on Maundy Thurs-

day, shaped like a Greek temple, which is adorned by large statues, and lit up by nearly a thousand candles.

This church, though full of solemn religious gloom, is by no means gloomy. It is too lofty and spacious, and the windows, especially in the morning, light it up with resplendent hues. The choir, which is as large as an ordinary church, stands detached in the body of the house. It is divided into two parts transversely, with a space between them for the laity, as in all the Spanish cathedrals. The part towards the east contains the high altar, and is called the *Capilla mayor*. The other is the *Coro*, strictly speaking, and contains the richly-carved stalls of the canons and splendid choral books. They are both surrounded by a high wall finely sculptured, except the ends that face each other, across which extend *rejas*, or open-work screens of iron artistically wrought, that do not obstruct the view.

The canons were chanting the Office when we entered, and looked like bishops in their flowing purple robes. The service ended with a procession around the church, the clergy in magnificent copes, heavy with ancient embroidery in gold. The people were all devout. No careless ways, as in many places where religion sits lightly on the people, but an earnestness and devotion that were impressive. The attitudes of the clergy were fine, without being studied; the grouping of the people picturesque. The ladies all wore the Spanish mantilla, and, when not kneeling, sat, in true Oriental style, on the matting that covered portions of the marble pavement. Lights were burning on nearly all the altars like con-

stellations of stars all along the dim aisles. The grandeur of the edifice, the numerous works of Christian art, the august rites of the Catholic Church, and the devotion of the people all seemed in harmony. Few churches leave such an impression on the mind.

In the first chapel at the left, where stands the baptismal font, is Murillo's celebrated "Vision of St. Anthony," a portion of which was cut out by an adroit thief a few years ago, and carried to the United States, but is now replaced. It is so large that, with a "Baptism of our Saviour" above it by the same master, it fills the whole side of the chapel up to the very arch. It seemed to be the object of general attraction. Group after group came to look at it before leaving the church, and it is worthy of its popularity and fame, though Mr. Ford says it has always been overrated. Théophile Gautier is more enthusiastic. He says:

"Never was the magic of painting carried so far. The rapt saint is kneeling in the middle of his cell, all the poor details of which are rendered with the vigorous realism characteristic of the Spanish school. Through the half-open door is seen one of those long, spacious cloisters so favorable to reverie. The upper part of the picture, bathed in a soft, transparent, vaporous light, is filled with a circle of angels of truly ideal beauty, playing on musical instruments. Amid them, drawn by the power of prayer, the Infant Jesus descends from cloud to cloud to place himself in the arms of the saintly man, whose head is bathed in the streaming radiance, and who seems ready to fall into an ecstasy of holy rapture. We place this divine picture above the St. Elizabeth of Hungary cleansing the *leigneux*, to be seen at the Royal Academy of Madrid; above the 'Moses'; above all the Virgins and all the paintings of the Infant Jesus by this master, however beautiful, however pure they be. He who has not seen the 'St. Anthony of Padua' does not know

VOL. XXIV.—1

the highest excellence of the painter of Seville. It is like those who imagine they know Rubens and have never seen the 'Magdalen' at Antwerp."

We passed chapel after chapel with paintings, statues, and tombs, till we came to the *Capilla Real*, where lies the body of St. Ferdinand in a silver urn, with an inscription in four languages by his son, Alfonso the Wise, who seems to have had a taste for writing epitaphs. He composed that of the Cid.

St. Ferdinand was the contemporary and cousin-german of St. Louis of France, who gave him the *Virgen de los Reyes* that hangs in this chapel, and, like him, added the virtues of a saint to the glories of a warrior. He had such a tender love for his subjects that he was unwilling to tax them, and feared the curse of one poor old woman more than a whole army of Moors. He took Cordova, and dedicated the mosque of the foul Prophet to the purest of Virgins. He conquered Murcia in 1245; Jaen in 1246; Seville in 1248; but he remained humble amid all his glory, and exclaimed with tears on his death-bed: "O my Lord! thou hast suffered so much for the love of me; but I, wretched man that I am! what have I done out of love for thee?" He died like a criminal, with a cord around his neck and a crucifix in his hands, and so venerated by foes as well as friends that, when he was buried, Mohammed Ebn Alahmar, the founder of the Alhambra, sent a hundred Moorish knights to bear lighted tapers around his bier—a tribute of respect he continued to pay him on every anniversary of his death. And to this day, when the body of St. Ferdinand, which is in a remarkable state of preservation, is

exposed to veneration, the troops present arms as they pass, and the flag is lowered before the conqueror of Seville.

The arms of the city represent St. Ferdinand on his throne, with SS. Leander and Isidore, the patrons of Seville, at his side. Below is the curious device—No 8 Do—a rebus of royal invention, to be seen on the pavement of the beautiful chapter-house. When Don Sancho rebelled against his father, Alfonso the Wise, most of the cities joined in the revolt. But Seville remained loyal, and the king gave it this device as the emblem of its fidelity. The figure 8, which represents a knot or skein—*madeja* in Spanish—between the words No and Do, reads: *No madeja do*, or *No m'ha dejado*, which, being interpreted, is: *She has not abandoned me.*

St. Ferdinand's effigy is rightfully graven on the city arms; for it was he who wrested Seville from Mahound and restored it to Christ, to use the expression on the *Puerta de la Carne*:

Condidit Alcides; renovavit Julius urbem,
Restituit Christo Fernandus tertius Heros.

—Alcides founded the city, Julius Cæsar rebuilt it, and Ferdinand III., the Hero, restored it to Christ; a proud inscription, showing the antiquity of Seville. Hercules himself, who played so great a rôle in Spain, founded it, as you see; its historians say just two thousand two hundred and twenty-eight years after the creation of the world. On the *Puerta de Ferez* it is written: "Hercules built me, Julius Cæsar surrounded me with walls, and the Holy King conquered me with the aid of Garcia Perez de Vargas." Hercules' name has been given to one of the principal promenades of

the city, where his statue is to be seen on a column, opposite to another of Julius Cæsar.

The above-mentioned Garcia Perez and Alfonso el Sabio are both buried in the Royal Chapel. Close beside it is the chapel of the Immaculate Conception, with some old paintings of that mystery, which Seville was one of the foremost cities in the world to maintain. Andalusia is the true land of the Immaculate Conception, and Seville was the first to raise a cry of remonstrance against those who dared attack the most precious prerogative of the Virgin. Its clergy and people sent deputies to Rome, and had silence imposed on all who were audacious enough to dispute it. And when Pope Paul V. published his bull authorizing the festival of the Immaculate Conception, and forbidding any one's preaching or teaching to the contrary, Seville could not contain itself for joy, but broke out into tournaments and banquets, bull-fights and the roaring of cannon. When the festival came round, this joy took another form, and expressed itself in true Oriental fashion by dances before the Virgin, as the Royal Harper danced before the ark. Nor was this a novelty. Religious dances had been practised from remote times in Spain. They formed part of the Mozarabic rite, which Cardinal Ximenes re-established at Toledo, authorizing dances in the choir and nave. St. Basil, among other fathers, approved of imitating the *tripudium angelorum*—the dance of the angelic choirs that

"Sing, and, singing in their glory, move."

At the Cathedral of Seville the choir-boys, called *Los Seises*—the Sixes—used to dance to the sound of ivory castanets before the Host

in Corpus Christi, and in the chapel of the Virgin on the 8th of December, when they were dressed in blue and white. Sometimes they sang as they danced. One of their hymns began: "Hail, O Virgin, purer and fairer than the dawn or star of day! Daughter, Mother, Spouse, Maria! and the Eastern Gate of God!" with the chorus: "Sing, brothers, sing, to the praise of the Mother of God; of Spain the royal patroness, conceived without sin!" There was nothing profane in this dance. It was a kind of cadence, decorous, and not without religious effect. Several of the archbishops of Seville, however, endeavored to suppress it, but the lower clergy long clung to the custom. Pope Eugenius IV., in 1439, authorized the dance of the *Seises*. St. Thomas of Villanueva speaks approvingly of the religious dances of Seville in his day. They were also practised in Portugal, where we read of their being celebrated at the canonization of St. Charles Borromeo, as in Spain for that of St. Ignatius de Loyola. These, however, were of a less austere character, and were not performed in church. In honor of the latter, quadrilles were formed of children, personifying the four quarters of the globe, with costumes in accordance. America had the greatest success, executed by children eight or ten years old, dressed as monkeys, parrots, etc.—tropical America, evidently. These were varied in one place by the representation of the taking of Troy, the wooden horse included.

The Immaculate Conception is still the favorite dogma of this region. *Ave Maria Purissima!* is still a common exclamation. There are few churches without a Virgin dressed in blue and white; few

houses without a picture, at least, of Mary Most Pure. There are numerous confraternities of the Virgin, some of whom come together at dawn to recite the *Rosario de la Aurora*. Among the hymns they sing is a verse in which Mary is compared to a vessel of grace, of which St. Joseph is the sail, the child Jesus the helm, and the oars are the pious members, who devoutly pray:

"Es Maria la nave de gracia,
San José la vela, el Niño el timon;
Y los remos son las buenas almas
Que van al Rosario con gran devocion."

There is another chapel of Our Lady in the cathedral of Seville, in which is a richly-sculptured retablo with pillars, and niches, and statues, all of marble, and a balustrade of silver, along the rails of which you read, in great silver letters, the angelic salutation: AVE MARIA!

At the further end of one of the art-adorned sacristies hangs Pedro de Campaña's famous "Descent from the Cross," before which Murillo loved to meditate, especially in his last days. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, in deep-red mantles, let down the dead Christ. St. John stands at the foot ready to receive him. The Virgin is half fainting. Magdalen is there with her vase. The figures are a little stiff, but their attitudes are expressive of profound grief, and the picture is admirable in coloring and religious in effect, as well as interesting from its associations. It was once considered so awful that Pacheco was afraid to remain before it after dark. But those were days of profound religious feeling; now men are afraid of nothing. And it was so full of reality to Murillo that, one evening, lingering longer than usual before it, the sacristan

came to warn him it was time to close the church. "I am waiting," said the pious artist, rousing from his contemplation, "till those holy men shall have finished taking down the body of the Lord." The painting then hung in the church of Santa Cruz, and Murillo was buried beneath it. This was destroyed by Marshal Soult, and the bones of the artist scattered.

In the same sacristy hang, on opposite walls, St. Leander and his brother Isidore, by Murillo, both with noble heads. The latter is the most popular saint in Spain after St. James, and is numbered among the fathers of the church. Among the twelve burning suns, circling in the fourth heaven of Dante's Paradiso, is "the arduous spirit of Isidore," whom the great Alcuin long before called "Hesperus, the star of the church—*Fubar Ecclesiæ, sidus Hespericæ.*" The Venerable Bede classes him with Jerome, Athanasius, Augustine, and Cyprian; and it was after dictating some passages from St. Isidore that he died.

St. Isidore is said to have been descended from the old Gothic kings. At any rate, he belonged to a family of saints, which is better; his sister and two brothers being in the calendar. His saintly mother, when the family was exiled from Carthage on account of their religion, chose to live in Seville, saying with tears: "Let me die in this foreign land, and have my sepulchre here where I was brought to the knowledge of God!" It is said a swarm of bees came to rest on the mouth of St. Isidore when a child, as is related of several other men celebrated for their mellifluence—Plato and St. Ambrose, for example. Old legends tell how he went to Rome and back

in one night. However that may be, his mind was of remarkable activity and compass, and took in all the knowledge of the day. He knew Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, and wrote such a vast number of works as to merit the title of *Doctor Egregius*. There are two hundred MSS. of his in the *Bibliothèque Royale* at Paris, and still more at the Vatican, to say nothing of those in Spain. His great work, the *Etymologies*, in twenty books, is an encyclopædia of all the learning of the seventh century. Joseph Scaliger says it rendered great service to science by saving from destruction what would otherwise have been irretrievably lost.

The account of St. Isidore's death, celebrated by art, is very affecting. When he felt his end was drawing near, he summoned two of his suffragans, and had himself transported to the church of San Vicente amid a crowd of clergy, monks, and the entire population of Seville, who rent the air with their cries. When he arrived before the high altar, he ordered all the women to retire. Then one of the bishops clothed him in sackcloth, and the other sprinkled him with ashes. In this penitential state he publicly confessed his sins, imploring pardon of God, and begging all present to pray for him. "And if I have offended any one," added he, "let him pardon me in view of my sincere repentance." He then received the holy Body of the Lord, and gave all around him the kiss of peace, desiring that it might be a pledge of eternal reunion, after which he distributed all the money he had left to the poor. He was then taken home, and died four days after.*

* Roelas' masterpiece, the *Transito de San Isidoro*, in the church of that name, represents this

On the church in which this touching scene occurred is represented San Vicente, the titular, with the legendary crow which piloted the ship that bore his body to Lisbon, with a pitchfork in its mouth. Mr. Ford, whose knowledge of saintly lore is not commensurate with his desire to be funny, thinks "a rudder would be more appropriate," not knowing that a fork was one of the instruments used to torture the "Invincible Martyr." Prudentius says: "When his body was lacerated by iron forks, he only smiled on his tormentors; the pangs they inflicted were a delight; thorns were his roses; the flames a refreshing bath; death itself was but the entrance to life."

Near the cathedral is the Alcazar, with battlemented walls, and an outer pillared court where pace the guards to defend the shades of past royalty. As we had not then seen the Alhambra, we were the more struck by the richness and beauty of this next best specimen of Moorish architecture. The fretwork of gold on a green ground, or white on red; the mysterious sentences from the Koran; the curious ceilings inlaid with cedar; the brilliant *azulejos*; the Moorish arches and decorations; and the secluded courts, were all novel, and like a page from some Eastern romance. The windows looked out on enchanting gardens, worthy of being sung by Ariosto, with orange hedges, palm-trees, groves of citrons and pomegranates, roses in full bloom, though in solem scene. The dying saint is on the steps of the altar, supported by two bishops, who look all the more venerable from contrast with the fresh bloom of the beautiful choir-boys behind; the multitude is swaying with grief through the long, receding aisles; and, in the opening heavens above, appear Christ and the Virgin, ready to receive him into the glory of which we catch a glimpse. It is a picture that can only be compared to Domenichino's "Last Communion of St. Jerome."

January; kiosks lined with bright *azulejos*, and a fountain in the centre; fish playing in immense marble tanks, tiny jets of water springing up along the paths to cool the air, a bright sun, and a delicious temperature. All this was the creation of Don Pedro the Cruel, aided by some of the best Moorish workmen from Granada. Here reigned triumphant Maria de Padilla, called the queen of sorcerers by the people, who looked upon Don Pedro as bewitched. When she died, the king had her buried with royal honors—shocking to say, in the *Capilla Real*, where lies Fernando the Saint! Her apartments are pointed out, now silent and deserted where once reigned love and feasting—yes, and crime. In one of the halls it is said Don Pedro treacherously slew Abou Said, King of the Moors, who had come to visit him in sumptuous garments of silk and gold, covered with jewels—slew him for the sake of the booty. Among the spoils were three rubies of extraordinary brilliancy, as large as pigeons' eggs, one of which Don Pedro afterwards gave the Black Prince; it is now said to adorn the royal crown of England.

There is a little oratory in the Alcazar, only nine or ten feet square, called the *Capilla de los Azulejos*, because the altar, retable, and the walls to a certain height, are composed of enamelled tiles, some of which bear the F and Y, with the arrows and yoke, showing they were made in the time of Isabella the Catholic. The altar-piece represents the Visitation. In this chapel Charles V. was married to Isabella of Portugal.

No one omits to visit the hospital of *La Caridad*, which stands on a square by the Guadalquivir, with

five large pictures on the front, of blue and white *azulejos*, painted after the designs of Murillo. One of them represents St. George and the dragon, to which saint the building is dedicated. This hospital was rebuilt in 1664 by Miguel de Mañara in expiation of his sins; for he had been, before his conversion, a very Don Juan for profligacy. In his latter days he acquired quite a reputation for sanctity, and some years since there was a question of canonizing him. However, he had inscribed on his tomb the unique epitaph: "Here lie the ashes of the worst man that ever lived in the world." He was a friend of Murillo's, and, being a man of immense wealth, employed him to adorn the chapel of his hospital. Marshal Soult carried off most of these paintings, among which was the beautiful "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," now at Madrid; but six still remain. "Moses smiting the Rock" and the "Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes" are justly noted, but the most beautiful is the picture of San Juan de Dios staggering home through the dark street on a stormy night, with a dying man on his shoulder. An angel, whose heavenly radiance lights up the gloom with truly Rembrandt coloring, is aiding him to bear his burden.

There is a frightful picture among these soft Murillos, by Juan Valdés Leal, of a half-open coffin, in which lies a bishop in magnificent pontifical robes, who is partially eaten up by the worms. Murillo could never look at it without compressing his nose, as if it gave out a stench. The "Descent from the Cross" over the altar is exquisitely carved and colored. Few chapels contain so many gems of art, but the light is ill-adapted for displaying them.

This hospital was in part founded for night wanderers. It is now an almshouse for old men, and served by Sisters of Charity.

Among other places of attraction are the palace of the Duke de Montpensier and the beautiful grounds with orange orchards and groves of palm-trees. Then there is the house of Murillo, bright and sunny with its pleasant court and marble pillars, still the home of art, owned by a dignitary of the church.

The *Casa de Pilatos* is an elegant palace, half Moorish, half Gothic, belonging to the Duke of Medina Celi, said to have been built by a nobleman of the sixteenth century, in commemoration of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, after the plan of Pilate's house. Perhaps the name was given it because the public stations of the *Via Crucis*, or Way of Bitterness, as the Spanish call it, begin here, at the cross in the court. The Pretorian chapel has a column of the flagellation and burning lamps; and on the staircase, as you go up, is the cock in memory of St. Peter. Beautiful as the palace is, it is unoccupied, and kept merely for show.

It would take a volume to describe all the works of art to be seen in the palaces and churches of Seville. We will only mention the *Jesus Nazareno del Gran Poder*—of great power—at San Lorenzo, a statue by Montañes, which is carried in the processions of Holy Week, dressed in black velvet bordered with silver and gold, and bearing a large cross encrusted with ivory, shell, and pearl. Angels, with outspread wings, bear lanterns before him. The whole group is carried by men so concealed under draperies that it seems to move of itself. We had not the satisfaction of witnessing one of these proces-

sions, perhaps the most striking in the world, with the awful scenes of the Passion, the Virgin of Great Grief, and the apostles in their traditional colors; even Judas in yellow, still in Spain the color of infamy and criminals.

Of course we went repeatedly to the *Museo* of Seville; for we had specially come here to see Murillo on his native ground. His statue is in the centre of the square before it. The collection of paintings is small, but it comprises some of the choicest specimens of the Seville school. They are all of a religious nature, and therefore not out of place in the church and sacristy where they are hung—part of the suppressed convent of *La Merced*, founded by Fernando el Santo in the thirteenth century. The custodian who ushered us in waved his hand to the pictures on the opposite wall, breathing rather than saying the word *Murillo!* with an ineffable accent, half triumph, half adoration, and then kissed the ends of his fingers to express their delicious quality. He was right. They are adorable. We recognized them at a glance, having read of them for long years, and seen them often in our dreams. And visions they are of beauty and heavenly rapture, such as Murillo alone could paint. His refinement of expression, his warm colors and shimmering tints, the purity and tenderness of his Virgins, the ecstatic glow of his saints, and the infantine grace and beauty of his child Christs, all combine to make him one of the most beautiful expressions of Christian art, in harmony with all that is mystical and fervid. He has twenty-four paintings here, four of which are Conceptions, the subject for which he is specially renowned. Murillo is emphatically the Pain-

ter of the Immaculate Conception. When he established the Academy of Art at Seville, of which he and Herrera were the first presidents, every candidate had to declare his belief in the Most Pure Conception of the Virgin. It was only three months before Murillo's birth that Philip IV., amid the enthusiastic applause of all Spain, solemnly placed his kingdom under the protection of the *Virgen concebida sin peccado*. Artists were at once inspired by the subject, and vied with each other in depicting the

"Woman above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

But Murillo alone rose to the full height of this great theme, and he will always be considered as, *par excellence*, the *Pintor de las Concepciones*. He painted the Conception twenty-five times, and not twice in the same way. Two are at Paris, several in England, three at Madrid, and four in this museum, one of which is called the *Perla*—a pearl indeed. Innocence and purity, of course, are the predominant expressions of these Virgins, from the very nature of the subject. Mary is always represented clothed in flowing white robes, and draped with an azure mantle. She is radiant with youth and grace, and mysterious and pure as the heaven she floats in. Her small, delicate hands are crossed on her virginal breast or folded in adoration. Her lips are half open and tremulous. She is borne up in a flood of silvery light, calmly ecstatic, her whole soul in her eyes, which are bathed in a humid languor, and her beautiful hair, caressed by the wind, is floating around her like an aureola of gold. The whole is a vision as intoxicating as a cloud of Arabian incense. It is a poem of mystical

love—the very ecstasy of devotion.

Murillo's best paintings were done for the Franciscans, the great defenders of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. From the Capuchins of Seville perhaps he derived his inspiration. They were his first patrons. He loved to paint the Franciscan saints, as well as their darling dogma. Such subjects were in harmony with his spiritual nature. He almost lived in the cloister. Piety reigned in his household. One of his sons took orders, and his daughter, Francisca, the model of some of his virgins, became a nun in the convent of the *Madre de Dios*.

Among his paintings here is one of "St. Francis at the foot of the Cross," trampling the world and its vanities under his feet. Our Saviour has detached one bleeding hand from the cross, and bends down to lay it on the shoulder of the saint, as if he would draw him closer to his wounded side. St. Francis is looking up with a whole world of adoring love in his eyes, of self-surrender and *abandon* in his attitude. Though sombre in tone, this is one of the most expressive and devotional of pictures, and, once seen, can never be forgotten.

Then there is St. Felix, in his brown Franciscan dress, holding the beautiful child Jesus in his arms. When we first saw it, the afternoon sun, streaming through the windows, threw fresh radiance over the heavenly Madonna, who comes lightly, so lightly! down through the luminous ether, borne by God's angels, slightly bending forward to the saint, as if with special predilection. A wallet of bread is at his feet, in reference to the legend that St. Felix went out

one stormy night to beg for the poor brethren of his convent, and met a child radiant with goodness and beauty, who gave him a loaf and then disappeared. This picture is the perfection of what is called Murillo's *vaporous* style. The Spanish say it was painted *con leche y sangre*—with milk and blood.

The *Servietta*, so famous, is greatly injured. It is said to have been dashed off on a napkin, while waiting for his dinner, and given to the porter of the convent. If so, the friars' napkins were of very coarse canvas, as may be seen where the paint has scaled off. The Virgin, a half-length, has large, Oriental eyes, full of intensity and earnestness.

Opposite is St. Thomas of Villanueva, giving alms to the poor, with a look of compassionate feeling on his pale, emaciated face, the light coming through the archway above him with fine effect. The beggars around him stand out as if in relief. One is crawling up to the saint on his knees, the upper part of his body naked and brown from exposure. A child in the corner is showing his coin to his mother with glee. Murillo used to call this *his* picture, as if he preferred it to his other works.

St. Thomas was Archbishop of Valencia in the sixteenth century, and a patron of letters and the arts, but specially noted for his excessive charity, for which he is sur-named the Almsgiver. His ever-open purse was popularly believed to have been replenished by the angels. When he died, more than eight thousand poor people followed him to the grave, filling the air with their sighs and groans. Pope Paul V. canonized him, and ordered that he should be represented with a purse instead of a crosier.

Murillo's SS. Justa and Rufina are represented with victorious palms of martyrdom, holding between them the Giralda, of which they have been considered the special protectors since a terrible storm in 1504, which threatened the tower. They are two Spanish-looking maidens, one in a violet dress and yellow mantle, the other in blue and red, with earthen dishes around their feet. They lived in the third century, and were the daughters of a potter in Triana, a faubourg of Seville, on the other side of the river, which has always been famous for its pottery. In the time of the Arabs beautiful *azulejos* were made here, of which specimens are to be seen in some of the churches of Seville. In the sixteenth century there were fifty manufactories here, which produced similar ones of very fine lustre, such as we see at the *Casa de Pilatos*. Cervantes celebrates Triana in his *Rinconete y Cortadillo*. It is said to derive its name, originally Trajana, from the Emperor Trajan, who was born not far from Seville. It has come down from its high estate, and is now mostly inhabited by gypsies and the refuse of the city. The potteries are no longer what they once were. But there is an interesting little church, called Santa Ana, built in the time of Alfonso the Wise, in which are some excellent pictures, and a curious tomb of the sixteenth century made of *azulejos*. It was in this unpromising quarter the two Christian maidens, Justa and Rufina, lived fifteen hundred years ago or more. Some pagan women coming to their shop one day to buy vases for the worship of Venus, they refused to sell any for the purpose, and the women fell upon their stock of dishes and broke them to pieces.

The saints threw the images of Venus into the ditch to express their abhorrence. Whereupon the people dragged them before the magistrates, and, confessing themselves to be Christians, they were martyred.

There are two St. Anthonies here by Murillo, one of which is specially remarkable for beauty and intensity of expression. The child Jesus has descended from the skies, and sits on an open volume, about to clasp the saint around the neck. St. Anthony's face seems to have caught something of the glow of heaven. Angels hover over the scene, as well they may.

There are several paintings here by the genial Pacheco, the father-in-law of Velasquez; among others one of St. Peter Nolasco, the tutor of Don Jayme *el Conquistador*, going in a boat to the redemption of captives. The man at the prow is Cervantes, who, with the other *beaux esprits* of the day, used to assemble in the studio of Pacheco, a man of erudition and a poet as well as a painter. Pacheco was a familiar of the Inquisition, and inspector of sacred pictures. It was in the latter capacity he laid down rules for their representation, among which were some relating to paintings of the Immaculate Conception (he has two paintings of this subject in the museum), which were generally adhered to in Spain. The general idea was taken from the woman in the Apocalypse, clothed with the sun, having the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. The Virgin was to be represented in the freshness of maidenhood, with grave, sweet eyes, golden hair, in a robe of spotless white and a blue mantle. Blue and white are the traditional colors of the Virgin. In the

unchanging East. Lamartine found the women of Nazareth clad in a loose white garment that fell around them in long, graceful folds, over which was a blue tunic confined at the waist by a girdle—a dress he thought might have come down from the time of the patriarchs.

But to return to Pacheco. It was he who, in the seventeenth century, took so active a part in the discussion whether St. Teresa, just canonized, should be chosen as the *Compatrona* of Spain. Many maintained that St. James should continue to be considered the sole patron, and Quevedo espoused his cause so warmly that he ended by challenging his adversaries to a combat *en champ clos*, and was in danger of losing his estates. Pacheco, as seen by existing manuscripts, wrote a learned theological treatise against him, taking up the cause of St. Teresa, which proved victorious. She was declared the second patron of Spain by Philip III.—a decision re-echoed by the Spanish Cortes as late as 1812. All the prominent men of the day took part in this discussion, even artists and literary men, as well as politicians and the clergy.

The place of honor in the museum is given to Zurbarán's "Santo Tomás," a grand picture, painted for the Dominican college of Seville. In the centre is St. Thomas Aquinas, in the Dominican habit, resting on a cloud, with the four doctors of the church, in ample flowing robes, around him. He holds up his pen, as if for inspiration, to the opening heavens, where appear Christ and the Virgin, St. Paul and St. Dominic. Below, at the left, is Diego de Deza, the founder of the college, and other dignitaries; while on the right, attended by courtiers, is Charles V., in a splen-

did imperial mantle, kneeling on a crimson cushion, with one hand raised invokingly to the saint. The faces are all said to be portraits of Zurbarán's time; that of the emperor, the artist himself. The coloring is rich, the perspective admirable, the costumes varied and striking, and the composition faultless.

Zurbarán has another picture here, of a scene from the legend of St. Hugo, who was Bishop of Grenoble in the time of St. Bruno, and often spent weeks together at the Grande Chartreuse. Once he arrived at dinner-time, and found the monks at table looking despairingly at the meat set before them, which they could not touch, it being a fast-day. The bishop, stretching forth his staff, changed the fowls into tortoises. The white habits and pointed cowls of the monks, and the varied expressions of their faces, contrast agreeably with the venerable bishop in his rich episcopal robes, and the beauty of the page who accompanies him.

The masterpiece of the elder Herrera is also here. Hermenegildo, a Gothic prince of the sixth century, martyred by order of his Arian father, whose religion he had renounced, is represented ascending to heaven in a coat of mail, leaving below him his friends SS. Leandro and Isidore, beside whom is his fair young son, richly attired, gazing wonderingly up at his sainted father as he ascends among a whole cloud of angels. This picture was painted for the high altar of the Jesuits of Seville, with whom Herrera took refuge when accused of the crime of issuing false money. It attracted the artistic eye of Philip IV. when he came to Seville in 1624. He asked the name of the artist, and, learning the cause of his reclusion

sent for him and pardoned him, saying that a man who had so much talent ought not to make a bad use of it.

There is no sculpture in the gallery of Seville, except a few statues of the saints—the spoils of monasteries, like the paintings. The finest thing is a St. Jerome, furrowed and wasted by penance, laying hold of a cross before which he bends one knee, with a stone in his right hand ready to smite his breast. This was done for the convent of Buenavista by Torrigiano, celebrated not only for his works, but for breaking Michael Angelo's nose. He was sent to Spain by his protector, Alexander VI., who was a generous patron of the arts. Goya considered this

statue superior to Michael Angelo's Moses.

Our last hours at Seville were spent before all these works of sacred art, each of which has its own special revelation to the soul; and then we went to the cathedral. The day was nearly at an end. The chapels were all closed. The vast edifice was as silent as the grave, with only a few people here and there absorbed in their devotions. The upper western windows alone caught a few rays of the declining sun, empurpling the arches. The long aisles were full of gloom. We lingered awhile, like Murillo, before "Christ descending from the Cross," and then went back to the *Fonda Europa* with regret in our hearts.

From the Edinburgh Review.

SPAIN IN 1830.*

THE attention of the country has been so much engrossed during the last eighteen months by the all-absorbing question of Parliamentary Reform, that many public events have been allowed to pass by comparatively unheeded. The interest also with which, since the peace, this country has been accustomed to regard the political and domestic state of the continental powers, has greatly relaxed. We have thought of little but ourselves. Since the first mooted of the Reform question, many have neglected even the great workings of the revolution whose throes yet convulse France. The minor revolutions of some of the Swiss Cantons, and of the smaller German States, are wholly forgotten; and the remembrance of the Belgic disunion is revived only by the sight of an occasional Protocol,—seen to be thrown aside. The state of Italy has been thought beneath notice; and, despite the continued atrocities of Russia, many, with sorrow and compunction, endeavour to forget, that Poland, the victim of Europe, ever existed. Portugal excites some little more of interest; her connexion with this country has been long and intimate; and the crisis of her troubles is at hand. The fortunes of Portugal will have much influence on those of Spain. The expectations of Europe, long wearied with waiting for some sign of life in that recluse member,—that monk of the European confederacy, now turn with a curiosity rising scarcely beyond indifference, as to what may be her conduct and condition during and after the approaching struggle in Portugal. We have too many instances before our recollection of the utter and sudden failure of political prophecies, to venture upon even an anonymous prediction; but we will give the opinions and information which Mr. Inglis, the most recent traveller in Spain, has been able to collect; and with these, and some other scattered notices, we will leave our readers to draw their own conclusions.

* Spain in 1830. By Henry D. Inglis, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. D. D. to 1831.

Mr. Inglis appears to have entered Spain by Bayonne in May 1830, to have remained in Madrid during the summer months, and then to have made an autumn and winter tour through the mild and beautiful provinces of the south and east; from whence he repassed into France by Figueras, in January 1831. He gives the result of his eight month's experience in the two volumes now before us; and we recommend them to our readers as forming, upon the whole, an amusing and instructive publication. It may be said, that little real knowledge of a country can be acquired during the short period which Mr. Inglis devoted to his tour; and in truth, he does not pretend to reveal any thing very recondite; he merely gathers facts as he goes; gives the authority, sometimes not very clear or unimpeachable, for his relations; and, by frankly recording that which he saw and heard, he contrives to draw a tolerable picture of the country which he visited.

Mr. Inglis was pleased with the fruitful and orchard-like appearances of Biscay, with the unexpected cleanliness of the inns, and with the good arrangement and rapid pace (ten miles an hour) of the public diligences. He found, indeed, these machines of conveyance so far honoured, or the state of royal equipages so far reduced in Spain, that he met the Infant Don Francis in one of them at Vittoria. 'He, his consort, and his family, occupied one diligence, and his suite occupied another—the first drawn by seven mules, the other by six. The royal party was received with respect by a considerable concourse of people, and with military honours.'—Vol. i. p. 11.

But though royalty thus far honours diligences in Spain, the pleasures resulting from the facility of travelling they afford on the few highroads of that country, is considerably lessened by a want of personal security. This evil is met by a practice sufficiently indicative of the present state of Spain. The proprietors are obliged to purchase immunity and protection from the different bands of banditti which infest the roads through which their diligences travel;—in other words, to pay *blackmail*.

'This arrangement,' says Mr Inglis, 'was at first attended with some difficulty; and, from a gentleman who was present at the interview between the person employed to negotiate on behalf of the diligences and the representative of the banditti, I learned a few particulars. The diligences in question were those between Madrid and Seville; and the sum offered for their projection was not objected to; but another difficulty was started: "I have nothing to say against the terms you offer," said the negotiator for the banditti; "and I will at once ensure you against being molested by robbers of consequence; but as for the small fry (Ladrones de ninguna consideracion,) I cannot be responsible. We respect the engagements entered into by each other; but there is nothing like honour amongst petty thieves." The proprietors of the diligences, however, were satisfied with assurances of protection against the great robbers, and the treaty was concluded;

but not long afterwards one of the coaches was stopped and robbed by the petty thieves; this led to an arrangement which has ever since proved effectual. One of the chiefs accompanies the coach on its journey, and overaws by his name and reputation the robbers of an inferior degree.—Vol. i. p. 3.

At Vittoria, Mr Inglis left the pale of this banditti compact, and crossed the country Bilbao in a little open calèche hired for the purpose. This last mode of convenience we conceive to be infinitely better suited to the pursuits of a traveller, though possibly a little less convenient, than the plodding uniformity of a diligence. Indeed, speaking from some experience, we hazard this general remark,—that the pleasure of remembrance, and the general benefits to be derived from a tour, are in an inverse ratio to the ease and rapidity with which it has been accomplished. We throw out this remark for the benefit of those young gentlemen who pique themselves upon reaching Constantinople in the shortest possible time; and who consider travelling day and night to Rome, without once sleeping on the road, as of more importance than seeing Rome itself. Mr Inglis found the commerce of Bilbao declining, in consequence of the difficulties attending the preparation and exportation of its two staple commodities, iron and wool; in which it is now superseded by Sweden and Saxony. But though the commerce of Bilbao declines, its convents flourish, and the abominable practice of early noviciates exists in full force.

‘In the province of Biscay,’ says Mr Inglis, ‘females profess at a very early age; their noviciate generally commences about fifteen; and, at the expiration of a year, they take the veil. I ascertained from a source of the most authentic kind, that three-fourths of the nuns who take the veil at this very early age die of a decline within four years. The climate which in Biscay is so prolific in consumption, added to the low and damp situation of some of the convents, may perhaps be admitted to have some influence upon this premature decay; but I should incline to attribute a greater influence to causes more immediately referrible to the unhappy and unnatural condition of those who are shut out from the common privileges, hopes, and enjoyments of their kind.’—Vol. i. p. 33.

It is sad to read of fellow-creatures thus marked out, blighted, and sequestered from the exercise of all social affections, at the very threshold of womanhood, and left to wither, for a few barren years, within the dark gloom of their convent walls, till they pass away to the refuge of a premature grave. But it is still more sad to think that such deeds should be committed in the light of the nineteenth century, and impiously defended in the very name of the Christian religion. These immurements of girls of fifteen, differ, perhaps, in manner, but they resemble in spirit the Pagan immolations of human victims.

Mr. Inglis returned from Bilbao to Vittoria,

and from thence proceeded to Madrid. Unlike other capitals, which spread riches and comfort around them, Madrid lies in the centre of a vast treeless, riverless, sandy desert; and the nearer you approach to it, the greater is the misery and squalor which you meet. The sight of the two Castiles led Mr. Inglis to consider Biscay happy, thriving, and well cultivated. He thus describes a village, through which the diligence passed:

‘I saw between two and three hundred persons, and amongst these there was not one whose rags half covered his nakedness. Men and women were like bundles of ill-assorted shreds and patches of about a hundred hues and sizes; and, as for the children, I saw some entirely naked, and many that might as well have been without their tattered coverings. I threw a few biscuits amongst the children, and the eagerness with which they fought for and devoured them, reminded me rather of young wolves than of human beings. The badness of the pavement, and the steepness of the street, made it necessary for the diligence to go slowly, and I profited by the delay to look into one or two of the miserable abodes of these wretched beings. I found a perfect unison between the dweller and his dwelling. I could not see one article of furniture—no table, no chair; a few large stones supplied the place of the latter; for the former, there was no occasion, and something resembling a mattress was the bed of the family. Leaving this village, I noticed two stone-pillars and a wooden pole across, indicating that the proprietor possesses the power of life and death within his own domain.’—Vol. i. p. 56.

From this ‘Auburn’ Mr. Inglis continued his journey to the capital. His account of the approach is striking.

‘From the Samo Sierra to the gates of Madrid, a distance of nearly thirty miles, there is not a tree to be seen, not a garden, not one country-house, and scarcely an isolated farmhouse or cottage, and only three or four very inconsiderable villages. Great part of the land is uncultivated; and that part of it which is laboured, and produces grain, is mostly covered with weeds and stones. In the midst of this desert stands Madrid, which is not visible until you approach within less than two leagues of the gate. Its appearance from this side is not striking; the city seems small, and although we may count upwards of 50 spires and towers, none of these are elevated or imposing. If the traveller turned his back upon Madrid, when within half a mile of the gates, he might still believe himself to be a hundred miles from any habitation; the road stretches away, speckled only by a few mules. There are no carriages, no horsemen, scarcely even a pedestrian; there is in fact scarcely one sign of vicinity to a great city.’—Vol. i. p. 60.

In walking the streets, Mr. Inglis was struck with the peculiar costume of the country—with the graceful mantilla, the high comb, and unbanded head—with the universal cloak, and the use of the fan by both sexes; and the crowds of well-clothed, well-fed, proud-bearing priests and

monks, who fill the public walks of this capital of the faithful. But innovation has introduced its forbidden footsteps even here; for French bonnets, English muslins, and gaudy foreign silks, are occasionally seen braving ancient habits, in carriages on the Prado, or in boxes at the Opera.

Madrid has no trade or manufacturers. Indeed, its inhabitants may be said to follow no other course of life but that of idleness. One-fourth of its 160,000 inhabitants are officers of the government or of the court, of every grade of rank, and of every gradation of greater or less inactivity; another fourth is composed of the law, the church, and the noblesse; while the remaining half is made up of the retainers of the above classes, and of the shopkeepers and itinerant purveyors of provisions, water, and fruit. All these follow a mode of life more or less idle, and little different in pursuits, pleasures, or intellectual enjoyments. A lounge in the streets in the morning, with attendance at mass in some neighbouring church—the *siesta* at noon, and a walk or drive on the Prado in the evening, closing with a theatre or *tertulia* at night—form, with the occasional interlude of a bull-fight, or procession, the daily duties of nearly all the inhabitants. The presence of the Royal Family on the Prado is accompanied with a rather oppressive ceremonial.

‘It is necessary,’ says Mr. Inglis, ‘to pay honour to every branch of the royal family, however frequently they may pass along. Every carriage must stop, and those within it must take off their hats; or if their carriage be open, must stand up also; and every person on foot is expected to suspend his walk, face about, and bow, with his head uncovered. When the king passes, no one perhaps feels this to be a grievance because, however little respect this king may be entitled to from his subjects, it is felt to be nothing more than an act of common breeding, to take off one’s hat to a king; but I have fifty times seen all this homage paid to a royal carriage with a nurse and infant, not an infant, in it; and one evening I was absolutely driven from the Prado, by the unceasing trouble of being obliged to acknowledge the royal presence every five minutes, the spouse of the Infante don Francis having found amusement in cantering backwards and forwards during an hour at least. From the expected homage no one is exempt; even the foreign ambassadors must draw up, rise, and uncover themselves, if but a sprig of royalty, in the remotest degree, and of the tender age, happens to drive past.’—Vol. i. p. 94.

Mr. Inglis describes Ferdinand ‘as a lusty country gentleman,’ with a fat, heavy, good-humoured countenance. He takes small notice of the obeisances of his subjects, who, in return, bestow more lively plaudits and vivas upon his apostolical brother, Don Carlos. This seems to annoy him; but he not the less freely trusts himself to the loyalty of his subjects; for Mr. Inglis met this ‘lusty gentleman in a blue coat and

drab trousers,’ walking in a most secluded part of the Retiro, at six o’clock in the evening, with only one companion, who was some twenty paces behind, while there was no guard nearer than half a mile. This was also within a few days after the intelligence of the irruption of Mina had reached Madrid. The truth is, Ferdinand has not many personal enemies; and, with all their faults, the Spaniards are not addicted to assassinating their kings.

Shooting and uxoriousness seems to be part and parcel of the hereditary duties and habitudes of the Bourbon kings of Spain. Philip the Fifth transacted much public business while in bed with his queen. This extreme attention was imitated by his descendants; and Mr. Inglis tells us, that Ferdinand is so passionately attached to his young and beautiful wife, that he ‘spends the greater part of the day in her apartment; and when engaged in council, leaves it half a dozen times in the course of an hour or two to visit her.’ No court amusements enliven this conjugal felicity; the fond pair spend their days together; they rise at six, dine alone at two, and sup and go to bed at nine. The evening is animated by a drive to a zoological garden, where the animals are taught to make obeisances and pay the reverence due to the majesty of Spain. While such are the habits of the king and queen, those of the courtiers are, as a matter of course, similar; and indeed the whole state of society, as represented by Mr. Inglis, seems to be the very perfection of dullness.

‘The persons of distinction in Madrid lead a most monotonous life. One lady only, the Duchess of Benevente, opens her house once a-week. This is on Sunday evening, and she receives, amongst others, those of the foreign ministers who choose to visit her. Her parties, however, are far from being agreeable. The Spaniards of distinction who frequent her *tertulia* generally withdraw when the foreign ministers are announced. This disinclination on the part of the Spanish *grandees*, and others holding high court preferment, to associate with the foreign ambassadors, is notorious in Madrid. At the *tertulia* of the wife of Don Manuel Gonzalez Salmon, the foreign ministers used formerly to be present; but they found that they were regarded in a light little less than spies, and they are now never seen at these *tertulias*. In Madrid there are no ministerial, no diplomatic dinners; and amongst the persons of most distinction entertainments are extremely rare. There is, in fact, nothing like gaiety amongst the upper ranks in the Spanish metropolis.’—Vol. i. p. 133.

This monotonous life is in no respect inconsistent with that general laxity of morals which pervades all ranks in Spain; and those Puritans who in our own country declaim against what they call gaiety and dissipation, might find that the hurry and glitter of general and mixed society is infinitely less dangerous to female morals than the *dolce far niente* of a Spanish *tertulia*. By public returns, it appears that the annual le-

gimate births in Madrid are to the illegitimate only in the proportion of about three and a half to one. Now this outward show can be taken only as an exponent of the real state of these affairs; for if thus much be by hard necessity confessed, we fear we must conclude that at least as much more is by cunning, and by the conveniences of married life, concealed. Mr. Inglis complains of this laxity throughout Spain; and remarks on what appears to us to be even still more deplorable, the low state of moral feeling, particularly in the southern provinces, with regard even to the value of female virtue and delicacy, whether married or unmarried. He relates many anecdotes on this subject, and, amongst others, we select one, as illustrative of the state of mercantile and priestly society in Cadiz.

'A few years ago, a curious exposé was made at Cadiz, which, as I am upon the subject of friars, I shall mention in this place. There was, and still is, a banker named Gargallo, one of the richest men in Cadiz, whose magnificent dwelling-house is separated from the walls of the Franciscan Monastery only by one small house, and this house also belonged to Señor Gargallo, although it was not inhabited. The master of the house, although a rich man, looked closely into his affairs: he perceived that his cooks had greatly exceeded the sum necessary for the existence of the family, and, after bearing this for a considerable time, at length discharged his cook. The cook applied for service elsewhere, and upon his new master applying to Gargallo for a character, he refused to give one, alleging as a reason the dishonesty of his servant. The cook, enraged at this injustice, and more solicitous to preserve his own good character than that of the friars, returned to Gargallo's house, taking witness along with him, and aloud in the court-yard told his story, that every day he had carried a hot dinner into the house adjoining, where Gargallo's wife and daughter entertained a select party of Franciscan friars; and, what was worse still, his late master's money had been expended in the support of three children and a nurse, who all lived in the adjoining house. The whole affair was thus brought to light.

'The especial favour of the ladies was reserved for only two of the friars; the very Reverend Father Antonio Sanches de la Cammissa, Sacristan Mayor, was the favourite of the wife, and another, whose name I forget, but who was next in rank to the prior, and had formerly been confessor in Gargallo's house, was the selection of his daughter. These had the entré of Gargallo's house at all hours; and in order to keep quiet a few others, who were supposed to be in the secret, a savoury dinner was provided every day for the self-denying Franciscans. Gargallo married his daughter to an old apothecary at Chiclana, where she now lives a widow; and he confined his wife during two years in an upper room in his own house, but she now lives again with her husband. At the first disclosure of the affair, he wished to send both offenders to the Penitentiary; but the captain-general of the province

interfered, to prevent so much publicity in an affair compromising the character of the Franciscans. No notice of this disgraceful affair was taken in the convent. Both reverend fathers continued to bear the character of good Franciscans, and doubtless returned for a time to the austerities of the order; and when I was in Cadiz, one of them every day accompanied Manuel Munoz, the superior, in an evening walk.'—Vol. i. p. 163.

While such is the state of morality, it is unnecessary to search for other proofs of the slender influence true religion exercises over conduct in Spain. Mr. Inglis asserts, that even outward respect for religion is decayed at Madrid, where, he says, "ridicule, and dislike of all the religious orders, form a very common seasoning to conversation." This he attributes, amongst other causes, to the two occupations of Spain by the French armies. The friars confess that their power and influence are on the decline; and the regular clergy seem prepared to yield a little to the tide that has set in against them. Many of them speak with freedom of the present lamentable state of Spain; and of the oppressive laws which restrict education, and fetter the publication and diffusion of books. Indeed, as Mr. Inglis well observes—

'The regular clergy have not the same interest as the friars in supporting the present system, because they have not the same fears. A revolution that might possibly chase every monk from the soil, and which would at all events despoil them of their possessions, and terminate their dominion, would probably but slightly affect the clergy of the church; and I have observed, that since the late French Revolution, their fears have diminished. The example of France, in the respect it has shown for the rights of the church, they look upon as a guarantee of their own security, and perhaps justly. Government still seeks for support in the influence of the church, and endeavours, by every means, to keep up this influence. This, it may easily be supposed, is attempted through the medium of education, which, throughout Spain, is in the hands of government. The schools in Madrid are all conducted by Jesuits, and the education received in them is such as might be expected. This surveillance commenced when the king returned to the government in 1824; the colleges were then remodelled, and all the public seminaries, even those destined for military education, were placed under Jesuit heads. In fact, no choice is left to the people as to the education of their children; the only choice being the government school, or no school at all, for obstacles almost insurmountable are thrown in the way of private tuition; and, since no tutor is ever licensed unless there is a perfect security that the system of education to be pursued by him, intellectual, political, and religious, shall be precisely the same as that taught in the public seminaries, there is nothing, therefore, gained by private tuition. Thus all the youth of Spain are educated on jesuitical principles, and denied every means of real knowledge.'—Vol. i. p. 155.

While this policy, so worthy of the days of Philip the Second, is pursued with regard to education, it is not surprising that literature should be at the lowest ebb. No book can be published without a license; and by the present policy of Spain, the better the book, the more difficult it is to obtain a license, and the more dangerous to publish. Ferdinand has no wish to set his subjects to think. In accordance with the Emperor of Austria's address to the Academy of Milan, he wants obedience, and not talent. After the license for publishing has been obtained, the work is subjected to the mutilation of censors; and even then, after this purification, it is occasionally prohibited, by the order or caprice of some public officer; and finally, when it is at length committed to the world, it is either unread, or, if read and sought after, likely to expose the author to suspicion, and to bring him into trouble. All foreign books, blighted with any possible tincture of liberality, are of course prohibited; but yet, in spite of all restrictions, either the connivance, the stupidity, or the corruption of public officers, allows many to creep into a concealed circulation. They pass into the provinces at the time of the great annual fair at Madrid. Mr. Inglis was present at this fair, when the book merchants informed him that the demand for religious books was on the decline; 'that the lives of saints, especially, were almost unmarketable. Translations from French and English, especially the former, and even works in the French language, were asked for. The demand was also large and constant for the Spanish dramatists and novels, especially Don Quixotte, and Gil Blas, which were to be seen on every stall, in great numbers, and of various editions.'—Vol. i. p. 272.

National pride, and the Inquisition, have isolated Spain from the rest of Europe, so that very little of instruction, very little of modern improvement, has reached her shores. She has remained stationary, anchored in overweening self-conceit, while the rest of Europe has sailed past her. And this is the secret of what is called her decay; for, while all other nations have been making vast progress in agriculture, in commerce, in manufactures, in science, in revenue, in population, and in government, Spain has stood lazily and proudly still; and is now relatively, rather than absolutely, less strong than in the days of her supposed prosperity.

But the evils of her condition are crying aloud for redress: her finances are in a state of bankruptcy—her scanty revenue of six millions scarcely covers her annual expenditure—the pay of her army, and of her employés of all descriptions, is constantly in arrear. She pays, indeed, the interest of her French loan; but the interest of all her other debts is so much behind, that the holders of the acknowledged loans have an advantage, rather nominal than real, over the defrauded possessors of the Cortes' bonds. Yet a wise assessment of customs and duties, with a rigorous superintendence of collectors, might enable her government to meet all demands,—even

those of the Cortes' bonds; for, while six millions find their way into the public treasury, as much more is absorbed by the present mode of collection; and it is not too much to say, that one half of this sum, or three millions, goes towards the encouragement of speculation, and perjury, and smuggling.*

While the revenue department is thus mismanaged, that of justice is in a yet more disgraceful state. We have mentioned the *blackmail* by which public diligences are obliged to purchase security from the organized bands of robbers. The judicial weakness which fosters such a system extends to all other offences; so that not one crime in five is brought before the courts of justice; while bribery, perjury, and intimidation, prevent the conviction of more than half of these. Thus, not more than one crime in ten is clearly brought to light; yet still the average of convicted murders and attempts at murder in Spain, during one year, amongst a population of less than fourteen millions, amounts to more than three thousand. Now, if we allow that murder escapes detection less often than other crimes, and call its average conviction one in five, instead of one in ten, we shall still have an annual calendar of 15,000 murders and attempts at murder in Spain. We leave this fact to vouch for the other crimes that may be committed.

Agriculture also, both as regards the implements, the method, and the encouragement of husbandry, is in a similarly low state. In the south, vast tracts of land, though private property, are forbidden to be enclosed; in order that they may be exposed to the biennial trespassing of some five million sheep belonging to an association of nobles, ministers, monasteries, and chapters, too well known by the name of the *Mesta*. By this iniquitous provision the manure of all these sheep is comparatively wasted, the land which lies in their *passible* migratory tract is forced into pasturage (since the corn would be destroyed,) and a lawless vagabond race of 80,000 or 100,000 half shepherds, half robbers, is maintained. Again, three-fourths of the whole territorial surface of Spain is unalienably entailed upon the nobles, the church, and certain corporations; and to render the entails more pernicious, the law enacts that all leases shall cease with the lives of the owners of the estate. The lands belonging to communities are therefore the best cultivated.

Another check upon agriculture is, that with the exception of some few highroads, which are sufficiently insecure, there exists scarcely a cart or wagon tract throughout Spain.† All means

* 'There are no less than sixteen thousand persons employed in the collection of the customs, which are probably the worst collected in the world.'

† About £90,000 is the average annual expenditure on the roads in Spain, that is one-twentieth of the sum expended in England, which, being equal to one-third in Spain,

of transport are therefore dear; and in the neighbourhood of Salamanca it has been known, after a succession of abundant harvests, that the wheat has actually been left to rot upon the ground, because it would not repay the cost of carriage.* The sale and exportation of wine also suffers from this cause; and the more so, as the consequent necessity for carrying it in skins gives it that *barroccio* flavour which prevents many from drinking it. A want of water is also another evil attendant on Spanish agriculture. Very little rain falls except in the northern provinces; and since the soil, though excellent, is sandy, there are few countries in which the artificial aid of irrigation is more required, and none possibly that would better repay it;—as Valencia, Murcia, and a few other districts, where it is now partially employed, amply testify. But, to remedy all these evils requires that in which Spain is sadly deficient—confidence and capital.

Her trade has dwindled to nothing. History has ever been a sealed book to Spanish statesmen; they appear utterly to forget that the two most disastrous, ruinous, and disgraceful wars in which Spain has been engaged, have been those by which she obstinately sought to recover Holland and Portugal. It was not so much the loss of those possessions, as her desperate efforts to reconquer them, and the haughtiness with which she scorned to acknowledge their independence, long after all hopes of their recovery were dispelled, which brought her to the brink of ruin. She thus estranged them from her for ever; and lost not only her dominion over them, but that which was infinitely more important, all future commerce with them. The war with the Netherlands effectively closed with the ten years' truce in 1609; but the pride of Spain, which chose to retain her nominal claims over Holland for thirty years longer, compelled the Dutch to create an independent and hostile commerce. And now Spain is again in the same predicament. She has as little chance of regaining her American colonies, as she has of conquering Russia; she herself knows this; and yet with a sullen, proud, injurious spirit, she withholds the recognition of their independence, from no other apparent cause than the malevolent desire to foment discord amongst them, without the power of profiting by it. If she much longer pursues such a policy, it will meet its fitting reward. As yet, there are strong ties between those colonies and the parent state: they have common wants which for centuries they have been in the habit of mutually supplying. Deep channels of commerce have thus been worn by time; and though the war of independence partially dried up these, the states have been too warmly engaged in military operations to seek or care for others. When success

makes the proportional expense and use of the roads of the two countries as one to sixty.

* This may be estimated at ten shillings the quarter for every hundred miles.

crowned their efforts, the return of comparative tranquillity revived old wants, and created new ones, which no country could so easily have satisfied as Spain; but she has hitherto haughtily stood aloof, and seen Sicily, England, and other nations appropriate her advantages. Still there is much circuitous trade subsisting between Spain and the Americas; and it is even yet not too late for her to recover their good-will, and with it a large portion of her former commerce. She joined with France in aiding the North Americans to shake off their subjection to this country: let her imitate, now that her colonies also have thrown off their dependence, that wise magnanimity of England, which, when she found the contest with her subjects vain, frankly held out to them the right hand of friendship. Even so far back as 1783, when D'Aranda signed the treaty of Paris, which recognised the independence of the United States, he presented a memorial to his sovereign, recommending the separation of the Americas from the crown of Spain. He would have created the three kingdoms of Mexico, Peru, and Terra Firma, under three royal Infantas, subject only to a tributary acknowledgment to the parent state, which would have soon ceased, while the commerce and attachment would have remained. The re-opening her intercourse with America might animate the almost lifeless manufactures of Spain and give additional energy to the only source of wealth which she now cultivates with success. This consists in her mines, which produce excellent iron, and furnish rich veins of tin, copper, quicksilver, coal, salt, &c.; while her lead mines have been of late so productive, as to have lowered the price of the article throughout the world.

In addition to the many evils which we have already pointed out, the church establishment preys, as a malaria, upon every faculty of the country, whether moral or mental. We will not enter into any long discussion as to its effects; we will merely give a muster roll of its establishment, and leave that account to speak for itself. The Spanish Church then rejoices in 58 archbishops; 684 bishops; 11,400 abbots; 936 chapters; 127,000 parishes; 7,000 hospitals; 23,000 fraternities; 46,000 monasteries; 135,000 convents; 312,000 secular priests; 200,000 inferior clergy; 400,000 monks and nuns. Herein consists the bane of Spain; for as long as this overwhelming establishment for the prevention of knowledge, and for the encouragement of idleness and superstition, shall continue unchanged, so long will Spain hug her fetters, and lag behind the world.

Mr. Inglis appears to have taken much pains to ascertain the state of parties in Spain, and their relative strength. He considers that of the Apostolics or Carlists to be by far the strongest.

'It comprises,' he says, 'the great mass of the lower orders throughout Spain, and in many parts, almost the whole population; as in Toledo, the towns and villages of the Cas-

ties, and the provinces of Murcia and Catalonia; it comprises, with a few exceptions, the friars, and a great majority of the clergy; and it comprises a considerable proportion of the military, both officers and privates, but chiefly the former. With such components, it is evident that this party does not depend for its power solely upon its numerical superiority. Every one knows that there is vast wealth in the convents and churches of Spain. I do not speak merely of the wealth in jewels and golden urns, and images locked up in Toledo, and Seville, and Murcia, and the Escorial, and elsewhere, though much of this, without doubt, would be made a ready sacrifice to the necessities of the party, but I speak also of the more available riches well known to be amassed by many orders of friars against what they designate as the time of need.—Vol. i. p. 295.

Many of these fraternities possess extravagantly large revenues, without having any ostensible means of spreading them; and it is remarkable that those convents which possess the largest revenues, have the fewest members. Seven Carthusian monks in the neighbourhood of Murviedro, possess no less than seven villages, and a square Spanish league of some of the richest land in Spain.

The Liberal party Mr. Inglis ranks next in number; but of that he says,

‘If by this party be meant those who desire a return to the constitution of 1820, or who would be satisfied to leave the settlement of the government to the wisdom of an array of refugees, there is no such party in Spain; but, if by the Liberal party we are to understand those who perceive the vices of the present government, and who dread still more the ascendancy of the Carlists, those who view with satisfaction the progress of enlightened opinions in politics and in religion, and who desire earnestly that Spain should be gradually assimilated in her institutions with the other civilized nations of Europe, then the Liberal party comprises the principal intelligence of the country. In any other country than Spain, this party would wield an influence to which its numerical strength would not entitle it; but in Spain the light of intellect spreads but a little way, for it has to struggle with the thick mists of ignorance and superstition; and when we say that the Liberal party comprises nearly all the intelligence of the country, it must be remembered that intelligence is but scantily sprinkled over the face of Spain, and that therefore the enlightened of Spain, and the enlightened of England, ought to convey very different ideas of numerical strength.

‘It is a curious fact, that the adherents of the existing government should be fewest in number, yet this is certainly the truth. With the exception, perhaps, of the majority of the employés, a part of the regular clergy, and the greater part of the army, its friends are very thinly scattered, and its influence scarcely extends beyond the sphere of actual benefits. Its patronage has been greatly circumscribed since the loss of the Americas; its lucrative appointments are entered in a few; and, above all, its power and patronage are held by so uncertain

a tenure, that few except those in the actual enjoyment of office, feel any assurance that their interests lie in supporting that which seems to hang together almost by a miracle.’—Vol. i. p. 301.

The power of resistance possessed by the Royal party, Mr. Inglis estimates as very small.

‘The only security of a despotic government is strength, and this security the Spanish government wants altogether; it has no strength in the affections of the people generally, and even among the military and employés, which are its only strength, there are many disaffected. When the king returned, after the overthrow of the constitution, every measure was adopted that might give a fictitious strength to the government. A clean sweep was made of all the employés, from the highest to the lowest, and whether holding their offices for life or for pleasure. These, under the Constitution, had been selected from amongst the best educated classes, but all who had been connected with the Liberal party being excluded from employment under the succeeding government, the public offices were necessarily filled up with persons of inferior station. Another stroke of policy was intended in the distribution of office. In no country is there so great a division of labour in public employments as in Spain. The duties of an office formerly held by one person were delegated to three, and the emoluments split in proportion; by which policy a greater number of persons were interested in upholding the government. A third measure of policy I have mentioned in a former chapter—that of remodelling the universities and seminaries of learning, and putting them under the superintendence of Jesuits; and a fourth was intended to secure the fidelity, and increase the numerical strength of the military. To effect the first of these objects, a new body of guards, in all nearly 20,000 men, was raised, and officered by children. The king said he would not have a single officer in the guards old enough to understand the meaning of the word constitution; and even now that several years are elapsed, the officers are almost, without exception, boys.’—Vol. i. p. 303.

In such a state of affairs, with a weak, profligate, bankrupt government, pressed on the one side by an ignorant and imperious faction, and alarmed on the other by an innovating, once triumphant, and since oppressed party of Liberals, nothing short of the all-pervading *vis inertiae* of Spain could preserve tranquillity for four-and-twenty hours. But year after year rolls away, and Spain continues the same torpid mass, with a slow fire preying on her vitals, which she has neither the strength to extinguish, nor the energy to fan into a flame. What is to be the result of this state? A change certainly; but whether violent or gradual, remains to be seen; as also, whether it is to put power into the hands of the Carlists or of the Liberals; or whether the king will be at length roused to a sense of his danger, sufficiently strong to induce him to apply remedies and reforms, before the rough hand of insurrection shall forcibly compel him.

We have already extracted so freely from Mr. Inglis, that we must hurry over the remainder of his work. He visited Toledo and the Escorial, the two head-quarters of Spanish superstition. The gorgeous and cumbrous Escorial, planted in an arid, gloomy desert, is no inapt illustration of the Spanish character. The church itself is one mass of marbles, gold, and precious stones, relieved by admirable pictures, and rendered holy by the presence of some four or five hundred vases, containing relics of every impossible kind, of every possible saint or saintly object. Unhappily, the rapacity of the French has sadly disturbed the identity of these holy treasures; for, while these 'freemasons' carried off too many of the golden vases, they scattered their unlabelled contents in unholy confusion on the ground. Thus, though the aggregate sanctity of the relics may remain the same, the individual virtues of each relic are rendered dubious even to the devotion of the most faithful. How long will men worship the offal of the charnel-house?

The treasures that have been wasted upon the superstitious decoration and endowment of Toledo and the Escorial, are incalculable, and might, had they been employed in aiding irrigation, have rendered the plains of Castile one fertile garden, the Tagus navigable from the sea to Toledo, and run a canal through the sixty miles which separate that city from Madrid. Thus might wealth, strength, and happiness, have been spread far and wide. Instead of this, the altars of the Escorial and Toledo glitter with gold and precious stones, and the priests and monks are well fed, while there is literally no high-road between Madrid and Toledo; and so trifling is the communication between these two capitals, that the traveller's question at an inn on the road, of—"What can I have to eat?" is answered by—"Whatever you have brought with you."

Mr. Inglis passed from Madrid to Seville. He was delighted with the south of Spain, and with those old Moorish houses, 'where, in place of the wide dark entry to a Castilian house, a passage scrupulously clean leads through the building to the interior square or patio, which is separated from the passage by a handsomely ornamented, and often gilded cast-iron door, through which every one who passes along the street may see into the patio. This patio is the luxury of a hot climate. It is open to the sky, but the sun scarcely reaches it, and there is always a contrivance by which an awning may be drawn over it. The floor is of marble, or of painted Valencia tiles; sometimes a fountain plays in the centre, and a choice assortment of flowers, sweet-smelling and beautiful, is disposed around in ornamented vases. Here the inmates escape from the noonday heats; and here, in the evening, every family assembles to converse, see their friends, play the guitar, and sip lemonade.'—Vol. ii. p. 48.

The whole tenor of the Sevillian life is infinitely less pompous, formal, and conventional, than that of Madrid. But though life be more gay,

and the joys of mere animal existence be rendered bright and common by a cloudless sky and facility of subsistence, the thin veil of decorum,—that slender homage which at Madrid vice renders to virtue,—is in the softer atmosphere of Seville unblushingly flung aside; while unabashed ignorance and superstition, idleness, riot, robbery, and assassination, are the many signs of a state of society, which, were it not for the tinsel of a few mere externals of civilization, and the imported advantages of other states, would be held little superior, in any one point which regards the moral dignity of man, to the contemned communities of Africa. Mr. Inglis gives an account of a convent, the cares of whose inmates are divided between their supposed duties, and that which of all others we should have imagined least consonant with a nun's life—the aiding and abetting a band of smugglers! Cloisters filled with these ruffians and their dangerously landed goods—nuns fitting here and there—crosses and stilettoes, rosaries and horse-pistols, lying in gay confusion—the Lady Abbess at her devotions, and the chief smuggler in her parlour—form a picture, which, till we read of these new avocations of the fair recluses of Andalusia, we thought to have existed only in the imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe.

But in the midst of all this laxity, the externals of religion are duly, and in many cases ostentatiously, attended to in Seville. The *oracion* is an instance. It is now obsolete at Madrid and in the northern provinces, but in the south it is still observed; and, did it spring from pure hearts and clean hands,—were it indeed a grateful recognition of the Divine Omnipresence, and a test of a continuance in well-doing,—then indeed might it be deemed one of the most impressive ceremonies ever practised. We well remember, at the Camaldoli convent, in one of the wildest and most beautiful recesses of the Tuscan Apennines, to have witnessed this ceremony with strong emotions. But the silent and simultaneous evening prayer there arose from five persons long and far secluded from the world, to which they were never to return; and when their convent bell tolled the knell of the departed day, each monk, while its echoes were faintly dying away in the depths of the chestnut woods, fell on his knees as that sound reached his accustomed ear, and offered up a prayer which accorded with his life, his habit, his station, and his manners. Though the practice be the same in the crowded walks of Seville, the spirit is, we fear, far different. 'At sunset,' says Mr. Inglis, 'every church and convent bell in the city peals forth the signal for prayer, when motion and conversation are suspended; the whole multitude stand still; every head is uncovered; the laugh and jest are silent; and a monotonous hum of prayer rises from the crowd: but this expression of devotion lasts but for a moment; the next it is passed; heads are covered; every one turns to his neighbour and says, "Buenas noches," and the multitude moves on.'—Vol. ii. p. 69.

From Seville Mr. Inglis descended the Guadal-

quiver in a steam-boat, to San Lucar; from whence he crossed the country to Port St. Mary, and took a boat for Cadiz. Few stronger instances can be given of the disorganized state of Spain than that the road, of thirty miles, between San Lucar and Cadiz, being in the direct line of communication between the two very important cities of Cadiz and Seville, is so insecure, that the steam-boat company find themselves under the necessity of hiring an escort to defend their passengers. Of Cadiz, Mr. Inglis says,—

‘The recent erection of this city into a free port has not brought with it all the advantages that were anticipated; but it has, nevertheless, an important influence upon its prosperity. Immediately upon Cadiz being created a free port, immense shipments of manufactured goods were made from England, and several branches of Manchester houses were established there. So improvident had been the exports from England, that last autumn calicos and muslins were bought in Cadiz twenty per cent. cheaper than in England. But the chief increase in the commerce in Cadiz arises from the facilities now afforded for illicit trade with the rest of Spain. This is principally seen in the import of tobacco, which comes free from Havannah, and which is not intended so much for the consumption of the city, as for supplying the contraband trade established with the ports and coasts of Spain. There is also an extensive contraband trade in English manufactured goods, which can be bought throughout Spain at only thirty per cent. above the price at which they cost at Cadiz. Gibraltar formerly monopolized the contraband trade of the Spanish coast, and the effects resulting from Cadiz being made a free port, have proved so ruinous to the interests of Gibraltar, that the merchants of the latter place have endeavoured to support themselves by establishing branch houses in Cadiz, and of these there are no fewer than twenty-five. The change in the commercial prosperity of Cadiz has materially affected its population; in 1827 the inhabitants scarcely reached 52,000, in 1830 they exceeded 67,000.’—Vol. ii. p. 132.

From Cadiz Mr. Inglis pursued a romantic but dangerous ride along the coast to Gibraltar, where he very properly exposes the stupidity of introducing the English style of houses in that sultry atmosphere; and where he still more strongly reprobates the carelessness with which former administrations, amidst all their protested zeal for the church, so far neglected religion as not to have erected any one place of public worship in this crowded fortress. ‘Hundreds,’ he says, ‘would gladly attend if there was a church, and many now frequent, rather than go to no temple at all, the Catholic chapel.’

From Gibraltar Mr. Inglis proceeded to Malaga, and then crossed the mountains to Grenada. We must here take leave of him; but we recommend our readers to follow him in his tour through Grenada, Cordoba, Alicant, Valencia, and Barcellona. He found every where a similar loose state of society and of government—a prevalent

ignorance and superstition; a want of employment, and laziness when employed; a general slovenliness and meanness of dress and habitation,—thousands in Murcia and Grenada living in holes of the earth; and a universal depression of trade, absence of manufactories, and backwardness of agriculture, save only in some few of the well-irrigated and most fruitful valleys of Murcia and Valencia.

Such is the general aspect of Spain,—weak, ignorant, poor, profligate, and proud; more ferocious than brave; and infinitely more superstitious than either moral or religious. Such is Spain now, and such, with some few qualifications, has Spain ever been.

The boastings of her own writers, the extent and riches of her Transatlantic possessions, and the accumulation of European states temporarily subjected to some of her monarchs,—all conspired to give an exaggerated notion of the power, civilization, wealth, and prosperity of this country. The enthusiasm also latterly awakened in England for the Spaniards, during their arduous struggle against Napoleon, closed as that struggle was by the glorious triumph of the British arms, lent fresh colours to a delusion, which the torpid state of Spain under Charles the Fourth had nearly dispelled. The accounts of her population and internal prosperity are mere fables. Balducci, Uzzano, and other early writers upon Commerce, distinctly state that Spain received her fine cloths from Florence, her linen and cotton goods from France and the Netherlands, her hardware from Germany, and her armour from Milan; while, in return, she exported only her raw produce, her wool, her corn, her iron, and her fruits;—a strong proof of the mediocrity and scantiness of her manufactures and wealth. Then, from the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, every writer, from Herrera downwards, complains of the decay of Spain; and, throughout the sixteenth century, the Cortes constantly declaim against the usurpation of Spanish trade by foreigners, while they as loudly complain of the decay of manufactures and agriculture. When, therefore, could her prosperity have existed? A proof of the estimation in which industry was held, may be gathered from an edict of Philip the Second, by which it was declared, that the following of certain trades,—as of a currier, smith, carpenter, &c., attained the blood as much as a Moorish descent; and this edict was not abrogated until the year 1783. Again, the institution of the Holy Brotherhood under Ferdinand, for the protection of travellers, in desert and uninhabited districts, and the confirmation of the *Mesta* laws by Charles the Fifth, for the appropriation of a prodigious extent of waste land, while Spain was even then exporting corn and rice, also prove a scanty population.

But if the internal prosperity of Spain be thus imaginary, so also was the notion of her political strength. She fell before the Carthaginian, the Roman, and the Goth. She sunk beneath the dominion of the Moors, whom Charles Martel and

his Franks victoriously routed. For centuries she was a prey to internal factions, and subject to the sway of some twenty or thirty petty chiefs, Mahommedan or Christian, who rent her peace and hardened her heart with their endless wars, and their two hundred and forty revolutions. If indeed there be a bright and romantic page in her story, it is that which records the arts and sciences, the gallantry and the literature of her Arabian conquerors, whom, when she tyrannously expelled them, she drained the best blood from her veins. Under Charles the Fifth and his son, she undoubtedly exercised a dominant authority; but this adventitious power rapidly decayed. Bigotry, tyranny, misrule, and a cowardly system of state exclusion, soon separated her ill-assorted empire. During a disastrous period of 150 years of defeats, she lost all her European possessions. Holland, Portugal, the Netherlands, Naples, Sicily, Milan, all were torn from her, and her intrinsic weakness rendered daily more manifest. A slight rally took place when the national energies were appealed to, on the occasion of the accession of the House of Bourbon; but the change of dynasty produced no change of government, and Spain continued to be poor, proud, and helpless. In this state the French revolution burst upon her. The court began by opposing, and then basely truckling to it, till at length the scene closed at Bayonne with an exhibition of weakness, meanness, immorality, and perfidy, greater perhaps than has ever yet been exemplified.

Let us hope that Spain has at length nearly expiated her sins, and that she may soon be permitted to redeem the past. But she has no time to lose. Events are crowding fast upon her; and now, when she has much need for clear heads to direct her councils, she is, thanks to her own system of priestcraft and despotism, left without any commanding mind to direct her steps.

Much will depend upon the issue of Dom Pedro's expedition to Portugal. We have no fear of the active interference of Spain; for Ferdinand and her ministers, blind as they may be, cannot but see, that the day of their marching an army to the assistance of Dom Miguel, would but very shortly precede the hour of their own downfall. France would instantly renew the achievements of the Trocadero in an opposite cause; and England would be compelled—whether willingly or not, it matters not—by the force of her treaties, to repel any Spanish invasion of Portugal. Ferdinand, then, will not dare move a soldier; but we much fear he will be weak enough to give every secret aid in his power to Dom Miguel. We say we fear; because, though we cannot bring ourselves to entertain any interest in the welfare of the present King of Spain, we feel an earnest desire for the well-being of the country he governs, and whose fate is unhappily much dependant on his conduct. That country never can assume the rank in Europe to which she is entitled,—never can prosper under an apostolical rule. The experience of the last two or three hundred years sufficiently testifies this truth. But if Ferdinand

assist Dom Miguel—secretly or openly, it matters not—he will throw himself into the hands of the Apostolical faction, who will either allow him to govern Spain under them, or, on his incurring their displeasure, will compel him to give place to his brother Don Carlos, their true leader. He has mortally offended and injured this brother by his recent abrogation of the Salique law; and Don Carlos has manifested his resentment by organizing a conspiracy nominally to support, but in fact to undermine, Ferdinand's authority. This solemn league, for the support of church and state, though checked by a recent explosion, still subsists; and Ferdinand would gain no more control over it, by placing himself at its head, than his ancestor, Henry the Third of France, won from the Guises by a similar act. The worst that can befall him from the Liberals,—a limitation of his authority,—is the least of the evils he may meet with from the Apostolical faction. The resignation or abdication of Kings is common in Spain. Ferdinand forced his father to abdicate; and if he now throws himself into the arms of the Apostolicals, he must not complain if he meets with a retaliation from his brother.* Should that brother succeed, or should he compel Ferdinand to an adoption of his Ultra policy, we anticipate much misery for Spain: a series of revolutions will follow, whose issues we will not attempt to predict. But we will yet hope that a sense of self-preservation may influence Ferdinand. For when he shall perceive, as he soon may, that his sole defence against the Carlists, and his only means of retaining his throne, rest in his turning Liberal, he will, we imagine, listen to that seduction; and prefer being the organ of regenerating Spain, to the honour of exhibiting himself at some Apostolical *auto-da-fé*, as the deposed martyr of despotism.

But Ferdinand will make no change of any kind, till the result of Dom Pedro's expedition is known. If it fail, the prospects of the Peninsula will become so gloomy, and our opinion of its inhabitants so low, that we shall not care to bestow many thoughts upon them. But we cannot think that the Portuguese will adhere to a yoke of iron, when an opportunity of breaking it is offered to them; and unless some unforeseen accident occur, we anticipate the expulsion of the tyrant who has vexed and afflicted Portugal for these last four years. In that case Spain must adopt a less illiberal policy. If she follow this course at once with sincerity and moderation, all may be well; but if she be refractory, we fear the consequences. We confess we are anxious for a gradual reform in Spain. Loyal Spaniards may be offended at the low view we have taken of the past glories of their country, at the vices we have remarked in the national institutions and character, and at the

* Charles the Fourth wrote thus to his son Ferdinand, on the 2d May 1808, "You have dishonoured my gray hairs, you have despoiled me of my crown, for my abdication was the result of force and violence."

exposition we have made of the utter degradation of Spain at the present moment. We can assure them that we have done so with no evil disposition; on the contrary, it is because we feel most anxious for the future honour and exaltation of Spain, that we have made these statements; for we are confident that such a consummation can be obtained only by a right understanding of her character and position. We have no wish to see the immediate formation of a very popular government in Spain or Portugal. They are not fit for it, and must be content to walk before they can run. The low state of morals, the little respect for legal rights and forms, the extent of official corruption, the want of education, and the general indifference for political privileges, render them utterly incompetent with the exercise of a liberty as extensive as that which, profiting by centuries of habit and experience, Britain is capable of enjoying. The artist who, by the possession of the pencil and pallet of Lawrence, should fancy he could rival his portraits, would not be more absurd than those Spaniards or Portuguese, who, by the mere importation of the machinery, should imagine themselves and their countrymen fit for the work of our government. We trust, therefore, if happily there shall appear a tendency to liberality in Spain, that her patriots will proceed with moderation. Let them deal gently, and they may succeed in their endeavours. Above all, let them put a strong curb on their own enthusiasm, and consider not what they themselves may wish to enjoy, but how much the moral weakness of their countrymen can bear.

There are few countries that have greater natural advantages than Spain. Here is indeed a land flowing with milk and honey, and oil and corn. Intersected with superb rivers—defended by noble mountains—rich with the most productive mines—having ports looking on every sea, and blessed with a climate fitted for every production, she might be one of the most populous and flourishing countries in the world. We have seen what she is; how much, then, is in the power of an enlightened government! The subject that will most press upon the attention of her statesmen, is her financial difficulties. As long as Spain continues to defraud her creditors, so long will she find it impossible to raise money, and without money she can do nothing. Let her ministers, then, boldly front her difficulties; let them commence their career by being just; and when they have recognised all the debts of Spain, whether of the Cortes or of their Monarchs' incurring, they may re-enter the financial pale of Europe, and find capitalists who will treat with them.

But till then all other attempts at reform will fail; for these capitalists are resolved, and with reason, firmly to establish a law, that the pecuniary obligations of a government *de facto* are binding upon their successors, under the constitutional penalty of withholding from them all further supplies. Ferdinand has in vain opposed this combination; and the first act of an enlightened Spanish ministry will be a treaty with the capitalists

of Europe. Money and reviving confidence will work wonders in Spain; it will facilitate all other financial reforms, by enabling the government to remodel, without the fear of an utter bankruptcy, the absurd system of taxation which now encourages smuggling, enriches the tax-gatherers, and oppresses the country without satisfying the treasury. It also will enable them to pay regularly, and thereby secure the efficient services of the army and of the employes,—a consideration of no trifling import in factious times. With these points well settled, and with the reconciliation with her colonies brought happily to an issue, Spain may proceed steadily in the course of gradual amendment.

THE SPANIARDS AT HOME.

THERE is something very pleasant in waking some morning in a strange country, with strange faces around us, a strange language ringing in our ears, strange costumes, strange institutions, strange everything—something, we fancy, half akin to what Byron felt when he woke one morning to find himself famous. It is pleasant to step from New York to Cadiz, from the heart of the New World into an historic city, that was as historic before our nation was born as it is to-day; that has not cared to march overmuch with the age, yet has never drifted backward, and still stands there, as it did long ago, the “white-walled Cadiz,” rising sheer out of the waters, with its long, straight streets and tall houses sleeping by the golden bay.

It is pleasant, we say, to find ourselves here breathing awhile from the heat of the strife that beats over there for ever and knows no rest; to open our eyes upon “something new and strange”; to miss for once the eternal stages and the rumble and

the jingle of the cars, and the multiplicity of signs, and names, and glaring advertisements, crowding in upon us at all times and in all places.

It is not unpleasant even to miss our dames for awhile with their exaggeration of wealth and extravagance, resting our eyes instead on the modest black robes, unlike in simplicity, crowned by the bewitching mantilla of the beauties whom Byron sang.

As you look into the street, the feeling grows upon you that you are gazing on a moving panorama pencilled by the old Spanish painters. There pass the blooming señorita, fresh as a rosebud, side by side with the duenna, yellow and puckered: how they resemble *la Foven* and *la Vieja* of Goya. That little beggar-boy, with those beautiful black eyes and a carnation in the olive cheek, sprawling in his picturesque rags on the pavement, is surely a brother to that of Murillo, so studiously engaged in performing an operation on his person more necessary than elegant.

Here saunters a lazy soldier smoking his cigarette; there an old *padre* totters with bended head hidden under the large hat, snuff-box in hand, and an old calf-skin volume under his arm; he has just stepped out of his gilded frame. The trappings of the mules, the brown faces and merry eye of the muleteer, were known to us long ago on canvas. Nor are there wanting those pale ascetic countenances where religion, and intellect, and inspiration are so marvellously blended: you see them in the pulpit and on the altar, in the cloister and the convent walls. In our last article,* we ventured to assert that the Spaniards were the purest race in Europe; and not the meanest proof of the truth of this assertion might be furnished by their paintings. Those who pride themselves on the blue blood that runs in their veins have their galleries filled with portraits of the family, where you may trace the same lineaments handed down from sire to son for generations, which no change of time or costume can efface. The Spanish painters have furnished us with the portraits of their nation, and a beggar to-day might point with pride to his progenitor on the canvas of Murillo.

How different is the life here from ours!

There are only two meals, unless you choose to take what the Spaniards call "lonch." On rising, the boy brings you your bath, and, if you care for it, as you are sure to do, a cup of coffee. If you have business to transact, you go to your office: if not, you take a book or a newspaper, and saunter into the garden, while the morning is fresh and a thousand delicious odors are around you. At half-past ten or eleven the household meet at breakfast, when you pay your re-

spects to the "señorita," the dear little lady, as the servants entitle your hostess, and inquire if she has passed the night well. The breakfast is similar to the French *dejeuner*: a variety of courses, with perhaps some delicious fruits, and a cup of *café con leche* at the end. While we are breakfasting, a friend or relative of the family may enter, and, as he sits and jokes, he produces his cigarette, ignites and smokes away as only a Spaniard can, with an ease and a grace and a thorough enjoyment that are enviable. This may startle our lady readers, but remember we are in Spain; the dining-room is spacious and lofty, the windows open, and the pure clear air flower-scented, or, if in season, loaded with the breath of the orange blossom, gains rather than loses by the transient odor so faintly discerned of the delicious Havana leaf. The breakfast ended, your host hands a cigar around to each of the gentlemen: the ladies remain to chat them out, and then everybody goes about his business. And here let us answer once for all a ridiculous question that has often been put to us. Ladies when speaking of their Spanish sisters are apt to say: "Oh! yes, I know they are very charming and graceful, and the mantilla is a love of a costume, and so becoming to a dark complexion; but tell me, now, is it not true that—they smoke?" The astonishment of a Spanish gentleman on being asked by every foreigner he meets if his wife and daughters—for to such the question really reduces itself—indulge in "the weed," is just as great as our own would be on a similar query being put to us regarding our ladies.

We meet again at dinner at six or seven o'clock. Your host may possess a French cook—we beg his pardon—artiste; if not, you will have a Spanish dinner unflavored, since we

* CATHOLIC WORLD, JUNE, 1873.

must confess it, by the too fragrant garlic, which is confined to the mountaineers up in the Basque Provinces. You have some dishes cooked in oil, and it is so pure and good that you very soon get to like it. There is genuine "Vino de Jerez" on the table, undoctored for the market, clear as amber, ambrosial as nectar, delicious in bouquet and flavor. You will be astonished at the Spaniards taking so little of it; many never touch it at all. They prefer claret or pure water, the climate not admitting of stronger drinks. "*Borracho*," drunkard, in Spain, as in most southern countries of Europe, is the vilest title you can give a man. There are splendid olives and rare fruits, preserved, or as they dropped from the hand of nature. More friends may call during dinner, ladies, perhaps, this time, and your hostess never disturbs herself with the thought that they have come to see what is on the table. "Señor don Rafael, beso a Usted la mano," says the lady to her visitor—"I kiss my hand to you." "Beso a Usted los pies, señorita," responds the cavalier with a bow—"I kiss your feet, my dear lady." Dinner over, cigars are again produced, and we all adjourn to the *patio*, it being too warm for music or cards. The elders assemble and discuss the funds, or times, or the state of the country. Politics are very rife at present, and the fire and animation of the speakers, the variation of their tones, the free and striking gesture—for with a Spaniard the whole body speaks—are a pleasing novelty to us, accustomed to a tamer mode of conversation. The ladies nestle together, and are deep in the mysteries best known to themselves. The younger gentlemen gradually detach themselves from their elders, and leave the country to go to ruin, while they indulge in less momentous but far more interesting

VOL. XV.—50

topics with the ladies, and give vent to their Andalusian wit.

The *patio* is a feature in a Spanish house. It is a species of court, large or small, according to the dimensions of the mansion, paved with flags or marble, with perhaps a fountain playing in the middle and cooling the atmosphere; in the marble basin silver and gold fish leap, and a few rare plants freshen around it. High overhead is a roof of glass, where a canvas screen keeps out the sun when his rays are too powerful. The house, generally of two stories in the south, but very lofty, is built around this quadrangle, the upper floor reaching partly over it, supported by pillars, sometimes richly wrought and adorned. Paintings or engravings relieve the bare white walls. On the one side a doorway, with a little convent grating to peer from, completely shuts out the view of the street; on the other, an iron gate opens to the garden, where you see the yellowing oranges clustering bright in their dark-leaved recesses, and brilliant flowers and odor-bearing shrubs gladden the eye and soothe the senses. From the *patio* we proceed to the *Alameda* or *paseo*—park or promenade as we should call them. Here all the world assembles, seated in groups, sauntering up and down in little bands, small knots standing a little aloof to discuss some grave topic—nobody alone. Laughter resounds on all sides—laughter and the Castilian tongue everywhere: ringing out in music from the mouths of the dames, swelling and falling and adapting itself to every changing emotion in the very emotional breasts of those men, rippling over and enchanting our ears in the tiny mouths of these children. To a stranger the scene is bewitching; the softness of the air and the perfume that lingers on it; the animation in the counte-

nances and gestures of all ; the grace of the ladies' costume, the ever-fluttering fan which only a Spanish woman knows how to use ; the sallies of wit in tones that mock the best comedian ; a free-heartedness and union among all, springing undoubtedly from the religion which makes all men brethren. At the very entrance of the *Alameda* there is probably a tiny chapel of the *Virgen Santissima*, with ever-burning light, where men and women pause to drop a prayer as they go to and from their diversion. Imagine such a thing in Central Park !

We are in Andalusia, and of all the lovely spots in this lovely land we think it bears off the palm. Columbus, when the glories of the Antilles burst upon him after that dreary and momentous voyage, compared the climate more than once to an April day in Andalusia. Everything it produces is of the best—corn, wine, fruits, cattle. The bread is the most delicious and whitest we have ever tasted or seen. The nights are most lovely. The sky deep and clear ; all the stars of heaven seem to cluster above us, and the moon shines with a startling brilliancy on the white houses of the sleeping town, on the brown cathedral that towers above all, on the dark thick clustering leaves of the orange-trees, on the silent streets, narrow and straggling, showing every stone and pebble on the one side with minute distinctness, while the other is buried in mysterious shadow. Not a sound is heard save the cry of the *sereno* calling out the hour as he passes his lonely rounds.

The Andaluz is the embodiment of his climate. A child of the sun, of the clear free air, with wealth in his fields and the great ocean smiling all around his coast, where the ships of all nations come to lade and unlade, he yearns for the freedom which strangers hold so carelessly, and is

ready to fight and to die for it. So Andalusia is the hotbed of revolution. As the Biscayan is famed for his unyielding nature, the Gallego for his stupidity, so is the Andaluz for his wit. He speaks rapidly and with many gestures, clipping his words—a grave sin against the sonorous Castilian. He is handsome, quick, fiery, with a keen eye for ridicule, but a good nature that can never resist a joke even if it be at his own expense. People say that he derives his comely form and graceful extremities from the Moors, but he would not thank you to tell him so. The Andaluza is worthy of such a partner, if she does not surpass him. If he is a Republican, she is a Carlina, for Don Carlos with her means religion, and religion means everything. Byron has painted her, and very faithfully. His remarks on the state of the country might be written to-day. He moralizes over the barbarity of the bull-fights, too. They are dying out now in exact proportion as man-fights are gaining ground with us. Of the two, we must say we infinitely prefer the bull-fight. It is amusing to hear Englishmen and Americans virtuously indignant on the immorality and barbarism of such an exhibition, as they bury themselves next moment in a three-column description of the latest feat of the *fancy*, or the glorious contest for hours between two miserable dogs or wretched cocks. We are lovers of fair play, manliness, and good-fellowship. We do things in an honest, straightforward fashion, and the hand that shakes another's preparatory to the combat quite takes the sting from the blow that maims his fellow-man for life or beats that life out of him. So we look on and applaud and make our bets on the contest, and curse the wretch who has lost his own miserable life and our money.

But we are straying into civilization; let us go back to barbarism and Andalusia. The vineyards are decidedly unpicturesque; the vines low, the soil yellow. But the life at vintage season is

"Full of the warm South,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth."

The agricultural laborers are very well paid in Spain, getting as much as one dollar a day or even more. The work is terrible; out the whole day under a burning sun, delving and cutting and trenching a dusty soil, with a pick instead of a spade to penetrate below the upper stratum of dust. They are tall wiry fellows, most of them from the mountains, brown as the soil, and sinewy, with dark eyes and crisp, close-cut black hair. A quarter of an hour spent in merely looking on overpowers us; but they seem made for the sun. The food that supports them under such toil is composed chiefly of a single dish called *gazpacho*, and *gazpacho* merits special mention. Fill a large bowl with water and vinegar, we do not know the exact proportions, but there is a great deal of vinegar, and, so far as we recollect, oil is added. A quantity of bread is thrown in to soak, and some herbs, with, perhaps, a slight flavor of garlic; and there you have *gazpacho*, the staple food of these men in the hot months. You eat a small piece of some light meat and a salad before it; a piece of toast fried in oil is not bad; drink a glass of water or two after; light the never-failing cigarette, and you are cool and refreshed. It may not seem a very delicate diet to us; but when the *Levante*, the hot desert wind laden with the finest of the burning sands, comes choking the atmosphere, and penetrating every crevice with a furnace heat all the day and all the night, burning

the blood in the veins till it reaches fever-heat, and leaving you weak and utterly prostrate, "with just strength enough to thank God that breathing is an involuntary action"—as a gentleman aptly described to me the effects of the *sirocco*, the Italian equivalent—then place before a man in such a state of lassitude a steaming joint of roast beef with the heavy incidentals, and he will turn from it with disgust. At such moments the *gazpacho* seems the most delicious dish under the sun. The houses and furniture of these laborers are the neatest and cleanest in the world. The same feeling runs through high and low in Spain; their houses are models of freshness and purity. And Jacobo or Perico turns out on the Sunday in linen fine as his master's, in jacket of velvet with buttons or bells of gold, a crimson scarf round his waist, and patent-leather shoes shining on his feet. He can joke and chat with his master with an easy freedom that never passes beyond the bounds of respect and never sinks into servility. As you pass him on the road alone or with any number of his companions, they all lift their *sombreros* with an inborn grace, and a genial *buenos dias* or *buenas tardes, señor*. But the new order is trying, and with some success, to change all that; though a stranger still meets in Spain with that rare yet most Christian thing, unbought courtesy.

The Gallego is the very opposite of the Andaluz—a rude, simple mountaineer, he is the hewer of wood and drawer of water to his countrymen. He is honest and open as the day, with a childlike affection for his master, and is particularly happy at a blunder. Rare are the stories told in Andalusia of the Gallegos. We give two, rather as indicating the estimation in which

they are held than as happy specimens of the Andalusian *broma*.

When the post was first introduced into Spain, the postmaster of a small town in the north was astonished, one day, by a Gallego bursting in on him with the query, delivered in stentorian tones:

"Is there a letter here for me from my father?"

"I do not know, sir; who is your father?"

This was too much for the Gallego; the idea of anybody in this world being unacquainted with his parent was so overpowering that, not being able to restrain his feelings, he rushed from the spot, and was not heard of for some time afterwards. Meanwhile, a letter arrived directed in a style of calligraphy that might have done credit to Mr. Weller, Senior, addressed

To my Son

At San Juan.

Having sufficiently recovered from the violent shock given to his feelings, the Gallego once more presented himself at the post-office with the same question, "Is there a letter here from my father?"

"Oh! yes," said the official, immediately producing the mysteriously addressed missive; "here, this is from your father. Take this one," and delivered it without the slightest doubt as to the accuracy of its destination.

Another, on finding himself for the first time in a city, as he stood gaping and wondering at the sights around him, suddenly heard a shrill voice cry out, "I don't want to go to school; the master beats me."

He looked around for the child, but the only object that met his gaze was a parrot, mowing and chattering in a cage, and bobbing, wriggling, and looking at the Gallego with its

cunning old eye forty different ways at once.

"I don't want to go to school; the master beats me."

The bewildered Gallego stared, and pondered, and, after a deep consultation with himself, came to the conclusion that the voice must proceed from the cage; from the strange specimen of humanity before him, so marvellously resembling a bird; but a bird talking the purest Castilian, though with something of a sharp accent, was a clear impossibility. His simple, good-nature was hurt at the idea of having wronged a fellow-creature even in his thoughts. So turning he excused himself: "Pardon me, child; I thought it was a bird."

Of all traits in the national character, their universal civility astonishes an American or Englishman, accustomed as we are to the every-man-for-himself principle; yet how few we meet who do not consider the Spaniards as a treacherous, revengeful, and bloodthirsty race! Our own statistics, we fear, would furnish but a sorry set-off against theirs for crime in every phase; and particularly for the most cowardly, brutal, and premeditated assaults and assassinations, ending too often with the escape of the culprit. The quarrels in Spain between man and man arise generally from some love affair or political difference, very rarely from money. Two peasants are drinking in a tavern, the wine excites their fiery blood; one has lost his *novia*, the other has won her; a blow or an insult is given; they draw their knives, and adjourn to fight—"just like gentlemen." It is, in fact, a duel, which common-sense has not yet been able to laugh out of Spain. No pecuniary damages, won by the cold arguments that sway a court of law, can heal the wound of honor in

the chivalrous breast of the Spaniard ; and not a few examples have we lately had of lives lost in this way. One was most tragic in its end as in all its bearings ; I allude to the duel between Don Enrique de Bourbon and Montpensier. And surely never was presented on the stage a scene more dramatic or striking. Don Enrique was by profession a naval officer, high in the service of his royal relative, Queen Isabella, a young, gallant, and efficient sailor, with a promising future opening before him. He was happy in the love of a lady destined as all understood to be his ; when suddenly Montpensier stepped in and won her, scarcely by force of personal attractions, for he was already well advanced in years ; but the marriage was a closer link to the throne. Don Enrique vowed the death of the man who had crossed his life at the threshold. But his schemes of vengeance were baffled ; an order came to quit the country, ostensibly for having joined in conspiracy against the throne. Deprived at once of his love, his command, and his country, life was closed to him. From his retirement he sent challenge after challenge to Montpensier, and vilified him even in the public press, as he could not force a response from him ; but to no purpose. Montpensier, high in favor at court, secure in possession and in power, could safely affect to despise the ravings of a madman. By-and-by came the revolution which drove Isabella out. Now was Don Enrique's chance, and he hastened to seize it. As expulsion under the queen's reign was a virtue in the eyes of the new government, he applied for restoration to his country and his rank in the navy. The first request was granted, the second denied ; as the government had proclaimed an end to the Bourbon race, no member

of that race could now take rank under them, unless he renounced his title. Here again he traced the hand of Montpensier. If he could have nothing else, at least he would have revenge, being now in the same city with the man who had crossed him at every step of his career. He sent his last challenge, publishing it at the same time in the press, enumerating the occasions on which he had sent similar messages, which had ever been met by the silence of fear. He heaped insults upon him, apostrophizing him as a "pastillero frances," a fellow ready to soil his hands with the pettiest and meanest intrigue. Montpensier was at the time a candidate for the Spanish throne ; for the kingship of a people in whose eyes honor was ever dearer than life ; further silence would ruin his prospects ; so at last he was forced out of his reserve, and, in a letter that sounded well, accepted the challenge as one which a man of honor could not pass over in silence, disclaiming at the same time any antagonism to its author personally ; if there was any justice in what he said, it was the result of accident ; in fact, leaving people to understand that he never troubled his head about the man. They met on a cold gray morning, and the chances of success leaned decidedly on the side of Don Enrique. A young, bold man, to whom deadly weapons had been playthings from his infancy, he was urged on by a life of hate to slay the man who had blighted that life and darkened its promising opening ; his opponent was a middle-aged man, near-sighted, who bore the reputation of a *littérateur* rather than a fighter. Both felt that perhaps a crown as well as a life hung on the trigger. Scarce was the word given to fire when the bullet of Don Enrique brushed his foe, and Montpensier's

lost itself in the air. A second shot, and they still stood face to face uninjured. "Està afinando"—"He is getting closer," whispered the prince to his second, as he took the last pistol from his hand. The words are remarkable as expressing the coolness of the man, whose eye took in everything at such a moment, and perhaps something more. At the next discharge, the bullet of the man who, whether designedly or not, had met him and beaten him at all points, pierced his breast; he sprang into the air, fell forward, and rolled contorted on the ground, a corpse—a theme for novelist as well as moralist: it looked like fatality.

But from such sad scenes we are happy to turn to others more worthy of our attention and more characteristic of the nation at large. The thing that of all others cannot fail to strike the visitor is the intense religion displayed everywhere. "Ay, Maria!" "Por Dios!"—"For God's sake"—"Ay, Dios mio," are the expressions that buzz around our ears all day. The holy name is a household word with them, pronounced at all times and on all occasions, but with a reverence that never shocks. When they wish something done, they say "Dios quiere"—"God grant it"; when they bid you good-by, "Adios—Vaya Usted con Dios—Queda Usted con Dios—Que Dios te guarde"—"Go with God—Rest with God—May God guard thee." They speak of the blessed sacrament as "Su Majestad"—"hismajesty," of the Blessed Virgin always as "la Santissima Virgen"—"the most Holy Virgin." The graveyard is "el campo santo"—"the holy field": so like the old Catholic "God's acre" that Longfellow loves. When they wish to express intense horror of a thing, they make the sign of the cross on their foreheads, lips, and breast, and then in the

air, as though to place that invincible sign between them and the object of their abhorrence. The vast majority of the towns and villages are named after the saints, and each one has its special patron as well as the patron of the district. And that intense faith in intercessory prayer to some special saint which holy writers urge us to cultivate is born in them. On the festival of Good Friday throughout Spain, the municipality and gentlemen of the towns walk dressed in evening costume side by side with the poor. Not a vehicle is to be seen in the street: all the world is there to watch and pray. The new government, Prim's, gave the order for coaches to run as usual on Good Friday, in outrage of a custom immemorial in the nation, and an honor to them as to all Christendom of whatever creed. But the coachmen as well as their masters proved better Christians than their rulers; and on the day in question not a conveyance was to be seen, save a solitary coach, which the populace immediately seized, compelling its occupant to descend, who proved to be a scared member of the diplomatic body. The celebration of Holy Week in Seville attracts the world thither.

The modern churches in Spain, particularly in Madrid, though for the most part spacious and lofty, do not impress one with their beauty. To those accustomed to associate their ideas of religion with the Gothic style of architecture, the altars will not be pleasing. Spiral pillars wriggle to the roof, inwrought and gorgeously painted. The vases are filled with silver and gold filigree work wrought to imitate flowers. There are many figures, small or large, of *el niño Jesu*, or *la Santissima Virgen*, or the saints, not always displaying the most finished art, decked out with a costume of sober black or

gorgeous color and texture, glittering with gold and precious stones and ornaments of choice and antique workmanship. Little thanksgiving offerings surround them. Such things as these look like superstition to the cold eye of a man to whom faith is folly and reverence ignorance. But there is something powerful in the simple, earnest belief of the people who pray before them, and are content to be thus reminded of the great and good God and Virgin Mother, who are willing to receive the offerings of the meanest; a reverend familiarity with God is thus created which those people bear about with them. These men and women go into the church *to pray*: their very costume is befitting the sanctuary; and there is very little of that newspaper religion which some of our weekly journals piously advocate by so carefully announcing "where the best dresses and prettiest faces are to be seen." On the walls hang magnificent paintings. The treasures of Murillo are in the cathedral of Seville. They were placed there by his own hand, having been painted for their several positions that the light might fall on them in such or such a manner. And it is not unpleasant to think of the sun rising and falling day after day as though in obedience to the great master who has passed away, bringing out their beauties faithfully in accordance with his wish. The construction of the cathedral itself is a triumph of architecture. Not a stone has shifted from its place since it was first laid there: there is no sinking or rising in the floor: and to-day you may pass your cane over the surface and not a joint offers the slightest obstruction.

The very names of the people are taken from religion and the mysteries of religion in the same spirit with which they named their discoveries

after Santa Cruz, San Domingo, San José, Trinidad. Among men's Christian and surnames we continually find Jesu, Jesu Maria, Juan de Dios, Santa Cruz, Salvador; among the women, Concepcion, Dolores—a sweet name after the Mother of Sorrows, Maria de los Angeles, and the like.

The very streets and the public places are christened in the same way; and the ships baptized and launched with religious ceremonies, a custom that prevails also in France.

They preserve the old gospel use of the word woman. That is the title by which the husband addresses his wife as often as any other. She calls him *hijo*, son, or *hombre*, man. "*Hija de mi alma*," daughter of my soul, is also very common. Ceremony is only employed with strangers; *tu*, thou, is the form in which intimate friends are always addressed. After becoming acquainted, you call the lady of the house and her daughters, whether grown up or young, by their maiden names simply. It is amusing to hear little ones who can scarcely lisp address each as *señor* and *señora*.

They have a fair supply of newspapers, and very able ones, in Spain; though, as usual, those that enjoy the widest circulation at present are devoted to the dissemination of false principles. They are cried out in the streets not by newsboys as with us, but principally by old blind men, who stand in the most public places with a tablet of the latest news on their breasts, and having got their lesson by rote spout away untiringly.

The club is becoming a very favorite institution, and is, in fact, the stronghold and rendezvous of political parties. There is a very famous one in Madrid, which numbers among its members such men as

Castelar, Moret, and others. They meet sometimes for public discussion; and those great orators rise there to propound their theories as earnestly as in the Cortes.

They have a code of intercourse worthy of imitation. When a Spanish family takes up its quarters at a hotel or in a new place, the neighbors, though perfect strangers, call, leave their cards, and go away. If their acquaintance is desired, they are waited upon and conversation ensues; if not, the stranger simply returns his card in the same manner as the other was received; and no slight or grievance is felt or intended.

The amusements are various. Apart from the opera, theatre, and those common to all nations, they are very fond of an indoor game called *volante*, which is simply battle-door and shuttlecock; ladies and gentlemen play at it together. There is also a very favorite game of cards, *tresillo*, to which we have no equivalent. The climate compels the Spanish women to lead a more indoor life than with us. The men are fond of riding, hunting, and shooting. They sit as erect on horseback as statues; and the army officers are very fond of displaying the motions rather than the speed of their steeds. Mules are in great demand; for the roads in Spain, except in the neighborhood of the great towns, are very bad; mere bridle-paths most of them. Seated in a vehicle that would be a treasure in an art museum for antiquity, construction, and shape, with a team of six or eight of these animals to jolt you anywhere, is a position more than pleasant. The jingle of the little bells with which the harness is adorned, the cracking of the driver's whip, the tones in which he endeavors to animate the vicious brutes, now cajoling them in accents that might win the heart of a maiden,

again pouring forth a volley of imprecations on their heads and tails and pedigree, as though they were human, is a study. You can never trust these animals, and it is always the safer plan to give their hoofs what a sailor would call sea-room. An archbishop, passing along the streets one day, suddenly came upon a string of them, and as suddenly crossed to the other side of the street. "O Señor Arzobispo," said the muleteer, "you need not be frightened. These are harmless *animálitos*."

"Yes, I know they are harmless," replied his grace, "and that is the reason I cross here; if they were not, I should go to the next street."

This fact of the roads being so bad and the intercommunication so deficient, coupled with tales of brigandage, gives strangers the idea that travelling in Spain is very insecure. We might pass from end to end of the land, unknown and unarmed, with far greater safety than during a five minutes' walk through many a street in New York or London after nightfall. We had an instance of brigandage and its treatment in Spain during Prim's *régime*, a time when the country was as convulsed as at present. Encouraged, no doubt, by the lamentable success of a similar exploit in Greece, some miscreants carried off a merchant from Gibraltar, and demanded a round ransom as the forfeit of his life. Prim, without a moment's hesitation as to the nice question of treating with brigands, or a thought of where the ransom was to come from, paid it, and sent four of the civil guard to follow up the robbers, which they did so successfully that they shot them all and retook their booty. We have not heard of brigandage since in Spain, notwithstanding the highly touched pictures presented, the other

day, of an attack on a railway train, accompanied by smoke and powder, and brigands in the stage costume of centuries back.

This civil guard is an excellent institution. The body is recruited from the best ranks of the soldiery. It is a distinction to be admitted among them, which engenders an *esprit de corps* that makes them the terror of the wrong-doer and the right arm of order. We ourselves might take a lesson from the incident mentioned above, if we are to credit the reports of the Lowery gang.

They have but one great line of railroad in Spain, which runs through the country from north to south. The train creeps along at a steady thirty miles an hour, without a moment's variation. To a stranger, wishing to catch a glimpse of the country, this is highly advantageous; as he is not whirled away at a rate that presents to his anxious eye trees, houses, mountains, streams, in a phrenzied panorama. For our present notions of commerce it may be too slow, and a man in a hurry feels half inclined to get out and walk; but as a set-off against this, the Spaniards pride themselves on not having had a single accident accompanied by loss of life since the railroad was first started. You are rolled through the fertile plains and swelling uplands of Andalusia, rich in corn and wine and oil; through fields, and orange and olive groves, dotted with white towns and modest villages, where the church-tower ever soars above all as a landmark. You pass Seville; and as its associations crowd upon you, fain would you linger amid the gay society of the lovely city smiling amid its groves and gardens; dreaming day by day in *las delicias*; lost amid the treasures of art that make every boy in the street an efficient critic, so ac-

customed is his eye to the beautiful and the true. Famous spots and historic cities greet you as you go. The Escorial looms up, a white, silent palace with deserted windows, standing out in startling relief from a semicircle of bare mountains. Not a soul was to be seen around it; the monks had been just expelled; not a sound to break the painful silence that seemed to emanate from the gloomy pile. It stood there as the great king left it, a type of himself, out of the world in a grandeur of isolation; a something that ought to have passed away, unknown in these days. Had a troop of cavaliers with pennon and plume and glistening mail shone out a moment on the mountain-side, it would have seemed in keeping with the place rather than strange. There is almost a contrast between the ages as our little engine puffs and snorts and fumes, fretting to "go ahead" and leave it, staring out of its silent windows, unmoved, untouched by the age, which busies itself with things and not with ideas.

Before arriving at Madrid, where the train stops for a few hours, we pass through Aranjuez, the beautiful summer-palace of the late queen; with its woods and magnificent vistas and lengthening avenues, full of lovely recesses and places of cool shade. At last we are in the heart of the kingdom.

Madrid, though not very large, is a brilliant city. Its *prado* where fashion saunters is beautifully laid out. It has a splendid museum, many churches, though none of them remarkable for beauty, and the vast palace of royalty, rich in furniture and objects of art. The houses and public buildings are lofty, the hotels many and excellent. Fountains spout in the open squares; crowds are buzzing through the streets or

discussing at the *cafés*, for politics absorb the life in Madrid. The weather is treacherous, and many are carried off in a few hours by a *pulmonia*, for, as their proverb says, "The air of Madrid will not cause a leaf to flutter from the tree, but will kill a man." Though the sky is clear and blue, and the sun shines out royally, a breeze comes down from the neighboring *sierras*, frost-laden, that pierces you through and through, and searches all your bones, and the very marrow in them; there is death in its breath. For all that, the Madrileños live a very gay life; retiring to rest generally at the small hours, and rising when they please. In the summer the city is empty, even the shopkeepers flit; for the heat is then intolerable, and they wander to San Sebastian or the south of France, or to their own watering-places, which are numerous and inferior to none.

As the train bears us further north, the scene ever varying grows more and more deserted. You close the curtains of the carriage to keep out the heat during the day, while at night you may wake amid frost and snow. The villagers and mountaineers crowd to the carriage windows at every station; old men, and dark-eyed boys, and graceful girls, with fruits and wines, and water, and milk. "Quien quiere agua? Agua fresca? Quien quiere leche? Agua como la nieve!"—"Who wants water—cool water? Who wants milk? Water cool as snow," is the shrill cry from many throats on all sides. "Señorito, un quartito por el amor de Dios"—"A farthing, my dear little sir, for the love of God." "Teno lastima de, un pobrescito, señorito mio, y Dios te lo pagara"—"Have pity on a poor little one, and God will repay thee," snivels an old beggar in pitiful rags. If you listened to him for five minutes, he would

treat you to a sermon on the evil of poverty and the eternal rewards of generosity, that would rival the most eloquent of preachers and charm the money out of your pockets.

Through the Pyrenees, the scenery grows wilder still and more picturesque; the construction of the railway here is a marvel of skill and enterprise. You are shot through tunnels bored through the solid rock, numbers of them of considerable length. You skirt dizzy precipices with scarce a straw between you and the dim hollows or ominous pools that sleep hundreds of feet below. Quaint little hamlets with quaint people are perched on mountaintops or buried in pastoral nooks far away down. Tiny streamlets start out of the mountain and accompany you as you go. You can trace them as they tumble and fall, and lose themselves, and reappear with gathering volume and widening channel, till you cross them on a bridge lower down, and find them broad and powerful rivers, turning mills and humming onward to the sea. This is a great district for paper mills; you see them on every side. San Sebastian is up here, with its beautiful villas and pleasant strand at the foot of the mountain, skirted by a town increasing in wealth and importance every year. The favorite promenade is called the *Paseo de las Conchas*, "The Walk of the Shells," a very beautiful one. It is becoming a very favorite and fashionable resort during the summer months; so much so that gamblers tried to obtain permission from the government to establish here the gambling-tables which have been banished from their own Baden Baden. Fine hotels are springing up, and there is no summer residence in Europe that would better repay a visit than this, uniting as it does the air of the sea and the mountains,

where you may turn from the strand to the most pastoral of scenery, from the conventionalities of life to the rude simplicity of the Basque mountaineer.

This brings us to the frontier, and here we stop, with the consciousness of having thrown but a very fleeting

glance over so vast a field, with its mines of historic wealth and troublous problems of to-day. Our object has been to display in their truer colors a people as little understood as it is studiously misrepresented by a host of writers, who forget that the pen is the handmaiden of truth.

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